

MARCH 11

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Both Prices f. o. b. Racine

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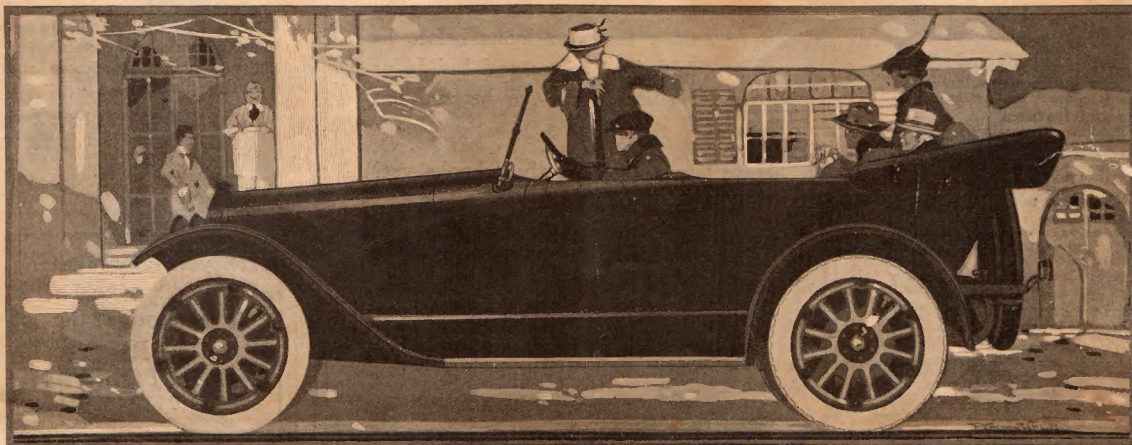
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Hundreds of thousands of people believe that this little heart-shaped contrivance—known as the Ouija Board in Spiritualistic circles—spells out messages from the dead. In an amazing article in the April Metropolitan HARVEY O'HIGGINS tells of his startling and unexplainable experiences with the Ouija Board. Mr. Higgins' contribution is the first of a series of articles on Spiritualism by prominent writers to be published in coming issues of the Metropolitan.

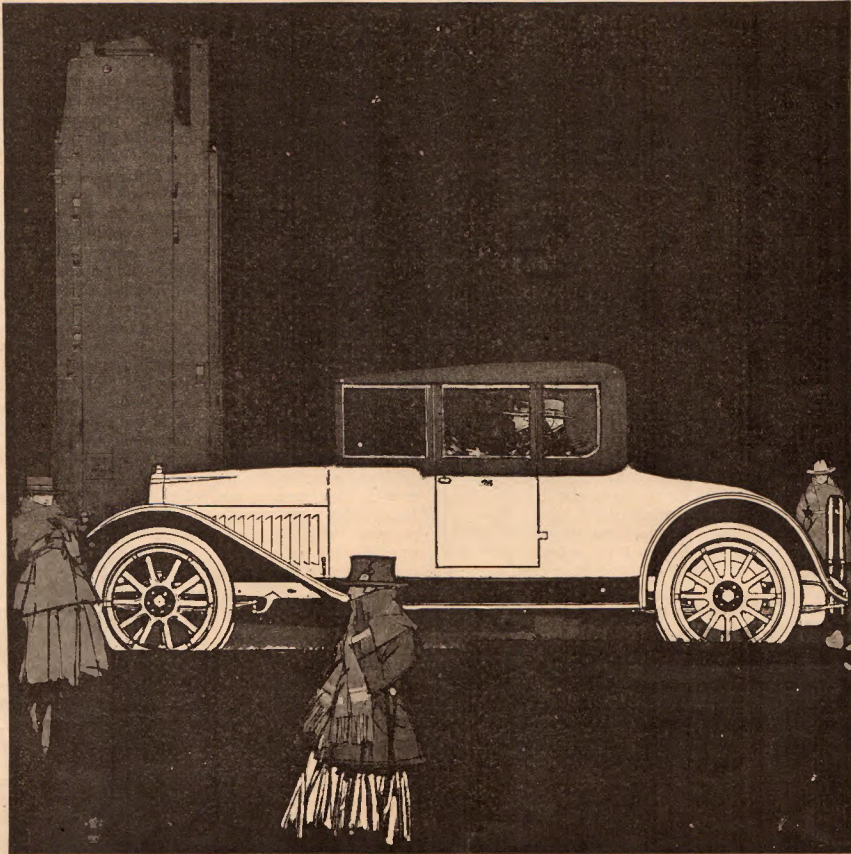
The aftermath of the Great War, Conan Doyle prophesies, will be the peoples of the Warring Countries turning to Spiritualism. Millions of empty chairs will send humanity groping to the mystery of ages—the ways and means of communication with the dead. Already in our own country the tidal wave of Spiritualism is rising in a flood about the orthodox churches.

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Unprepared for Peace

BY THE EDITOR

IN all the discussions regarding our unreadiness for war little has been said about our readiness for peace. When Germany and President Wilson appeared to think a few weeks ago that the time had come for bringing the war to an end, the investors and speculators of the country responded by throwing the stock market into a panic. Since then prices of securities have regained a part of the extreme losses; but there is a feeling of nervousness in the region known as Wall Street which shows a sad lack of confidence in the gospel of peace. It is true that the smashing of prices on the stock market after a long continued rise hurts chiefly that large band of speculators who must expect now and then to suffer reverses; and the country may be none the worse for this beneficial kind of blood letting. But that is only one of the most obvious aspects of the matter. Just because it is the home of speculation the stock market is a very sensitive and generally accurate barometer of public fears and public hopes. It invariably discounts both good news and had in advance of the event. Therefore when we find that the stock market invariably declines on rumors of peace, or whenever attempts are made to secure peace, we may be sure that the public as a whole fears the effects of peace on our national prosperity.

THAT the public should lack confidence is not surprising. Before the war broke out the condition of our trade and commerce was most discouraging. At the advent of war we rushed into the most amazing state of despondency. The city of New York, with all the concentrated wealth of its millions of citizens, was afraid that it could not pay its debts. The Stock Exchange closed its doors. The steel industry turned thousands of employees into the streets. The solid South was in despair because it could not sell its cotton. Conditions could not possibly have been worse if the United States had been attacked by all the great Powers in the world. At this crisis the Government literally did nothing. Mr. Wilson even refused to consider legislation for the relief of millions of half starving unemployed. Fortunately for this country, the cloud suddenly lifted. The Allies needed our supplies of all manner of materials and very soon our industries were overwhelmed with orders. We became rapidly rich. Great fortunes were made over night, and the poorest could find employment at a high rate of wages. If the influx of gold which came to pay for this one-sided foreign trade served to inflate prices and increase the cost of living we did not particularly care; because we were so prosperous. Least of all, of course, did our Government care. And so we have been living at a roaring extravagant pace for the last two years, hardly counting the cost of anything, not even of honor. Suddenly a shadow creeps across our vision: the shadow of peace.

AT Washington we have a party in power and an administration in control which have steadfastly closed their eyes to the great movements going on in the world. Before the war Mr. Wilson's political ideals were trust husting and cut-throat competition. When the war broke out he had to turn from ideals to the handling of actual facts. He was helpless in the face of the panic which followed the outbreak of war. He was blind to our defenseless position, or deliberately careless about it. When he was finally driven to adopt a preparedness policy, he himself stood in the way of making these plans effective. He surrounded himself with the most incapable men that ever held cabinet rank in this country. The results are what might have been expected. The administration army bill has been a hopeless and disastrous failure. We have less military force in the country today than we had before it was enacted. We have appropriated huge sums for the navy, sums to which Democratic legislators point with pride. But the ships are not being built. The battle cruisers, deemed by all experts to be essential to our safety, are not even contracted for yet. We shall be lucky if the capital ships appropriated for last year are finished within a period of five years. For our big guns we may have to buy shells in England, because the prices there are so much lower and the shells can be delivered in a much shorter time. We are no nearer naval and military preparedness than we were when the war began; and Mr. Wilson and his advisers do not care.

WHILE what confidence can we face peace and world competition when our Congress and our Executive are alike indifferent to the dangers that beset us? When peace comes we are going to find ourselves face to face not merely with new armaments in comparison with which our armaments are obsolete, with new efficiency in manufacture

of which the Hadfield contract is only a slight example, but with new philosophies and new ideals. Unless we wake up very soon to the realities of life we shall find ourselves one of the backward nations, rich in resources, perhaps, but weak in ideals, in system, in driving power, in honesty, in patriotism as compared with the fighting nations. We have been led by Olympians of the Wilson type to regard this war as a senseless quarrel of obsolete kingdoms. We have been told over and over again that Europe will be completely exhausted mentally, morally and physically when the war is over. That is a stupendous lie. Every man of intelligence who has been to Europe in the last two years has come back with an extraordinary respect for the belligerents. France in these years of tragedy has reached a moral height beyond the dreams of any nation before the war. We believe that all her terrible sufferings will be atoned for by the splendid impetus which has been given to her new life. Remember the Dreyfus affair and the Caillaux scandal and ask yourself whether the France of today is not an altogether different and more wonderful nation than the France of fifteen or five or even three years ago. Turn to England and you will see that between the England of today and the England of 1914 there is simply no comparison. Her best friends had begun to regard England as a decadent nation. She was to some extent a parasite nation; living on the wealth that she drew from abroad; a nation of great riches and degrading poverty. Today, now that she has disorged the greater part of her foreign-made wealth, after the sending of constant shiploads of gold and securities to this country, she is better off physically and morally than she ever was before. Read the articles by Mr. William Hard which begin in the next issue of the METROPOLITAN and you will get some inkling of the transformation that has gone on in England since the war began. And from this transformation she will never go back. In social development she has, under the stimulus of war, gone far beyond our wildest dreams. She has established two things: the duty of every man to serve his country, and the right of every man who does serve his country to get a decent living and to share in the rewards of labor.

TO our Olympians who can only regard what is happening in Europe as an insensate crime, it may seem sacrilegious to find any good in war. They cannot understand that war is a complex human activity made up of many elements both good and bad. The war that Belgium is waging is surely a sacred war. The war that France is waging is a struggle for freedom, just as our War of Independence was a struggle for freedom. The war that England is waging is the most unselfish act of all her history. She could have let Belgium and France go, and still have been protected against German attack. If there had been a Wilson in London in 1914 England would undoubtedly have been "kept out of war" and France and Belgium would have perished. The uppermost feeling in the mind of every Englishman at that time was the obligation to save Belgium and the real love of France. No one could possibly see any profit to England by going into the war. No one doubted the terrible suffering in store. Is it not absolutely right therefore that the nations which went into this war with high motives should gain by the war in freedom, in character and in true happiness even if they lose actual money and securities? And they have certainly gained in all these better things. And we have to face the future without the great stimulus they have had. It may be that no nation can progress along the lines of freedom and happiness without the stimulus of war or at least of some great suffering. We ourselves are today badly in need of a stimulus of some kind; and if we do indeed want to make war obsolete we must find the stimulus elsewhere. We must cease to be a nation of great riches and great poverty; of terrific labor, and unearned sloth; of sloppy idealism but no real ideals. At present we are probably the most inefficient of all the great nations. We never face issues squarely. The warring peoples have discovered that no man or woman should work continuously without proper rest and recreation. They recognize that man must not be simply a beast of burden. We recognize nothing of the sort. We wait for a great national strike, and then to avert disaster we pass an eight-hour law which only affects a few workmen in the community, and which is of doubtful legality. The danger temporarily averted, we pay no further attention to the matter. Mr. Wilson having got his re-election is now in a half-hearted way trying to pass a law against labor, making strikes illegal. He exercises as much foresight in the one case as he did in the other. His policy is always hand to mouth. The country is without leadership. It is afraid of war, and equally afraid of peace.

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The Fairy Coronet

By Booth Tarkington

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

ON a Monday of early September, William Sylvanus Baxter, aged seventeen, walked in his native city, finding the streets lorn and sordid. To the eyes of other pedestrians, these streets had their usual appearance: people were going about their customary business, and some were lounging; everything moved or delayed in wonted order; nothing was disturbingly amiss. But to William all had changed, and the town was startling in its emptiness; it was like a "solitaire" ring with the bright gem ravished away, leaving a shamed and lonesome cavity exposed. On Saturday the Noblest girl that ever lived had concluded her long visit here and gone away—gone away on the train irretrievably; and she was not coming back. People do manage to live through typhoid fever, usually; and William managed to live through Sunday; but if his suffering became lighter on Monday he did not know it. True, he did faintly look forward to his departure for college, ten days hence, but only as a sick person looks forward to a change of scene which may distract the mind yet cannot cure. He felt that he might possibly find some transient occupation for his thoughts in his new surroundings as a Freshman; but the hope was dim and the prospect distant. Ten days can seem a fearsome stretch of time to seventeen, and William was not confident that this ten would ever actually pass. Eternity appeared to be already upon him.

He spent part of the morning sitting upon the curbstone opposite the house that the Noblest girl had visited. There was the gate whereon her delicate hand had so often rested during moments of parting—temporary partings, painful to William but sweet indeed compared to *this!* There was the porch where they two (and often intrusive others, also) had sat in the moonlight. There was the window of the little parlor where they two (and, again, others) had spent ineffable evenings. There was the maple tree under which they had stood one day; there were the other maple trees under which they had stood on other days—and it was at a point about twenty-four feet southwest of the southwest corner of the house that she had told him he certainly knew how to brush his hair the right way. Ah, what use, now, to brush it at all?

When people passed, and glanced at William, as he sat on the curbstone, he did not wonder what they thought of him. It seemed to him that he gave forth the impression that he was merely a person waiting for a street-car. How he contrived to feel that he was producing this effect is

interior, than in any other place. She had always been bewitching at such times; and, in the simulation of their having something like a little meal together, at the counter in front of the soda-fountain, or at the small table near the case of soap and perfumes, there had been a coziness, almost a domesticity, that was heart-breaking to recall now, when it was all gone—forever!

He ate only waffles at lunch, and, except when they were being served, sat with his eyes fixed blankly upon the table. Even while eating his waffles, he seemed little conscious of what he did. His thoughtful mother spoke to him only when it was necessary, and checked his small sister, Jane, when the latter seemed about to make an obvious remark concerning the amount of maple syrup which, in his preoccupation, he had poured upon his plate. And after lunch, he wandered drearily away from the house again, renewing his wistful

pilgrimages.

Toward evening, he encountered a friend in precisely similar condition, one Johnnie Watson. Mr. Watson was to be William's classmate, and had likewise ten hollow, aching days to wait before his departure should give him, too, a change of scene, and a little distract his thoughts from the image of the vanished. They met, by a natural coincidence, across the street from the house where she had visited, for William had drifted back there—and so had Johnnie.

"H'lo, Silly Bill," said his fellow-wanderer dully. "H'lo."

They then leaned against a picket fence throughout a long silence.

"Well—" Johnnie began, at last; but found his thought not pliable enough for expression in words, and gave over the effort. William suffered no disappointment in this failure of his friend to continue: he knew that neither Johnnie Watson nor anyone else possessed the power to say a thing that could interest him. Their miserable harmony of silence was resumed.

Just then there passed a really beautiful girl, about their own age; she had just returned from a summer of glory at a seabeach, where she had been a furiously hunted belle. She smiled, and nodded charmingly at the two friends.

Johnnie Watson slightly disturbed his cap to return this salutation, and William did something indifferent with the brim of his straw hat. They stared at the lovely creature with hostility, as she went down the street; for, though they felt nothing definite against her, they had known her well during childhood, and ever since.

"Girls in this town make me sick," said William. "Do me, too," Johnnie murmured.

And their eyes followed the damsel with increased bitterness.

"Ole Bessie!" said William.

His friend breathed some sounds of scorn, then spoke in words. "Remember that time we painted her nose at kindygarten?"

"Yeh. Ole Bessie!"

"Just look at her! Look at her walk!" the ungallant Mr. Watson exclaimed. "She thinks she's great!"

"Girls in this town!" William repeated morbidly. "Girls in this town!"



"Girls in this town make me sick"

mysterious, since no one was deceived; persons wearing such expressions do not go about in street-cars.

Afterwhile, he rose and went slowly upon other sad little pilgrimages. Here was the corner they had so often turned, as they came homeward from their walks together; all these fences they had passed. How changed these same fences looked today! Yonder was the house she had thought "so pretty," and, beyond it, the one she said was "dist drefful!" Even for this dreadful house he had now an aching fondness; at least she had mentioned it; dreadful as it was, it had been part of her thoughts. Did she think of it still—perhaps at that very moment?

He stood for a long while outside the corner drug-store where they had consumed so much soda-water and ice-cream together, when his circumstances permitted. Perhaps he had known happier moments with her there, in that friendly

"What I kind of get afraid of sometimes," said Johnnie, "is if maybe, after I get out o' college and come back here—well maybe I'd get to sittin' around and sittin' around, the way lots o' men do when they come back here after they been in college, and maybe I'd get to sittin' around and sittin' around, and marry one o' these girls in this town—somebody like ole Bessie, maybe." He turned an apprehensive face upon his sad companion. "Wouldn't that be horrible, Bill? I do get kind of afraid it might happen to me some time, if I ever come back here and get to sittin' around, sittin' around that way."

"I'd go to the penitentiary first," said William desperately. "Anyway, I don't believe I'll ever come back to this town when I get out o' college."

"Where'll you go?"
"Well, in the first place," William answered thoughtfully—"in the first place, I want to find some town where anyway the girls aren't like the girls in this town."

"Well, I'd like to, too," Mr. Watson sighed. "Honestly, Bill, I believe we got the poorest lot o' girls in this town of any town in the country anywhere near the same size. Just look at 'em—just look at 'em!"
"That's what I say!" said William. "They, every last one, make me sick."

Then they brooded for a time, not speaking.

"Well—" Johnnie said again.

"Oh, my!" William sighed.

They drooped to the curbstone together, and sat, facing that house where the Noblest had been a visitor. It was a plaintive shell, and the sight of it hurt them, but they could not help looking at it. They looked and looked and looked—and at intervals an elderly man inside the shelter looked forth (from the shelter of a lace curtain) at them.

"By glory, they're still there!" he said to his wife. "Even now, when she's been gone two days, four hours and twenty minutes, we can't get rid of 'em. It's like a nightmare!"

"Poor things!" she rejoined.

"I'm afraid of 'em," he said.

"I know they regard me with a sacred yearning because I was the little girl's host—or at least her hostess's father. I'm afraid to step outdoors."

"What nonsense! Why?"

"I'm afraid," he said. "I'm afraid they'd kiss me!"

But when he looked again, the amatory mourners were gone. Separately they languished, each upon his homeward way to dinner.

After the meal, William's mother took him aside. "Why don't you go to the theater to-night, Willie?" she said. "They say there's quite an interesting play here."

But there was no relaxation of the gloom that troubled her. "I don't care to," he said in a dead voice, turning away.

She detained him. "They say it's very interesting, Willie—and with such a charming young actress in it."

"I don't care to."

"I'll be glad to let you have the money for your ticket, Willie."

"I don't want to haf to sit through any ole play, mamma. I don't like goin' to the theater, anyhow."

"Why, you did last year," she said. "You were quite wild about—"

"Well, I don't now."

"Don't like the theater!" she cried.

"No. I don't. It's silly."

She paused for a moment to think, then she brightened. "I tell you what you do," she said.

"Of course, you don't want to go alone. You go

and invite Joe Bullitt or Johnnie Watson and take one of 'em with you. Here!" And she pressed a bill into his hand. "Run along now, and find either Joe or Johnnie—and don't let the box-office man cheat you and give you bad seats just because you're boys. They always have a few good ones at the last. Hop!"

William was far enough from hopping, but he did leave the house and move in the direction of Johnnie Watson's. Johnnie, sitting alone on the front porch of his place of residence, in the dusk, noted the approach of his friend, but did neither move nor speak until William gloomily stated the purpose of his errand.

"Want to go theater? I got money."

Johnnie accepted in a manner equally morbid and laconic; and the box-office man, far from cheating them because they were boys, sold them two seats upon the front row. There they were in-

liam and Johnnie gave him no encouragement.

They went to the lobby of the theater, during the intermission, and Johnnie brought forth a packet of cigarettes. Cigarettes are often stenciled "vile," just as melodrama is usually stenciled "cheap"; these couplings have an easy cadence—but the cigarettes that Johnnie offered William really were vile. "Coffin-nail?" he said.

Each lit a vile cigarette and smoked rapidly. No doubt a little satisfaction came to them during the operation—a little alleviation of burden. Each, when he took his cigarette from his lips, watched the fingers that bore it; each, when he blew forth smoke, watched the smoke and the shapes it took. This smoking was a gesture and brought the pleasure of a satisfactory one.

"That woman—that what's-her-name—that Millicent Semple ain't so bad," said Johnnie, alluding to the leading lady, the charming young



She allowed her extraordinarily blue eyes to drift along the first row of the audience until they rested upon William and Johnnie

ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

actress of whom William's mother had spoken. "No," said William, languidly. "She's right good—in her way."

"If she was fixed up different," said Johnnie, "she wouldn't be so terrible to look at, prob'ly." "I s'pose not," William assented. "Maybe she wouldn't. I dunno."

They went back to their seats in the front row. Mrs. Baxter's light description of Miss Millicent Semple was "a charming young actress," though, as Miss Semple was about twenty, she did not seem young to William and Johnnie; in fact, her beauty struck them, at first, as being rather of the mature and ripened sort. Nevertheless, it began to have a fairly pleasant effect upon them—especially during a slight love scene between Miss Semple and the most noticeably dressed young actor in the company. Just as she left the stage, at the close of the scene, she tossed over her shoulder to this lucky person a rosebud and a look—and the look was like the rosebud: a little thing but piquant with sweet, wild promise.

A sudden pang shot through the breast of William: this was a rosebud look, so fleeting, so exquisite,

Metropolitan

made him think too vividly of the departed Noblest—of Miss Pratt. It was like her! And such yearning rose within him that he was surprised at his own capacity for emotion. He suffered; but there was a bit of consolation, for it seemed to him that his feelings were greater and more sacred than those of which other people were capable, and that such feelings set him apart and above. And he began to imagine that Miss Millicent Semple, if she "knew," would understand this.

During the intermission after the second act, the friends returned to the lobby and each smoked another vile cigarette.

"That Miss Semple was fixed up different this act," said Johnnie. "It kind of made her look better. It's funny but some ways she kind of puts me in mind of—of Miss Pratt."

William frowned, not in disapproval but as one deeply considering. "Well—some," he said. "Some." He smoked with solemn elaboration for a moment or so, then nodded gravely and once more repeated his judicious word. "Some."

In the course of the third act, Miss Semple played something which had been called (in New York, naturally) "the biggest love-scene in ten years." It was this episode which had helped so much to make the vogue of "Lucy On Leave"; and tonight it brought about important alterations inside two auditors whose initial coldness toward the comedy had been gradually disappearing.

Miss Semple was not only a charming actress; she knew how, in her slim, young way, to be quaintly bewitching. Her love-making was whimsical; she seemed one moment to be the slave of passion, and the next she withdrew all promises. She would skim out of a French window, laughing, only to rush back in overwhelming fondness. Faltering, she murmured and trembled—then was gone, leaving one of her rosebud looks behind her.

All this was so lovely, in a hundred small unexpected ways, that it was startling; and when the act-drop fell, and the lights in the house sprang up for the intermission, elderly people were seen to be unusually brisk looking, while men of all ages worked a little with their neckties and the backs of their coat collars. As for William and Johnnie, they did not only these things but each saw to the arrangement of his hair, even as the two passed up the aisle to the lobby; though of course they remembered to make their expressions cold and forbidding, so long as they were facing any of the staring herd.

"Nother coffin-nail, Bill?"

"I'll haf to go you, Johnnie. I'm smokin' too much lately, I guess—but I'll go you!"

"So'm I," said Johnnie. "I guess I got one lung about half gone anyhow, the way I been hittin' up the nails these last days." He laughed. "Well, what's the difference?"

"That's what I say. Let the ole lungs go!" And William joined, rather excitedly, in the laughter of his friend, this being the first time either of them had been able to laugh since the preceding Saturday. Their shared laughter, cynical though it was, put them both in a confidential mood. A sense of trusting intimacy possessed them; they had never liked each other so well. Thus, Johnnie said a strange thing.

"Look here, Bill," he said, his manner becoming serious, "I got a mighty funny kind of a notion while she was alone on the stage with that dub there—you know. She's so awful like her, you know—"

"She certainly is!" said William. "I never saw anything like it. It keeps getting—well, it kind of seems to grow on you the more you see her. It certainly is mighty funny!"

"Well, what I was thinking," Johnnie went on, "was like this: Of course, it *couldn't* be, but it was so funny the way she does seem to look more and more like her, I just thought, 'Well, it would be pretty strange, but what if it *was* her?'"

"Well, sir, I'll tell you something, Johnnie. I was thinkin' just that same way. She didn't look like her at first—and I expect she's prob'ly quite a lot taller and got kind of a different shaped face and all, but—"

"Oh, of course," Johnnie interrupted, "I didn't mean I thought it *was* her; I only meant it seemed funny the way she does look like her. It certainly is mighty funny!"

"Yes," William assented, solemnly. "It's one of the funniest things I ever came across!"

"It's a good deal in her looks or something," said Johnnie.

"Yes," said William. "And in the way she kind of smiles over her shoulder."

"That fellow that's supposed to be crazy about her," said Johnnie. "He certainly strikes me as a good deal of a dub."

"Him?" said William. "He makes me sick."

Dreamily they tossed away their vile cigarettes and were back in their places several minutes before the curtain rose upon the last act.

Miss Semple was on the stage. She stood near the back-drop, picking flowers with the embittered funny man of the company, while several other players held a conversation near the footlights. The funny man was still mosey about William and Johnnie, and he had been talking about them to Miss Semple between the acts. "I want you to lamp 'em," he said now, as she pinned a flower in his lapel. "Whatever you live for, don't miss those two mugs! I've been trying to wring a laugh out of 'em all evening and it's pretty near queered my stuff. They're about four years old, but they spend their winters on the Riviera, and when their gran'pa wants 'em to play

bear they read Browning and tell him to go soak his head. They're on the front row, right back of the bass viol, and when you get that 'long sit, up there, without any lines, you'll do me a life favor if you'll kindly kick the bass viol over on 'em. They got faces like something the embalmers work with."

Miss Semple was curious enough to comply with part of his entreaty, and presently, when she sat near the front of the stage, on the bass-viol side, she allowed her extraordinarily blue eyes to drift along the first row of the audience until they rested upon William and Johnnie. Then she nearly laughed aloud, but her training prevailed over the impulse, so that there was only the faintest visible change in her expression—it was like a look of sudden tenderness. Certainly, however, it was personal; and for that instant both William and Johnnie were admitted to her consciousness. She would have recognized either of them on the street the next day.

William did not perceive that this sapphire look passed on from him to Johnnie; neither did Johnnie perceive that it first rested upon William. When the remarkable thing happened to William he was dazzled, almost dismayed. His breathing stopped instantly; a shock of terrific voltage suspended all animation within him; the universe paused, then gyrated in splendor—and the sapphire glory passed on, leaving him a-tremble.

The first time a thing like this happens to Seventeen, it unquestionably shakes the centers-of-being; William was in a dazed condition when the final curtain descended, and so was his companion. They forgot Johnnie's cigarettes on the way home, and neither of them spoke till they had gone more than a block.

"Well—pretty good show," said Johnnie in a voice falsely off-hand.

"It was fair," William returned, in like manner. "They said little more, until they paused at Johnnie's gate."

"Well 'g'night, Silly Bill. Much 'bliged for takin' me."

"G'night, Johnnie."

"Wait a minute, Bill," Johnnie said, as William turned away. "I was thinkin' about something."

"Well, what?"

"Why, my father owes me three dollars," said Johnnie. "I don't care much about seein' the same show twice m'self, but I haven't got a thing to do tomorrow night, and, if you haven't either, why I'd just as soon buy a couple seats for us when I'm downtown tomorrow morning—that is, if my father pays me."

"All right," said William. "It's nothin' to me, one way or the other. I just as soon go again if you want to. Better get same seats—we had tonight, I guess. I'll come around for you about a quarter after seven."

At breakfast, the next morning, Mrs. Baxter asked her preoccupied son if he had enjoyed the play, and, as he seemed not to have understood her question, she repeated it; whereupon he murmured something noncommittal. "But this Miss Millicent Semple," she urged;—"everybody says she's quite remarkable. Didn't you think she played well, Willie?"

"I s'pose so," he responded grudgingly. "I dunno. Oh, I guess she was good enough, prob'ly."

In spite of this carefully guarded admission, his complexion was an affair beyond his control; and his little sister, Jane, was a serious person, interested in all the phenomena of nature, and unusually outspoken.

"Look at Willie, papa," said Jane. "He's gettin' all red. He keeps on gettin' redder—an' redder—"

"Sh, Jane!" Mrs. Baxter admonished her. "What for, mamma? I just said that Willie's gettin' all red. He—"

"Never mind!"

Jane was always technically obedient, and the tiny episode was closed, though it may have led indirectly to another. On Wednesday afternoon, Mrs. Baxter took Jane to the matinee, and at dinner that evening Jane again made some remarks disturbing to the peace of her brother. But first she endeavored in dumb show to urge her mother to some course of action which Jane evidently considered desirable. Whenever she could catch Mrs. Baxter's eye, she nodded significantly at the silent and brooding William, and elaborately formed unvocalized words with her lips: "Go on, mamma!" "Why don't you do it?" and "Do it now!" But Mrs. Baxter shook her head, and by gestures advised Jane to concentrate her attention upon food.



When the remarkable thing happened to William he was dazzled—
a shock of terrific voltage suspended all animation within him

William sat unaware, but the reiterated pantomime, constantly becoming more urgent on the part of Jane, at last attracted the attention of the nominal head of the house.

"What the dickens is all this?" Mr. Baxter inquired. "What on earth does Jane want?"

"Nothing," his wife said hastily. "Nothing at all."

"Oh, mamma!" Jane's tone was shocked. "Why, mamma, you know—"

"Hush, Jane!"

"Mamma, you said you'd ask him—"

"But I didn't say when I would. Hush, and eat your dinner, Jane."

"Ask who what?" Mr. Baxter demanded, somewhat querulously.

*"I've changed my—my plans
of life. I've changed
my plans of life, mother, and
I want—I want
you to break it to father"*

William started, looked dumfounded for an instant, then indignant, then tragic—but he said nothing.

Mr. Baxter, however, pressed Jane for an explanation; he did not need to press hard.

"He was up there," said Jane. "When the first part of this matinee got finished, and they put the curtain down, there wasn't anything much to do for a while, so I was lookin' around at all the people, and way up in the gallery place I saw Willie—you could see his face just as plain, papa! He was sittin' down, up there, an' well—an' pretty soon he saw mamma an' me, papa, but he didn't think we saw him, an' so he kind of slinked back—"

"I did not!" William burst out, unable to bear such a word. "I did nothing of the kind!"

"—He kind of

"Jane!" her mother exclaimed. "You must not point."

Jane withdrew the forefinger. "Well, anyway," she said, "look how red he gets!"

"Nonsense!" Mrs. Baxter again exclaimed. "It was a lovely little comedy," she went on, addressing her husband. "I shouldn't mind sitting through it again myself, if I had to. There's the charmingest young actress in it, a Miss Millicent Semple—"

"Mamma!" cried Jane, in a voice of protest. "Why, she was the silliest thing! She kep' jigglin' her soldiers—always jigglin' her soldiers, an' jigglin' an' jigglin'—"

"What are you talking about now, Jane?" her father inquired. "What was this, a military play?"

"She means 'shoulders,' not 'soldiers,'" Mrs. Baxter explained. "Miss Semple has a rather co-



ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

His dutiful daughter turned to him instantly. "Why, I and mamma—"

"Hush, Jane!" Mrs. Baxter interposed, but here she laid herself open to reproach, and was outmaneuvered by the conscientious and determined child.

"Why, mamma, papa asked me a question! I haf to answer papa when he asks me somepin', or else How polite would I be if I didn't, mamma? I guess you wouldn't think I was very nice if, well s'pose papa said, 'How are you feelin' today, Jane?' an' I was to say 'Hush up, papa!' and wouldn't answer him—because I don't think, if I was to do a thing like that, I couldn't expect to get that little desk from Becker's an' that silver chain an' locket an' some other presents, three weeks from next Tuesday, when it's my birthday, the fourth of October. I guess papa wouldn't feel like bein' very kind to me then, or Christmas time either, if I said I didn't haf to answer him when he asks me a simple question; an' neither would you, mamma. You've told me a hundred thousand times I had to be polite to ev'rybody, an' I ought to be just as polite to papa as any one else."

The rebuked mother hung her head, but Mr. Baxter laughed outright. "What's it all about, Jane?" he asked. "What were you trying to get her to do?"

"Well," said Jane. "I thought she ought to ask Willie. She said she would."

"Ask Willie what?"

"Ask him why he was hidin'," said the terrible Jane. "Ask him why he was hidin' up in the gallery place at the matinee this afternoon."

slinked back, papa," Jane repeated. "An' then he kep' slinked back so's we couldn't see him again, an' when the matinee let out so's we could go home again, he waited up in the gallery place, or somewhere, till I an' mamma got to the next corner; but we kind of waited around there a minute or two, an' he came out, an' he thought we never saw him, an' he slinked the other way."

"I never heard anything like this in my life!" the outraged William declared. "I want to know if this child is to be allowed to interfere in my private affairs any longer, because if she is, I—"

Jane raised her voice. "So mamma said she didn't know why he behaved like that, papa. She said he went to this same matinee on Monday night, because she gave him the money; an' she didn't know where he was Tuesday night, but he had a perfect right to go again this afternoon if he wanted to, so she was goin' to ask him why he wanted to behave about it that slinky way, an'—"

"Jane!" Mrs. Baxter interrupted. "You're talking absurdly. I was only the least bit surprised, and it all amounts to nothing, anyhow. Very possibly William didn't see us, and if he did, he might have had plenty of good reasons for preferring to walk home alone instead of with you and me. I really thought very little about it."

"Mamma, you said—"

"Nonsense!" Mrs. Baxter laughed and turned to William. "I think it was very sensible to go twice to such an amusing play."

The terrible Jane, with calm discourtesy, pointed her right forefinger at her brother. "Look how red Willie gets!" she said.

quettish little mannerism of moving her shoulders."

"She jiggles 'em," said Jane. "Always when anybody in this matinee comes around actin' in love of her, she breathes an' jiggles, an' she jiggles her soldiers. She keeps jigglin' an' jigglin' an' ji—"

But William could bear no more. He glared at Jane, and said sternly. "Will you kindly have a care?"

"What?" she asked.

"Will you just kindly have a care?" he repeated.

The phrase was entirely new to Jane, and it interested her. "Have a what, Willie?" she asked, in innocent curiosity.

At this, Mrs. Baxter concealed the lower part of her face behind her handkerchief, but Mr. Baxter was less tactful: he laughed aloud. William had finished his dinner, and he rose in suffering dignity. "This child has always got to be insulting somebody!" he said. "She can't speak of—of the—of anybody—with the slightest respect or—decency. I certainly think if she was my daughter, she'd be raised mighty differently! I will ask to be excused!"

He departed.

"Now what's the matter with him?" Mr. Baxter inquired. "I thought after that Miss Pratt left town he'd sort of settle down. What's got into him?"

"He's sensitive," said Mrs. Baxter. "I think he's in a sensitive state; that's all."

"Sensitive!" Mr. Baxter grunted. "Well, he'll probably have a chance to get over that in a week or so. I ex—"

(Continued on page 75)

Adventures and Letters of Richard Harding Davis

With an Introduction by Charles Belmont Davis

Hope Davis,
R. H. D.'s only child.
A picture sent
by him to his
brother in
November, 1915



Hello, 'Uncle Charley!'

Richard Harding Davis in 1873
when he was nine years old



his understanding. As a schoolboy he was aggressive, radical, outspoken, fearless; usually of the opposition, and, indeed, often the sole member of his own party. So far back as I can remember, Richard was always starting something—usually a new club or a violent reform movement. The following letter, written to his father when Richard was a student at Swarthmore and about fifteen years of age, will give an idea of his conception of the ethics in the case.

SWARTHMORE—1880

DEAR PAPA:

I AM quite on the Potomac. I with all the boys at our table were called up, there is seven of us, before Prex. for stealing sugar-bowls and things off the table. All the youths said, "O President, I didn't do it." When it came my turn I merely smiled gravely, and he

these two considerations with each other, to deny nothing but let the good-natured old duffer see how silly it was by retaining a placid silence and so crushing his base but thoughtless behavior and machinations.

IN the early days at home, that is when the sun shone, we played cricket and baseball and football in our very spacious back-yard, and the program of our sports was always subject to Richard's change without notice. When it rained we adjourned to the third-story front, where we acted melodrama of simple plot but many thrills, and it was always Richard who wrote the plays, produced them, and played the principal part. As I recall these dramas of my early youth, the action was almost endless, and, although the company comprised two charming misses (at least, I know that they eventually grew into two very lovely women),

there was no time wasted over anything so sentimental or futile as love episodes. But whatever else the play contained in the way of "great scenes," there was always a mountain-pass—the mountain being composed of a chair and two tables—and Richard was forever leading his little band over this precipitous ravine, while the band, wholly indifferent as to whether the road led to honor, glory or total annihilation, meekly followed its leader.

In an extremely sympathetic appreciation which Irvin S. Cobb wrote about my brother at the time of his death, he says that he doubts there is such a thing as a born author. However, in Richard's case, if he was not born an author, certainly no other career was ever considered. So far as I know, unlike most boys, he never even wanted to go to sea, or to be a bareback rider in a circus. A boy if he loves his father usually wants to follow in his professional footsteps, and in the case of Richard

and he had the double inspiration of following both in the footsteps of his father, and in those of his mother as well. For years before Richard's birth his father had been a newspaper editor and a writer of stories, and his mother a novelist and short-story writer of unusual distinction.

Five years old and all
dressed up



AT the time of my brother Richard's death, the fact was frequently commented upon that, unlike most literary folk, he had never known what it was to be poor and to suffer the pangs of hunger and failure. That he never suffered from the lack of a home was certainly as true as that in his work he knew but little of failure, for the first stories he wrote for the magazines brought him into a prominence and popularity that lasted until the end. So far as memory serves me, my brother Richard's life and mine began together in the three-story brick house on South Twenty-first street in Philadelphia. For more than forty years, in all that the word implies, this was our home, and I do not believe that there was ever a moment when it was not the predominating influence in Richard's life and in his work.

Richard attended school at the Episcopal Academy, and his weekly report never failed to fill the whole house with an impenetrable gloom and ever-increasing fears as to the possibilities of his future. At school and at college Richard was certainly, to say the least, an indifferent student. And what made this undeniable fact so annoying, particularly to his teachers, was that morally he stood so very big. To "crib," to lie, or in any way to cheat or do any unworthy act was, I believe, quite beyond



R. H. D. (on the left) as a member of the Johns Hopkins Football Team in 1886

passed on to the last. Then he said, "The only boy that doesn't deny it is Davis. Davis, you are excused. I wish to talk to the rest of them." That all goes to show he can be a gentleman if he would only try. I am a natural born philosopher so I thought this idea is too idiotic for me to converse about so I recommend silence and I also argued that to deny you must necessarily be accused and to be accused of stealing would of course cause me to bid Prex. good-by, so the only way was, taking

tion. In those days of his extreme youth Richard was not only an omnivorous reader, but showed a most unusual imagination in the devising of our games

and the dramas which we enacted under his direction. Also at a very early age he developed a propensity for making up and telling stories, which, in those days, I regarded as a most unfortunate habit. It was bad enough in the daytime when he stopped our legitimate games to tell us some new tale, but it was at night, after we had gone to bed, that I suffered the most. For a time Richard was content with my solemn promise that I would remain awake until he had finished his romance, but he soon discovered that no sooner was he well under way than his audience was fast asleep. It was then arranged that every few minutes, or thereabouts, I should interrupt his narrative by saying, "I'm awake." However, so expert did I become that I could soon say "I'm awake" with the regularity of an alarm-clock, and sleep beautifully between these periods; or, indeed, I'm not quite sure I did not give the signals in my sleep. When Richard had discovered this last accomplishment of mine, he demanded that at the end of each tale I should prove my wakefulness throughout its telling by giving him a complete synopsis of the same; but at this I rebelled, and I believe thereby gave Richard his first setback in fiction.

Among those who came to visit my parents in these early days were Emerson, Holmes, John Hay, Wayne MacVeagh, Whitelaw Reid, Frank Stockton, James G. Blaine, Weir Mitchell, and James T. Fields. Some of them Richard inherited as his own good friends, but in most cases, I fear, they were to him as they are to me—

vague but pleasant memories. But for a boy destined to lead a literary life of many angles, it was an atmosphere which could hardly have failed to leave its mark. At a later period the Joseph Jeffersons used to visit us. Horace Howard Furness, one of my father's oldest friends, built a summer home very near us at Point Pleasant, and Mrs. John Drew and her daughter, Georgie Barrymore, spent their summers in a nearby hostelry. I can remember Mrs. Barrymore's face that time very well—wonderfully handsome and a



As he looked when he first came to New York in 1890

marvelously cheery manner. Richard and I both loved her greatly, even though it were in secret. Her daughter Ethel I remember best as she appeared on the beach—a sweet, long-legged child in a scarlet bathing-suit, running toward the breakers, and then dashing madly back to her mother's open arms. A pretty figure of a child, but much too young for Richard to notice at that time. But in after years the child in the scarlet bathing-suit and he became great pals. Indeed, during the latter half of his life, through the good days and the bad, there were few friends who held so close a place in his sympathy and affections as Ethel Barrymore.

UNTIL the summer of 1880 my brother continued on at the Episcopal Academy. For some reason I was sent to a different school, but outside of our supposed hours of learning we were never apart. With less than two years difference in our ages our interests were much the same, and I fear our interests of those days were largely limited to out-of-door sports and the theater. We must have been very young indeed when my father first led us by the hand to see our first play.

These were the days of Booth and Jefferson, Adelaide Neilson, Charles Fletcher, Lotta, John McCullough, John Sleeper Clarke, and the elder Sothern. And how Richard and I worshipped them all—not only these, but every small-bit actor in every stock company in town. For a long time we were strictly faithful to the red-headed, vivacious Lotta, but whether from a more sophisticated taste or a chance meeting with the lady herself, we suddenly forsook our first love for the more classic charms of Adelaide Neilson. The day of our meet-

ing was a sunshiny afternoon in winter, and the former British barmaid, and the then first English-speaking actress and beauty of her day, clad in gorgeous furs, was standing before a jeweler's win-

interrupted the sonorous speeches of the tragedian with crisp, witty criticisms or asides that made the rest of the company laugh, and even brought a smile to the tragic features of Booth himself.

But there was nothing formal about our relations with John Sleeper Clarke and the Jefferson family. They were real "home folks," and often occupied our spare-room, and when they were with us Richard and I were allowed to come to all the meals, and, even if unsolicited, freely express our views on the modern drama.

IN later years came Henry Irving and his fellow player, Ellen Terry, and Augustin Daly, and that wonderful quartet, Ada Rehan, Mrs. Gilbert, James Lewis, and our own John Drew. Sir Henry I always recall by the first picture I had of him in our dining-room, sitting far away from the table, his long legs stretched before him, peering curiously at Richard and myself over black-rimmed glasses, and then turning back to the ash of a long cigar, and talking drama with the strange, jerky, nasal voice, but always with a marvelous manner and convincing authority. He took a great liking to Richard in those days; sent him a church warden's pipe that he used as Corporal Brewster, and made much of him later when my brother was in London. Miss Terry was a much less formal and forbidding guest, rushing into the house like a whirlwind and filling the place with the sunshine and happiness that seemed to fairly exude from her beautiful magnetic presence. Augustin Daly always came with the four stars of his company, whom I have already mentioned; but even the beautiful Rehan and the nice old Mrs. Gilbert seemed thoroughly awed in the presence of "the Guv'nor." He was a most crusty, dictatorial gentleman, as I remember him, always in black and always failing to find virtue in any actor or actress not a member of his own company. I remember one particularly acrid discussion between him and my father in regard to Julia Marlowe, who was then making her first bow to the public. Daly contended that in a few years the lady would be unheard of, and backed his opinion by betting a dinner with my father for all those present that his judgment would prove correct. However, he was very kind to Richard and myself, and let us play about behind the scenes, which was a privilege he granted to very few of his friends' children. One night long after this, when Richard was a reporter in New York, he and Miss Rehan were burlesquing a scene from a play on the last curtain had just fallen. It was on the stage of Daly's Theater, at Thirtieth street and Broad-



Few friends held so close a place in his sympathy and affections as Ethel Barrymore

dow on Chestnut Street. I remember as if it were yesterday, her clear, velvety voice telling my father how her manager had offered her five hundred dollars to play an extra matinee, and how just as she had decided to decline the offer she had seen a bauble in the jeweler's window, the price of which was just five hundred dollars. And then my father introduced us to the beautiful lady, and told us to remember that we had the honor of meeting Adelaide Neilson, which advice was not really necessary, but had something of premonition in it, for shortly after that, at the very height of her youthful fame, the good lady met her tragic death in Paris.

In those early days Booth used to come to rather formal luncheons, and at all such functions Richard and I ate our luncheon in the pantry, and when the great meal was nearly over in the dining-room, we were allowed to come in in time for the ice-cream, and to sit, figuratively, at the feet of the honored guests, and generally, literally, on his or her knees. Young as I was in those days, I can readily recall one of those lunch parties when the contrast between Booth and Dion Boucicault struck my youthful mind most forcibly. Booth with his big, black eyes, shaggy hair and lank figure, his wonderfully modulated voice rolled out theories of the stage, while the baldheaded, rotund Boucicault, his twinkling eyes snapping,



Always one of Mr. Davis's best friends. Charles Dana Gibson as he looked in 1892

way, and from his velvet box at the prompt entrance Daly stood gloomily watching their fooling. When they had finished the mock scene, Richard went over to Daly and said, "How bad do you think I am as an actor, Mr. Daly?" and, greatly to my brother's delight, the greatest manager of them all of those days grumbled back at him, "You're so bad, Richard, that I'll give you a hundred dollars a week, and you can sign the contract whenever you're ready." And although that was much more than my brother was making in his chosen profession, and in spite of the intense interest he had in the theater, he never considered the offer seriously. As a matter of fact, Richard had many qualifications that fitted him for the stage, and in after years, when he was rehearsing one of his own plays, he would

go upon the stage and read almost any part better than the actor employed to do it. Of course, he lacked the ease of gesture and the art of timing, which can only be attained after sound experience, but his reading of lines and his knowledge of characterization was quite unusual. In proof of this, I know of at least two managers who, when Richard wanted to sell them plays, refused on the ground that his reading gave the dialogue a value it did not possess.

In the fall of 1882, Richard entered Lehigh and took a keen interest in the life and the sports of the college. Also, he had formed certain theories, which he promptly proceeded to put into practical effect. Perhaps the most conspicuous of these was his belief that cane-rushes and hazing were wholly unnecessary and barbaric customs, and should have no place in the college of today. Against the former he spoke at college meetings and wrote long letters to the local papers decrying the custom. His stand against hazing was equally violent, and he worked hand-in-hand with the faculty to eradicate it entirely from the college life. That his stand was purely for a principle and not from any fear of personal injury, I am very sure that the following letter to his father will show.

DEAR DAD:

YOU may remember a conversation we had at Squan about hazing in which you said it was a very blackguardly thing and a cowardly thing. I didn't agree with you, but when I saw how it really was and how silly and undignified it was, besides being brutal, I thought it over and changed my mind completely, agreeing with you in every respect. A large number of our class have been hazed, taking it as a good joke, and have been laughed at by the whole college. I talked to the boys about it, and said what I would do and so on, without much effect. Wednesday a junior came to me, and told me I was to be hazed as I left the Opera House Friday night. After that a great many came to me and advised and warned me as to what I should do. I decided to get about fifty of our class outside and then fight it out; that was before I changed my mind. As soon as I did I regretted it very much, but, as it turned out, the class didn't come, so I was alone, as I wished to be. You see, I'd not a very good place here; the fellows looked on me as a sort of special object of ridicule, on account of the hat and cane, walk, and so on, though I thought I'd got over that by this time. The Opera House was partly filled with college men, a large number of sophomores and a few upper class men. It was pretty generally known I was going to have a row, and that brought them as much as the show. Poor Ruff was in agony all day. He supposed I'd get into the fight, and he knew he'd get in, too, sooner or later. If he did he'd be held and not be able to do

anything, and then the next day be blamed by the whole college for interfering in a class matter. He hadn't any money to get into the show, and so wandered around outside in the rain in a great deal more excited state than I was. Howe went all over town after putting on his old clothes, in case of personal damage, in search of freshmen who were at home out of the wet. As I left the building a man grabbed me by my arm, and the rest, with the seniors gathered around; the only freshman present, who was half scared to death, clung as near to me as possible. I withdrew my arm and faced them. "If this means hazing," I said, "I'm not with you. There's not enough men here to haze me, but there's enough to thrash me, and I'd rather be thrashed than hazed." You see, I wanted them to understand exactly how I looked at it, and they wouldn't think I was simply hotheaded and stubborn. I was very cool about it all. They broke in with all sorts of explanations; hazing was the last thing they had thought of. No, indeed, Davis, old fellow, you're mistaken. I told them if that was so, all right, I was going home. I saw several of my friends in the crowd waiting for me, but as I didn't want them to interfere, I said nothing, and they did not recognize me. When among the crowd of sophomores, the poor freshman made a last effort, he pulled me by the coat and begged me to come with him. I said no, I was going home. When I reached the next corner I stopped. "I gave you fair warning, keep off. I tell you I'll strike the first man, the first one, that touches me." Then the four who had been appointed to seize me jumped on me, and I only got



Miss Ellen Terry—rushing into the house like a whirlwind and filling the place with sunshine and happiness

"Now," I said, "you're not able to haze me, but I can't thrash twelve of you, but I'll fight any one man you bring out." I asked for the man that struck me, and named another, but there was no response. The upper classmen who had just arrived, called out that was fair, and they'd see it fair. Goodenough Purnell and Douglas, who don't like me much, either. Ruff was beside me by this time. He hadn't seen anything of it, and did not get there until he heard me calling for a fair chance and challenging the class for a man. I called out again, the second time, and still no one came, so I took occasion to let them know why I had done as I did in a short speech to the crowd. I said I was a peaceable fellow, thought hazing silly, and as I never intended to haze myself, I didn't intend any one to haze me. Then I said again, "This is the third time, will one of your men fight this fair? I can't fight twelve of you." Just then two officers who had called on some mill-hans, who are always dying for a fight, and a citizen to help them, burst into the crowd of students, shouldering them around like sheep until they got to me, when one of them put his arm around me, and said, "I don't know anything about this crowd, but I'll see you're protected, sir, I'll give 'em fair play." One officer got hold of Ruff and pretty near shook him to pieces until I had to interfere and explain. They were for forming a body-guard, and were loud in their denunciations of the college, and declaring they'd see me through if I was a stranger to 'em.

Two or three of the sophomores, when they saw how things were going, set up a yell, but Griffin struck out and sent one of them flying one way and his hat another, so the yell ended. Howe and Murray Stuart took me up to their rooms, and Ruff went off for beefsteak for my eye, and treated the crowd who had come to the rescue, at Dixon's, to beer. The next day was Saturday, and as there was to be a meeting of the Athletic Association, of course, I wanted to show up. The fellows all looked at my eye pretty hard and said nothing. I felt pretty sure that the sympathy was all with me.

Four men are elected from the college to be on the athletic committee. They can be nominated by any one, though generally it is done by a man in their own class. We had agreed the day before to vote for Toleman for our class, so when the president announced nominations were in order for the freshmen class, Toleman was instantly nominated. At the same time one of the leading sophomores jumped up and nominated Mr. Davis, and a number of men from the same class seconded it. I knew every one in the college knew of what had happened, and especially the sophomores, so I was, of course, very much surprised. I looked unconscious, though, and waited. One of the seniors asked that the nominees should stand up, as they didn't know their names only their faces. As each man rose he was hissed and groaned down again. When I stood up the sophomores burst into a yell and clapped and stamped, yelling, "Davis! Davis! vote for D!" until I sat down. As I had already decided to nominate Toleman, I withdrew my name from the nominees, a movement which was received by loud cries of "No! No!" from the sophs. So, you see, Dad, I did as you said,



Outside Moyanensing Prison 1888 at the time Davis wrote "Outside the Prison"



L. Clarke Davis at the summer home at Point Pleasant where young Richard spent his summers

one good blow in before they had me down in the gutter and were beating me on the face and head. I put my hands across my face, and so did not get any hard blows directly in the face. They slipped back in a moment, and when I was ready I scrambled up pretty wet and muddy, and with my face stinging where they had struck. It had all been done so quickly, and there was such a large crowd coming from the theater, that, of course, no one saw it. When I got up there was a circle all around me. They hadn't intended to go so far. The men, except those four who had beaten me, were rather ashamed and wished they were out of it. I turned to Emmerich, a post-graduate, and told him to give me room.



Richard Harding Davis and Joseph Jefferson at Marion, Massachusetts, in 1899



Miss Maude Adams in the costume she wore in "The Masked Ball" 1892

as I thought was right, and came out well indeed. You see, I am now the hero of the hour, every one in town knows it, and every one congratulates me, and, "Well done, me boy," as Morrow '83 said, seems to be the idea, one gets taken care of in this world if you do what's the right thing, if it is only a street fight. In fact, as one of the seniors said, I've made five friends where I had one before. The sophs are ashamed and sorry, as their conduct in chapel, which was more marked than I made it, shows. I've nothing to show for it but a red mark under the eye, and so it is the best thing that could possibly have happened. Poor Ruff hugged me all the way home, and I've started out well in a good way, I think, though not a very logical one. Uncle says to tell you that my conduct has my approval throughout.

DICK.

FROM the time he left college until he was twenty-five years of age, Richard had done general reporting for the Philadelphia Press, and had met with a considerable local success. His big chance came with the Johnstown flood, and the news stories he wired to his paper showed the first glimpse of his ability as a correspondent. Later on, disguised as a crook, he joined a gang of yeggmen, lived with them in the worst dives of the city, and eventually gained their good opinion to the extent of being allowed to assist in planning a burglary. But before the actual robbery took place, Richard had obtained enough evidence against his crook companions to turn them over to the police and eventually land them in prison. It was during these days that he wrote his first story for a magazine, and the following letter shows that it was something of a milestone in his career.

DEAR FAMILY:

THE St. Nicholas people sent me a check for \$50 for the "pirate" story. It would be inopportune affectation to say that I was not delighted. Jennings Crute and I were waiting for breakfast when I found the letter. I opened it very slowly, for I feared they would bluff me with some letter about illustrations or revision, or offering me a reduced subscription to the magazine. There was a letter inside and a check. I read the letter before I looked at the check, which I supposed would be for \$30, as the other story was valued at \$20. The note

said that a perfect gentleman named Chichester would be pleased if I would find enclosed a check for \$50. I looked at Jenny helplessly, and said, "It's for fifty, Jenny." Crute had an insane look in his eyes, as he murmured "half a hundred dollars, and on your day off, too." Then I sat down suddenly and wondered what I would buy first, and Crute sat in a dazed condition, and abstractedly took a handful of segars out of the box dear old dad gave me. As I didn't say anything, he took another handful, and then sat down and gazed at the check for five minutes in awe. After breakfast I calculated how much I would have after I paid my debts. I still owe say \$25, and I have some shoes to pay for and my hair to cut. I had a wild idea of going over to New York and buying some stocks, but I guess I'll go to Bond's and Baker's instead.

I'm going down street now to see if Drexel wants to borrow any ready money—on the way down I will make purchases and pay bills so that my march will be a triumphal procession.

I got a story on the front page this morning about an explosion at Columbia Avenue Station—I went out on it with another man, my senior in years and experience, whom Watrous expected to write the story while I hustled for facts. When we got back I had all the facts, and what little he had was incorrect—so I said I would disengage myself from his services and write the story myself. I did it very politely, but it queered the man before the men, and Watrous grew very sarcastic at his expense. Next time Andy will know better and let me get my own stories alone.

Your Millionaire Son,
Dick.

I'm still the "same old Dick"; not proud a bit.

BUT in spite of these monetary successes and the love he had for his home, Richard was not at all satisfied with his journalistic progress, and for long his eyes had been turned toward New York. There he knew that there was a broader field for such talent as he might possess, that the chance for adventure was much greater, and it was this hope and love of adventure that kept Richard moving on all of his life.

On a morning late in September, 1889, he started for New York to look for a position as reporter on one of the Metropolitan newspapers. I do not know whether he carried with him any letters or that he had any acquaintances in the journalistic world on whose influence he counted, but, in any case, he visited a number of offices without any success whatever. Indeed, he had given up the day as wasted, and was on his way to take the train back to Philadelphia. Tired and discouraged, he sat down on a bench in City Hall Park, and mentally shook his fist at the newspaper offices on Park Row that had given him so cold a reception. At this all-important moment along came Arthur Brisbane, whom Richard had met in London when the former was the English correspondent of the Sun. Brisbane had recently been appointed Editor of the Evening Sun, and had already met with a rather spectacular success. On hearing the object of Richard's visit to New York, he promptly offered him a position on his staff at thirty dollars a week, and Richard as promptly accepted. I remember that the joyous telegram he sent to my mother, telling of his success and demanding that the fatted calf be killed

for dinner that night was not received with unalloyed happiness. To my mother and father it meant that their first-born was leaving home to seek his fortune, and that without Richard's love and sympathy and enthusiasm the home could never be quite the same. But the fatted calf was killed, every one pretended to be just as elated as Richard was over his good fortune, and in two days he left us for his first great adventure.

During the short illness that preceded my brother's death, although quite unconscious that the end was near, his thoughts constantly turned back to the days of his home in Philadelphia, and he got out the letters which as a boy and as a young man he had written to his family. After reading a number of them, he said: "I know now why we were such a happy family. It was because we were always all of us of the same age."

In the letters to follow, especially those written to his mother, this attitude of Richard's is easily evident. That a boy should have toward his parents a great filial devotion is, happily, an almost universal trait, but for fear of hurting them in one way or another many sons prefer not to tell all of their lives to those who are closest to them. But in the relationship that existed between Richard and his mother there was a complete elimination of the fear of misunderstanding and a spirit of comradeship that between mother and son to me, at least, seems quite unusual.

The following was written shortly after Richard had begun his work on the Evening Sun.

NEW YORK "EVENING SUN"—1890

DEAR MOTHER:

TODAY is as lovely and fresh as the morning, a real spring day, and I feel good in consequence. I have just come from a couple of raids, where we had a very lively time, and some of them had to pull their guns. I found it necessary to punch a few sports myself. The old sergeant from headquarters treats me like a son and takes the greatest pride in whatever I do or write. He regularly assigns me now to certain doors, and I always obey orders like the little gentleman that I am. Instead of making me unpopular, I find it helps me with the sports, though it hurts my chances professionally, as so many of them know me now that I am no use in some districts. For instance, in Mott and Pell streets, or in the Bowery, I am as safe as any precinct detective. I tell you this to keep you from worrying. They won't touch a man whom they think is

(Continued on page 72)



Richard Harding Davis the war correspondent of later days. The role in which he is best known and which he himself loved best

The Poinsettia Widow

By Sinclair Lewis

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT

IT'S a cinch to be a swell, once you collect five suits of clothes and a line of conversation, and know whether the trick fork is for the salad or the ice-cream. I've learned the game pretty well, and when I make a break I laugh like the dickens, and they say, "How quaint and original of him," and put it down to my being an aviator. That is my job; aviating. I'm a hero by profession, same as a Republican in Georgia. As a matter of fact, I ain't a hero. I'm an aerial jitney driver. I stick to safe ascents before the hicks at county fairs. Still, I have got the Pacific Coast altitude record, and I won the Atlanta to St. Louis race, and I've toured the world in exhibition flights, and had the Viceroy of India say to me, "Capital, sir, capital;" and once I carried this Wop writer; a poet I think he is; Gabriel d'Annunzio.

So I'm a regular heroic aviator, and, as looks is half the game, I try to look the part. My hair is curly, and I've got a grin like a chimpanzee, and I wear a Balaklava helmet and puts, and a wrist-watch, and when I pose for the newspaper photographers—and, gee, but I feel like a fool—I can hear the ladies whisper about what a little Broadway idol I am.

But I ain't.

I come from Penumbra, Iowa; and what's more, I'm going back to Penumbra, Iowa, and you can keep all the cafés where the tired Willies take their daily exercise by lifting their cigarettes to their lips.

Believe me, Penumbra is the liveliest little burg in northern Iowa. But I must say it didn't give me much of a start in being a swell. Of course, I had a good education—went through the Penumbra High School and learned what is the German for "the boots, the carriage, the Eisenbahn tickets, the candles, and the pocket clock." But Penumbra hasn't learned the news abouticed coffee yet. They don't wear dress wessits at smart dinners there, but vests, maybe fancy vests, and then again, maybe the same old dog of a vest you been wearing in the store, with the white spots mostly cleaned off.

So when I'd done my turn at motor-cycle racing and went to San Diego and blossomed out as a heroic aviator, I simply had to sit down and learn to be a swell. They expect it of you. You get invited to all kinds of dinners and teas. So I got one of the army aviators at San Diego to coach me, and I made a regular system of it, so that when I take the trouble to watch myself and lay off the Ain'ts, and keep from buttering whole slices of bread, I can beat the elect at their own game—for a while.

First, you got to wear the clothes. You never catch me—that is, not now no more—wearing tan shoes with a morning coat, or calling a dinner coat a Tuxedo. Then you got to be able to tell what tools to work with at dinner. That's easy; talk to the dame next to you, and watch till the hostess leads off. Finally, you got to be able to talk the lingo. What makes this easier for me is that an aviator always gets the same line of bunk. All of them, debutantes or Supreme Court justices or carpet-slipper models, they always say, "I'm sure I should be afraid to fly, because there's a funny thing about me. When I stand on a cliff or the roof of a building and look down, I'm always so nervous that I want to jump."

This studying of mine is what has put me ahead of Harry Heck. Harry is my mechanic. He wears a night shirt instead of pajamas and he chews tobacco, and is kind of mused, and when a bunch of swells are giving us the once-over I hand him orders, and Harry says, "Yes, sir," most respectful. But when the gang is gone, Harry and me laughs ourselves sick, and go fishing. Because Harry is my cousin, and was raised

with me in Penumbra, and he can lick me, the best day that ever was, and he's partners with me in my heroic and aerial ambition.

Which is to get the Twin-Two agency in Penumbra and monkey with real estate on the side. That's some job. No flying in cross currents of air, but stand around gassing, and in comes a farmer. "How do." "How do. Is this Mr. Jones, the celebrated aviator?" "Yes, buy a Twin-Two, you boob." He buys, meek-like, and you go up to the Elks and shoot a couple games of pool.

Harry and me had been doing the county fairs, exhibition flights, and had saved considerable cash, but before we took the agency we wanted a couple

thousand more plunks, so we went to Florida, to spend a winter passenger-carrying, at St. Augustine.

It was early in the season and the Ponce de Leon Hotel wasn't open yet, but it was as big as all of Penumbra, and full of towers and balconies and covered walks and arches and palms and vines and fountains—say, I could imagine the lace hats and Newport accents that would soon be filling it, and me all dolled up, having to play James Aldershot Jones, society's favorite aviator—otherwise Jim Jones of Penumbra.

But we cheered up when we found a good float for my machine on North River—between St. Augustine and open ocean there is an inlet called North River, then a long sandy peninsula, the ocean side of which is called North Beach.

I replaced the landing chassis of my tractor with twin pontoons, for a water take-off, and bought a new pair of overalls, and was happy getting greasy. We got a peach of a room on North Beach, where I would be able to retire from the social whirl, and cuss and read the *Penumbra Defiance* and listen to Harry play the mouth organ. It didn't have any carpet or white furniture to get dirty; it was just a room, that place was, with a bare floor that you could track in sand on, without some one fussing. It was over an old bathhouse and looked out on a line of white dunes, with a little jungle of Spanish bayonets, and then beyond, the sea, awful blue and smashing in on a beach like a hundred miles of ballroom floor.

And the passenger-carrying was a cinch. We sits there on that float, and up comes a young swell, with a pretty girl that has bet him a dollar he dasn't fly. He says to me with this here nonchalant gaiety, "Can you take me up, Aldershot?"

"S' pleasure," I says to him, lying, because it ain't a pleasure, it's work, while behind me Harry is muttering, "She robbed the grocery to get that guy. He looks like a can of sardines."

The candidate for heroism climbs into the nacelle. Of course, he's so cool he almost freezes my mixture, but I notice he lights a cigarette and his hands shake—they always do. Harry bats the propeller, we bob over the waves, and get off, easy as starting a Twin-Two, run about eight miles, and come down easy on the water. My only trouble is getting the twenty-five out of him when he comes down, and forgets all about the little formality, he's so busy saying to his girl, "No, honey, I wasn't frightened in the least"—which he was, too.

I began to like St. Augustine. Little narrow, sneaky Spanish streets, with overhanging balconies and courtyards, surrounded by coquina walls, and live oaks that need shaves, and orange groves, and ten million palmettos, and, O yes, a slick museum on Anastasia Island, with alligators, and the kid there poked them with a stick, and you ought to heard them bark—yes, nice town.

But what was surprising to me was that I liked the bunch there, too. The season hadn't really opened yet, and the town was still in the possession of the families who come down every winter and own a place. They have little dances and go over to North Beach swimming. They have lots of money and social position—people like old Newlee, the banker—but they're so simple and jolly that they didn't seem different from Penumbra, and here was old dog Jimmy Jones talking to millionaires' daughters and giving Pa a cigar and learning golf, and enjoying it.

But back in New York, the cocktail and gasoline stars, the twelve-cylinder spender boys, were getting on their marks, ready to dash for Florida. Once the Ponce was open, a million sun-followers dropped into St. Augustine on their way to Palm Beach, the Bahamas, and arterial sclerosis. They came with valets and cases of champagne and eighty horse-power cars, and alarm clocks guaranteed not to go off till eleven A. M. The quiet old Plaza de la Constitution looked like a Long Island country club, with nine thousand London-made gray jersey coats and eleven thousand silk sweaters. There was a big dance every night, with



But the girl, Lord, she was fire and ice, fire glaring through glittering ice—

with me in Penumbra, and he can lick me, the best day that ever was, and he's partners with me in my heroic and aerial ambition.

Which is to get the Twin-Two agency in Penumbra and monkey with real estate on the side. That's some job. No flying in cross currents of air, but stand around gassing, and in comes a farmer. "How do." "How do. Is this Mr. Jones, the celebrated aviator?" "Yes, buy a Twin-Two, you boob." He buys, meek-like, and you go up to the Elks and shoot a couple games of pool.

Harry and me had been doing the county fairs, exhibition flights, and had saved considerable cash, but before we took the agency we wanted a couple

dinner parties and teas, and the rest of the time the swells showed up in public and let the ordinary dub tourists have a look at them—they were as favorite spectacles as either of the two genuine Fountains of Youth, or me in my aeroplane, and they were a whole lot funnier.

Of course it was good business for me. The quiet bunch, the Newlees and so on—who had now retired into their shells—hadn't more than paid my expenses, while the ragtimers soon got tired of palms and sunshine, and wanted excitement—which meant me—and I was real chummy with them, all the while I was wanting to duck for Penumbra because I was so sick of them—hard as nails they are, brass with hard-boiled eyes and fried stomachs, pickled in booze and so used to motor-speeding and yachting and traveling that they'd make an Argentine rancher feel like a piker.

Yet here was Sunny Jim right in with them, because Van Horn Dexter said I was a nice chap,

*It was fun, us two sitting on
the sea wall—just friendly
and jolly, kidding each other*



Van Horn Dexter was the ultra of the bunch. He looked like a clothing store dummy back home—foolish little round face and foolish little trim mustache and a weak little voice, and an income of a thousand a minute. But I must say that the one time he flew with me he wasn't much more scared than a ten-year-old girl I carried once at a county fair. Poor little Van, I guess he really did try to be a good friend of mine. He was always hanging around my float. He liked to show off, explaining the machine to friends: "You see this thingamajig? That's the aileron. He warps it, d' yuh see?" He really was a big help; as he'd O.K.'d me, it was proper for select guys to fly with me—no danger of being contaminated by some common person from Penumbra when in my company!

Mostly I felt sorry for Van. But when he would sit and make fun of the tourists straggling by—nice homey folks, Pa and Ma on a vacation they'd been saving for these five years—or when he'd look at a girl, in a way that seemed to compromise her, I always wanted to punch him.

You might have thought Van was having a good time, with booze from his locker, dances, auto-speeding, driving an express cruiser down to Ormond, golf, tennis, horseback and being made love to by pretty but blind débutantes, but he told me he was clean bored and going down to Palm Beach. Then something happened that gave him a couple nights' amusement.

The Café Hors d'Oeuvre opened.

All of the high boys received tony engraved cards stating that Mr. James Bolderjambe, manager of the Jardin d'Omar, New York, would open

the Café Hors d'Oeuvre. I suspect that one of the young dancing men that hung around Van Dexter was really a paid capper, because he circulated busily, predicting that the Hors d'Oeuvre would be the smartest joint in Florida. The booze lockers would be built extra large, and the dancing floor would be on rollers, and, says he, "Even at the Royal Poinciana, there's no escaping the bourgeoisie tourist, but jolly old Bolderjambe is going to confine admission cards to people in the Social Register, and it will be very genunlmanly, old chap, very genunlmanly."

"Hell," I says, "I'm not in the Register, old chap; I'm not even in the genunlmanly telephone book."

"That's different," he says, "you're the idol of all of us—all the fellows wish they had your nerve."

At that, they didn't need it. They had more nerve than I had. They could wear monocles in

the face of two hundred snickering tourists from Oklahoma.

This society tout said that the big attraction at the Hors d'Oeuvre would be the Maitresse du Danse, which meant the head hash-hustler, as I figured it. She was a Madame Zintheo, and he hinted that this Zintheo was a better dancer than Mrs. Vernon Castle and a better looker than Marie Doro, and he 'lowed that all the Russian Grand Dukes and Portuguese royalty and Pittsburg millionaires had been crazy about her when she danced in Paris. He was sort of insinuating, and every chappie in Van's bunch straightened his three-dollar Buddie and acted resolute, like he was going to make a conquest. And me, I must admit I caught myself wanting to see this vampire dame that had played havoc with all the Grand Dukes—you only got to go to one Theda Bara movie to know what wily devils those Grand Dukes are. Though the one that I carried when I flew at Rheims had a game leg and was interested in collecting black beetles and had a beard like a bead portière.

The papers said a lot of people were motoring up from Ormond and Daytona for the opening of the Hors d'Oeuvre, and it would be an Event. Van Dexter wanted me to join his party of three at dinner, and I fell. Well, it was some opening. The Hors d'Oeuvre was all orchids from New York—orchids on every table, and actually growing along under the balcony that ran around the room. Every one was in evening dress, and more pretty shining shoulders of girls than I ever saw before.

Champagne and favors and slippers with buckles of brilliants and everybody talking in high-pitched voices and this paprika music that makes you nervous and want to get drunk and dance.

All at once the beastly borers shut up, and the laughter at the tables was hushed, as the incandescents went out and a soft violet light played at the end of the room, and gliding into this came a woman in a white cloak and white mask and powdered hair. The light turned to a golden yellow, and she threw off the cloak and mask and white wig, and stood out in a slim, slinky, silk black dress, with a head-dress of scarlet that unfolded till it made the petals of a flower. The annunciator board flashed out, first, "Madame Zintheo," then, "The Poinsettia, a New Dance of Florida."

I couldn't make much out of the dance; it was swaying and clapping and a general zee-zee-zee-zum-zum. But the girl, Lord, she was fire and ice, fire glaring through glittering ice—

I wasn't much in awe of even the snippiest of Van's bunch. Van—what was he after all but

Olie Kettleston, who hangs around the pool-room back home, while his mother takes in washing. And Mrs. TenBroek and her ivory daughter, they were the New York edition of the wife and daughter of the Penumbra State Bank. But Madame Zintheo, gee, she made me want to really be a swell. She made me think of Paris and old gardens and absinthe and Persian minarets and ancient rapiers. She had thin red lips and a slim nose and a long delicate face and enormous eyes, and her body was as slender and graceful as a cat's. When she danced she threw back her head and closed her eyes, sometimes, and seemed dead, and more beautiful than ever, and—

"I say, Aldershot, has the snow-man been smitten?" I heard Van say. Those three hounds were all grinning at me, and Van had woke me up so suddenly that I couldn't be mad at him; I just felt foolish—and guilty, because in one minute I'd thrown over Penumbra and Harry and the Twin-Two. I wanted to do all the fool aerial stunts I'd been wisely ducking, and go fly in the European War, and then meet her. Gee, a Queen Anne bungalow in Penumbra seemed tin-horn when I saw that slow, sleepy, cynical smile with which Madame Zintheo finished her dance. A smile like one A. M. in Paris.

Van strolled over to where the proprietor, Bolderjambe, was standing, and by and by Bolderjambe came up to our table with Madame Zintheo. Meantime I had sort of shaken myself and said,



He wouldn't stop, and I didn't dare land,

"Hold up, Jimmy! You're flying too high-powered a machine. You can fool boobs like Van, but Madame Zintheo will read the Penumbra in you. . . Besides, I bet a hat she's forty-five, with brown under the eyes, when you see her close to."

She had changed into a black silk thing that looked a lot simpler than any of the gowns the society bunch had on, but you couldn't help feeling it had been made by a boss modest—what is it? modest?

And she was young—O man, my fool heart ached when I saw how young she was to be dancing before those beastly rousts like Van, whose hearts are a hundred years old and rotten with dissipation before they are twenty by the Family Bible. There wasn't a wrinkle in her forehead, and her cheeks—it was curious that her face was so thin and yet her cheek bones didn't show—were as smooth as the table-cloth at Thanksgiving Dinner. She sat down and took a cigarette from Van's case like she didn't really see it, and sat smoking with her eyes glancing over us, sizing us up and bored by us. Her eyes were cold and tired and terribly old.

And the four of us couldn't talk to her about anything.

Van reached across the table and tried to hold her hand. She looked down at the two hands and looked at him, and then she laughed a little, and said, "Your approach is so old, Mr. Dexter. In Paris they haven't begun by holding hands now since the Franco-Prussian War." No, she never took her hand away, but Van did his, and looked terrible simple.

Then one of Van's pals tried to compliment her on her dancing and her looks, and she listened as though she'd heard it all before, and hunched up her eyebrows and said, "Really?"

After that Van and his pals were willing to go off and dance with some girls, and I was left alone with the terrible Madame.

Gee, I was scared stiff. I figured out I'd have to be twice as sophisticated as these here Grand Dukes to interest her, and while I could jolly a simp like Van, I wasn't up to the samovar, tiger skin, spade beard, sword cane, gold-tipped cigarette, third-reel villain stuff.

So I just turned that professional grin on her, and said, "They aren't really such amateurs, Madame Zintheo."

"And you?" she demanded.

"Moi—" I'd learned some French at Rheims, about enough to ask for a short beer—"I'm an outsider. I fly for a living, and I know nothing

but air-currents and ignition systems. I'm deucedly afraid of women in black silk."

"Then perhaps you are an insider!"

I sprang my best little repartee—I smiled again.

"And you are an aviator? Then perhaps you know my friend Rolland Garros."

Now that was like asking the short stop of the Penumbra baseball team if he knew Ty Cobb, both of them being in a sporting way. And so—I smiled.

We had a really chummy time, just sitting there and staring at the bunch and smoking and swapping wise-guy glances, like we were both too good for the poor provincials that only had houses in Paris, Monte Carlo, Pasadena, and Newport. When she had to go back to dance again she nodded to me and said, "Thank you! I've enjoyed talking to you more than to any one since I came back to America. May I fly with you?"

Madame Zintheo didn't come back to our table, but she danced two more dances she had made up special for Florida: a Mantilla dance, with a fan and jolly smiles across it, and a thing I plumb hated, the King Snake dance, in which she wore a yellow and black close-fitting thing and looked with half-closed eyes and a smile that made you hate her and want her and be afraid of her.

When her dancing was over we cut out and went up to Van's rooms for some more drinks and a little poker, and me that had planned to be home by midnight and hit the jolly old hay, you bet I stuck—I wanted to hear somebody talk about Madame Zintheo. They talked, all right; you could see she had them all going. One of them dubbed her "The Poinsettia Widow," and said she was an exotic, and I wanted to fight him—we'd all had a lot of drinks and I hadn't run into friend "exotic" before—but he explained that he meant she was foreign. Then I remember we shook hands a lot

of times, and he cried and said I was his only friend, and all four of us tried to do the Poinsettia dance, and somehow I got away and in the morning I was in bed at the Alcazar.

I didn't go near my machine till one P. M., after having a dip in the ocean and trying to tell Harry Heck about the Poinsettia Widow, and he yawned and said, "Gosh, that's what you get for drinking them high-toned drinks like cocktails. Rave on, boy, rave on! I remember bow I felt the first time I saw the lady trapeze artist at Sells Brothers' Circus." I got sore at him and tried to explain, but he went on blacking his shoes and whistling "Any Little Girl That's a Nice Little Girl Is the Right Little Girl for Me" till I slammed the door of our room and went out and kicked a Spanish bayonet—and regretted same.

About two o'clock Harry and I were sitting on the float, when Harry murmured, "Hully gee! If your Madame Zintheo was like this chicken coming, I'd take to cocktails myself. She walks like a monople dipping."

It was Madame Zintheo, alone, hustling like she knew exactly what she wanted. She was all in white, kind of a crepe stuff, with a big black velvet band around her skirt, and a big black hat. She came along the sea wall and smiled absently and said—quick, like her time was worth money—"I want to fly, and I want to pay for it. You and I, *mon ami*, we are adventurers, we amuse the toffs only for what we get out of it."

"But we don't charge each other," I says.

"What I'll charge is: you come and talk to me five minutes to-night, at the café."

"Not talk, but be silent with you, may I?"

"Right! And grin!"

"But why do you hang about beastly places like the Café Hors d'Oeuvre, you who belong to the air?"

"Oh, one amuses one's self," I sighs. You know, that was a fat one that I'd heard from one of these tired English aviators that hold world's championships in wearing long loose gray-green Burberry coats and showing ladies around the hangar.

But Madame Zintheo fell for it. "Yes," she says.

We stood there side by side, looking across North River, with the gulls and the pelicans and yachts in from Miami and the cedars in little windy bunches about Fort San Marco, looking terrible bored with having to live, till Harry Heck growled, "Say, boss, better be going up. Wind's freshening. Not that I care, but I might have to look for a new



All I could do was to float along right above him, bothering him with the roar—and with the fear I'd drop on him

job if you got killed." Harry turns his back on us, and begins to hum a refined society fox-trot called "She's Some Little Kid, by Gum."

"What a quaint fellow," said Madame Zintheo, quite audible.

"Yes, but absolutely faithful, the poor chap, and I find him amusing," I pipes; though I distinctly heard Harry muttering: "I'll fix you for this. 'Poor chap'; I'll put sand in the bed to-night."

"Come, Heck, we'll be off," I said loftily and helped Madame Zintheo into the machine.

I once carried the postmaster-general of the United States, with mail, but I've never been so careful as I was with Madame Zintheo. It was a corking day. We rose, North River dropped beneath us, the peninsula across—yellow sand lined with the dull green of scrub mango—began to flow toward us. Beyond, the ocean was blue as bluing, with the surf on shore like lingerie ruffles, fluffy and light and shining. While I drove I had the chance to sneak in a few glimpses of Madame Zintheo, so near me, just us two alone up there in the big empty blue dome of the sky, with the wind singing through the support wires, instead of seeing her with a hundred tired rouders gawping at her dancing, and keeping us apart. She looked so young then. She was so traveled and, oh, sophisticated and that kind of stuff, and she actually didn't seem scared, but above the big pea jacket I'd given her to keep her warm, her neck was so young and soft.

I lost some of my awe for her, and felt sorry for her, not sorry in a top-lofty way, but wanting to protect her, make her happy after what must have been a pretty shattering life. I got to wondering about her—where she had come from, who this Monsieur Zintheo had been, was he dead or mislaid. Van said she was a widow. I wanted to fly on and on, just the two of us up there, and never let her go back to the cigarette smoke and perfume at the Hors d'Oeuvre.

But by and by we came down. She didn't look secretly relieved, like most of them when they actually get back safe to *status quo*, and she says, "I've flown with Garros, but I didn't enjoy it half so much. I felt as though we were friends, up there, not just accomplishing a feat. *Hasta luego*."

Which last Harry said—he was once a soldier in the Philippines—was Spanish for "Till already yet." I didn't see any sense in that translation, and I never have, but I hoped it meant "Till this evening."

THAT evening I rang in punctual on the time-clock at the Hors d'Oeuvre, and I spent seven dollars. But it was worth it. Madame Zintheo dropped by at my table, and we chatted like old friends—that is, we looked pleased and didn't say much of anything.

So, I got to admit it, I began to take the swagger life seriously, me that had always cursed it out.

I even got a monacle.

I tried to keep it out of Harry's sight, but with the one bedroom between us, it wasn't possible, and he caught me trying it on.

"Gee, I'll certainly let Penumbra know about this," he gloats, and then he sits on the edge of the bed, on the old red comforter, and swings his legs and grins till I feel like a fool, while I'm hunting through a tool-kit and a pile of magazines for a clean collar.

I got to hate it; every evening there at the Hors d'Oeuvre, sick of eating and drinking and divorce scandal and orchids and Van's mustache. But I was like a guy who is gold washing in a rheumatic canyon, sick to death of salt pork and flapjacks, but he sticks on because now and then he turns up a nugget. So mit me; I kept putting away little gold glimpses of Madame Zintheo: her laugh, the grace of her body, things she said to me.

My happy times were when she came down to fly with me, which she did about once a week, twice during Washington's Birthday week, when most everybody deserted St. Augustine for the big dance at Palm Beach.

We would sit and talk before we flew. She teased me about who was I?—where had I come from?—what kind of folks had I? I told her my father had been a gypsy tinker and my mother a lady embalmer in Hoboken, and I had been brought up as a child elocutionist, and then grinned—of course she was wise, but gee I didn't want to take chances on her believing all that—and I kept her interested and mystified. Once in a while I'd drop in a reference to Paris. "Cause how? 'Cause I spent one week there, on my world exhibition tour."

In turn she never would tell anything about herself. It was fun, us two sitting on the sea wall,

forgetting all about the orchid stuff, just friendly and jolly, kidding each other. I guess maybe those talks were kind of a relief to the Poinsettia Widow after pinesetting before that bunch of yakobs. I was careful never to try to make love to her—she admitted once how sick she got of that. But—Lord, I wanted terribly to be able to put my arms around her, or to hold her cheeks tight with my two hands, and try to look down into her big, dark eyes, like peering into a well trying to see what was at the bottom.

The season was beginning to end when Van tried to make trouble.

Van hadn't even gone down to Palm Beach once. For once in his nursery life he felt a human emotion; he was crazy about Madame Zintheo. But he couldn't marry her; the family hulking back there in New York was too much for him. And Madame Zintheo wouldn't have him on any terms, marriage or not. But he kept whimpering after her; he was on the job at the café, night after night; he was always inviting her to tea at his rooms, to dinner on his express cruiser, which was anchored out in the river, and she was always refusing him. As the season began to quit, he became more and more ugly about it. Up to now I'd felt sorry for him, but when he could do nothing but make insinuations about her, I kept starting to punch him, and the only thing that held me back was the fact that Madame Zintheo herself told me not to start anything; in her dancing career, she says, there's always too much curiosity attached to her, anyway. So I laid off her, and refused to think about his hints that Madame Zintheo was really the runaway wife of some millionaire, and she'd led a life that was something scandalous in Paris, and her husband had committed suicide. Funny, I never speculated about whether she'd been a wrong'un or not. If she had, I just wanted to give her the chance to live quiet and happy. But what could I offer her? I couldn't imagine her being very wild over the Twin-Two agency in Penumbra.

Van's poodle mind seemed to drip at the chops over the possibility that Madame Zintheo might have led a wild life back in the jungle. While, according to orders, I didn't beat his ears off, I didn't coax him to come over in my yard and play migs any too often, and when he invited me to his big party over on the beach, I didn't want to go, except to watch over her. Van's proposition was this: he would pay me three hundred dollars flat, and I was to give flights to any of the guests that wanted them. He tried to be lofty about it, like I was the waiter and why weren't the glasses filled, rotten service! please call the headwaiter!—but I told him to go where a guy like me ought to tell a guy like him to go, and I had him begging me, and what's more to the point, filling out the check in advance.

That beach party was considerable fête. It was Sunday, as the Hors d'Oeuvre was closed on Sunday. It was over on North Beach, where there's fifty miles or more of hard long beach, along

might like Penumbra. Anybody would like the park, it has some fine box-elder trees; they can keep all their palms, give me a box-elder.

Then I suddenly felt excited, crazy, feeling as if we two had been groping for each other in the dark, and our hands had finally touched, and clung together, friendly, scaring off all the bugaboos in the darkness. But when I came near her on the beach, she wouldn't talk to me at all. She'd taken back her hand, and I was in the darkness more than ever.

Van didn't seem to notice Madame Zintheo as a candidate for reform. He kept buzzing around her, trying to get her to dance, to skip down the beach with him for a motor ride—to show off, the boob had had his French racing machine brought over from St. Augustine on a barge, and hauled through the soft sand of the peninsula across to the beach.

She just smiled at him and shook her head.

EVENING came; the servants built a huge fire; we sat around it or danced on the sand. I felt melancholy; I didn't belong to this gay bunch. I wanted to sit by just a little fire, with Madame Zintheo, and hold her hand, and be silent, and see the big long breakers just picked out by the light, and forget all the people in the world except us two.

Van seemed as restless as me. Instead of lying stretched out on the sand or dancing like the rest, he kept prowling, glancing at Madame Zintheo. He had an ugly, nervous look on his mean little face. I got a little way back from the sand and kept an eye on Madame Zintheo. She seemed uneasy—all the darkness seemed to quiver and become uneasy. Out beyond the fire the darkness was like a big choking curtain; the wind whimpered, and through the roar of the breakers you could make out the hissing of undertow.

Van finally came to her, said something. She waved him away, but he insisted. She looked startled, as though he was saying something she hadn't known before, then anxious, and settled down to listen to him. Van pointed down the beach, and talked rapidly. She looked sore, scornful like, and shook her head; but at last she wrapped an overcoat around her, and followed him, away from the fire into that uneasy blackness.

And me, I sat on the sand, which it was darn damp down there at high-tide level, and wanted to follow them, but couldn't think of an excuse. I was leery of that little cuss, though.

I could just make out Van's racing car starting off down the beach—northward, away from the St. Augustine end of the peninsula, with two forms in it, same forms being probably Van and Madame Zintheo.

In one tenth of a second I realized how much I cared for her, and how I hated Van for daring to touch her; and in the next tenth of a second it seemed like—mind, they were shadowy and far off, wrapped up in a mist of darkness—but it seemed like Van had put his right arm around her, steering with his left, and then she was struggling.

Then the car had melted out of sight, and the tail light was ripping away like a red trail of a spark when you throw an ember from a camp fire.

Now I couldn't tell for certain if she had been struggling but—well, I wanted to find out, that's all. I run to where we'd put my machine for the night. I guess I must have given orders pretty sharp to Harry, who was there smoking his corn-cob, because in a second we were yanking the tarpaulins off it. The bunch by the fire begins to stroll over. "Out of the road!" I yells at 'em, so red pepper like that they scatter, and I climbs in and I'm going, without due and sufficient attention to my take-off, or thinking of the fact that I've never flown at night before.

I shot along the beach diagonal, away from the fire, hoping to be able to run far enough and rise before I hit the water. She left the ground, and I realized it was just in time, as I was only a couple feet above the crest of a breaker, and foam was splashing up into the nacelle. I took her out across the waves, headed oceanward, all right, but I was scared—scared! Say, I wish these guys that think I'm the little hero could of put a thermometer against my backbone; I bet it would have registered ten below zero.

I knew I had some hard flying. Not being used to night flying, I couldn't judge distances. I swung the machine about, and all I could see was lights in St. Augustine, and the beach bonfire like a smudge of light down in the fog of darkness. But I got my direction and started to climb, in quick short corkscrews, bank- (Continued on page 73)

A new Rudyard Kipling Story in the April METROPOLITAN all newsstands—March 8th

which you could motor up to Atlantic Beach and Jax, which means Jacksonville. There must of been a hundred and fifty guests. Van had a red and white tent with a floor for dancing, and plenty eats—mostly liquid—and gosh, grub from New York—French pastry and caviare and cold hare, meaning rabbit cooked by a chef, and ices, meaning ice-cream that hasn't been fully convinced, and squab in aspic, and cigarettes in plush boxes with trays.

To give a different tone to this party Van had persuaded the Newlees and their quiet crowd to come over, and they dug castles in the sand and looked on. It had been supposed that the gay Poinsettia Widow would be the star of the party, but she balked. She wouldn't dance, she wouldn't talk. She just sat and looked at the Newlee crowd—all happy and cheery they were, with rosy-cheeked kids digging in the sand—and she seemed so yearning, miserable—

When I saw her wanting to go play with those nice kids, I thinks to myself, gee, even if she had led a wild life, bet seven dollars and seventy-four cents she'd like to reform. Then, I thinks by and by, maybe you don't see the connection, I bet she

Have You A Little Theater In Your Town?—by Louis Sherwin

IN all America there is no movement more extraordinary, in its way, than the unorganized, spontaneous eruption of infant theaters. It is more than a movement; it is an epidemic. I shall not be in the least surprised if by next March every town of 5000 people, every parish has its camarilla of community players, its intrepid theater of intellectuals, with the very latest thing in microscopic playhouses, scenery by Bakst, Appia and Urban, and a revolving stage. At the present writing, I have heard of only a scant forty or fifty such organizations. But almost every day brings news of two or three more. No sooner do we learn that the Beacon of Art has been kindled in Buffalo by The Strollers, than word is brought that the Banner of the Drier Drama is to be waved in Denver by its own Little Theater Players under Granville Forbes Sturgis.

Was it Berlioz or Richard Wagner who declared that the ideal theater would accommodate an audience of a dozen people, all geniuses? Personally, I am inclined to agree with the Mad King Ludwig of Bavaria, one of the most sensible monarchs in history. He, you will remember, had performances of Lohengrin and other Wagner operas given for himself alone, a plan the advantages of which are too obvious to mention.

However, it is not my purpose to scoff indiscriminately at this epidemic. I would rather try to ascertain what it means, what it has already achieved and what it promises to bring forth. At times I am inclined to believe that every man, woman and child who has written a play is organizing his or her own Parochial Players to play it. I have given up the hopeless attempt to gather complete statistics on the subject. From Baltimore to Bartlesville, Oklahoma, from Montclair, N. J., to Portland, Oregon, the provinces, parishes and suburbs are girding up their loins for a death grapple with culture. Greenville, Ohio, has its Allegheny Dramatic Club. Santa Barbara, Cal., has organized for the fight, and Richmond Hill, N. Y., has its Richmond Hill Players. Portland, Ore.; Montreal, Louisville, Ky.; Indianapolis, Saint Paul, Saint Louis, Cincinnati, Detroit, Duluth have their Little Theater, with a capital L. Galesburg, Ill., boasts of its Prairie Playhouse, Winston-Salem, N. C., of its Drama Society, and Irving Pichel threatens to invade Texas more dramatically than Pancho Villa.

THE Pittsburgh (Pa.) Athletic Association has its Stage and Play Society. In its Little Country Theater, Fargo, N. D., has one of the most unique of all. Richard Ordynski is showing the Los Angeles something of the craft of Max Reinhardt plus Ordynski. To people interested in drama Milwaukee is famous, not so much as the home of beer and Victor Berger, but as the home of the Wisconsin Players, the oldest of all these organizations and one that has rendered much real service. In Chicago there is Maurice Browne, one of the most important individual figures in the movement. He has the Little Theater. But Chicago also has the Fine Arts Theater and the Players' Workshop.

In New York, of course, one has the feeling that there are as many community theaters as there are saloons. There are the Washington Square Play-



Marjorie Patterson and Margot Kelly in "Pierrot the Prodigal," which had a successful run at The Little Theater, New York

ers, the best known and most successful of them all. There is the Neighborhood Playhouse, which in the heart of the East Side does plays by Bernard Shaw, Lord Dunsany, Sholem Asch, and does them very well. There are the Guido Bruno Players, who occupy the Thimble Theater of Charles Edison, son of the inventor. There are the Provincetown Players, who were organized last summer in Provincetown, Mass., but who play on Washington Square. There are the Greenwich Village Players, who are yet to be heard from. And there are Helen Freeman's Players, at the present writing in the throes of being born. I am not counting Winthrop Ames's Little Theater, because its origin and aims are different from the others. Nevertheless, Mr. Ames is entitled to honorable mention here, if only for his fine productions of Galsworthy's "The Pigeon" and Harcourt's "A Pair of Silk Stockings." As for the tiny and charming Punch and Judy Theater, its one creditable achievement is the production of "Treasure Island," now in its second season.

(Please understand that by no means do I vouch for this as a complete list. I hope to be bombarded with letters from Sioux Falls, Tucson, Walla Walla and Skaneateles reproaching me for omissions.)

Now of course this epidemic has its comic aspects. It could not help having an irresistible fascination for the poseur, the solemn numbskull, the sweet young thing who just dotes upon culture and is simply crazy to act, provided she can act in the sort of thing that appeals to your Higher Nature, "if you get what I mean." My favorite philosopher, Don Marquis, has christened her most happily with the name Hermione. Her male, or I should say trousered, counterpart be has called Fothergill Finch. From Portland, Ore., to Portland, Maine, the Hermiones and Fothergill Finches have taken the Little Theater idea to their palpitating bosoms, all to the vast disgust of the sane, intelligent people who take it seriously as the one escape from the hackneydom of Broadway and the juniorities of our Jules Eckert Goodmans, our

Edward Sheldons, our Forty-second street Pine-roettes, our jitney Sudermans.

For this movement, epidemic, or whatever you may choose to call it, must be taken seriously, in spite of amateur managements that are bringing disaster to some of these ventures, in spite of the local Fothergill Finches who have seized upon them as a lever to pry themselves into what they fondly believe to be Society. There is no getting away from the fact that most of the really fine things that have been seen on the American stage in the last three years were given at these Little Theaters. There is no getting away from the fact that they are influencing even Broadway in the matter of staging and lighting and costuming. They do not supplant the larger theaters, do not profess to. But they do supplement them, and they open up a world of entertainment which until recently has been entirely lacking in America. They have done much that is worth while, refreshing and occasionally stimulating. They are slowly increasing the audience for better plays. Furthermore, the movement is much too spontaneous, too widespread, and too enthusiastic to be scoffed at, even if there are elements in it with which a W. S. Gilbert might have a lot of fun.

TAKE, for instance, the record of the Washington Square Players. (If I now write more of the New York theaters than about those in other cities, do not think it is because I underestimate the excellent work done by the Wisconsin Players and Maurice Browne in Chicago, who were active to force the New York organization came into existence. It is simply because I have been able to watch the work in New York more closely and observe its effect.) The Washington Square Players are now in their third season, and so far I am bound to admit that theirs is, with all its defects, the most interesting theater in New York. Their organization sprang up in rather a loose fashion, without funds, with the handicap of a name that at first prejudiced many people against them, but also with the advantage of enthusiasm, a desire to experiment and intelligence. Originally a small band of unknown writers, painters and an actor or so, their adventure in the theater was purely avocational, as they all had to work hard during the daytime earning their living. They had intended to give their performances in a hall near Washington Square, but by the time they were organized it was no longer available. So for two nights a week they engaged the Bandbox, which had been built for a German theater. It was rather an expedition to get to the Washington Square Players in those days. The theater is in one of the less accessible parts of New York. But gradually it was discovered that people rather enjoyed the expedition, inasmuch as at the end of it was a very unusual, amusing and clever entertainment. They made—and still make—all their own scenery and costumes, which, consequently, are like nothing one sees on Broadway. Before they started I, for one, had grave misgivings about them. The very name Washington Square Players suggested an element of the precious, of dilettantism and pose. But New York, to its surprise, found that enthusiasm and revolt were for once combined with intelligence and real, if erratic, taste. Their first season was so success-

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CHAPTER I
THE MAN WHOM THE STORM HAUNTED

NEAR the northern end of Lake Michigan, where the bluff-bowed ore-carriers and the big, low-lying, wheat-laden steel freighters from Lake Superior push out from the Straits of Mackinac and dispute the right of way, in the island divided channel, with the white-and-gold electric-lighted, wireless-equipped passenger steamers bound for Detroit and Buffalo, there is a cove of pine and hemlock back from the shingly beach. From this cove—dark, blue, primeval, silent at most times as when the Great Manitou ruled his inland waters—there comes at time of storm a sound like the booming of an old Indian drum. This drum beat—so the tradition says—whenever the lake took a life; and, as a sign perhaps that it is still the Manitou who rules the waters a spite of all the commerce of the cities, the drum still beats its roll for every ship lost on the lake, a beat for every life.

So—men say—they heard and counted the beatings of the drum to thirty-five upon the hour when, as afterward they learned, the great steel steamer *Wenota* sank with twenty-four of its crew and eleven passengers; so—men say—they heard the requiem of the five who went down with the schooner *Grant*; and of the seventeen lost with the *Susan Hart*; and so of a score of ships more. Once only, it is told, has the drum counted wrong.

At the height of the great storm of December, 1895, the drum beat the roll of a sinking ship. One, two, three—the hearers counted the drum beats, time and again, in their intermitted booming, to twenty-four. They waited, therefore, for report of a ship lost with twenty-four lives; no such news came. The new steel freighter *Miwaka*, on her maiden trip during the storm with twenty-five—not twenty-four—aboard, never made her port; no news was ever heard from her; no wreckage ever was found. On this account, throughout the families whose fathers, brothers and sons were the officers and crew of the *Miwaka*, there stirred for a time a desperate belief that some of the men on the *Miwaka* was saved; that somewhere, somehow, he was alive and might return. The day of the destruction of the *Miwaka* was fixed as December fifth by the time at which she passed the government lookout at the straits; the hour was fixed as five o'clock in the morning only by the sounding of the drum.

The region—filled with Indian legend and with memories of wrecks—encourages such beliefs as this. To northward and to westward are a half dozen warning lights. *Il-e-aux-Galets* ("Skilligalee" the lake men call it), Waugaushance, Beaver and Hog Islands gleam spectrally where the bone-white

The Indian Drum

by Edwin Balmer and William MacHarg

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. T. BENDA

shingle outcrops above the water, or blur ghost-like in the haze; on the dark knolls topping the glistening sand-bluffs to northward, Chippewas and Ottawas, a century and a half ago, quarreled over the prisoners after the massacre at Port Mackinac; to southward, where other hills frowned down upon Little Traverse Bay, the black-robed priests in their chapel chant the same masses their predecessors chanted to the Indians of that time. So, whatever may be the origin of that drum, its meaning is not questioned by the forlorn descendants of those Indians, who now make beadwork and sweet-grass baskets for their summer trade, or by the more credulous of the white fishermen and farmers; men whose word on any other subject would receive unquestioning credence will tell you they have heard the drum.

But at bottom, of course, this is only the absurddest of superstitions, which can affect in no way men who today ship ore in steel bottoms to the mills of Gary and carry gasoline-engine reaped and threshed wheat to the elevators of Chicago. It is recorded, therefore, only as a superstition which for twenty years has been connected with the loss of a great ship.

STORM—the stinging, frozen sleet-slash of the February norther whistling down the floe-jammed length of the lake—was assaulting Chicago. Battering against the fronts of the row of club buildings, fashionable hotels and shops which face across the narrow strip of park to the downtown lake front, the gale swirled and eddied the sleet till all the wide windows, warm within, were frosted. So heavy was this frost on the panes of the Fort Dearborn Club—one of the staidest and most exclusive of the down-town clubs for men—that the great log fires blazing on the open hearths added appreciable light as well as warmth to the rooms.

The few members present at this hour of the afternoon showed by their lazy attitudes and the desultoriness of their conversation the dulling of vitality which warmth and shelter bring on a day of cold and storm. On one, however, the storm had had a contrary effect. With swift, uneven steps he paced now one room, now another; from time to time he stopped abruptly by a window, scraped from it with fingernail the frost, stared out for an

instant through the little opening he had made, then resumed as abruptly his nervous pacing with a manner so uneasy and distraught that, since his arrival at the club an hour before, none even among those who knew him best had ventured to speak to him.

There are, in every great city, a few individuals who, from their fulness of experience in an epoch of the city's life come to epitomize that epoch in the general mind. The great mercantile establishments of State street bring to mind immediately one man; another very vivid and picturesque personality stands for the stockyards; another rises from the wheat pit; one more from the banks; one from the steel works. The man who was pacing restlessly and alone the rooms of the Fort Dearborn Club on this stormy afternoon was the man who, to most people, bodied forth the life underlying all other commerce thereabouts but the least known, the life of the lakes.

The lakes, which mark unmistakably those who get their living from them, had put their marks on him. Though he was slight in frame and with a spare, almost ascetic leanness, he had the wiry strength and endurance of the man whose youth had been passed upon the water. He was very close to sixty now, but his thick, straight hair was still jet black, except for a slash of pure white above one temple; his brows were black above his deep blue eyes. Unforgettable eyes, they were; they gazed at one directly with surprising, disconcerting intrusion into one's thoughts; then, before amazement altered to resentment, one realized that, though he was still gazing, his eyes were vacant with speculation—a strange, lonely withdrawal into himself. His acquaintances, in explaining him to strangers, said he had lived too much by himself of late; he and one man servant shared the great house which had been unchanged—and in which nothing appeared to have been worn or have needed replacing—since his wife left him, suddenly and unaccountably, about twenty years before. At that time he had looked much the same as now; since then, the white slash upon his temple had grown a bit broader perhaps; his nose had become a trifle acquiline, his chin more sensitive, his well-formed hands a little more slender. People said he looked more French, referring to his father, who was known to have been a

skin-hunter north of Lake Superior in the 50's, but who later married an English girl at Mackinac and settled down to become a trader in the woods of the North Peninsula, where Benjamin Corvet was born.

During his boyhood, men came to the peninsula to cut timber; young Corvet worked with them and began building and sailing ships. Thirty-five years ago, he had been only one of the hundreds with his fortune in the fate of a single bottom; but today in Cleveland, in Duluth, in Chicago, more than a score of great steamers under the names of various interdependent companies were owned or controlled by him and his two partners, Sherrill and young Spearman.

He was a quiet, gentle-mannered man. At times, however, he suffered from fits of intense irritability, and these of late had increased in frequency and violence. It had been noticed that these outbursts occurred generally at times of storm upon the lake, but the mere threat of financial loss through the destruction of one or even more of his ships was not now enough to cause them; it was believed that they were the result of some obscure physical reaction to the storm, and that this had increased upon him as he grew older.

Today his irritability was so marked, his uneasiness so much greater than anyone had seen it before, that when he entered the grill the waiter assigned to his table stood nervously uncertain, not knowing whether to give his customary greeting or to efface himself as much as possible.

The tables at this hour were all unoccupied. Corvet crossed to the one he had reserved and sat down; he turned immediately to the window at his side and scraped on it a little clear opening through which he could see the storm outside. Ten minutes later he looked up sharply but did not rise, as the man he had been awaiting—Spearman, the younger of his two partners—came in.

Spearman's first words, audible through the big

violent, sounded steadily in the room, though his words were inaudible. The waiter, as he set the food upon the table, felt relief that Corvet's outburst had fallen on other shoulders than his.

It had fallen, in fact, upon the shoulders best able to bear it. Spearman—still called, though he was slightly over forty now, "young" Spearman—was the power in the great ship-owning company of Corvet, Sherrill and Spearman. Corvet had withdrawn, during recent years, almost entirely from active life; some said the sorrow and mortification of his wife's leaving him had made him choose more and more the seclusion of his library in the big, lonely house on the north shore, and had given Spearman the chance to rise; but those most intimately acquainted with the affairs of the great ship-owning firm maintained that Spearman's rise had not been granted him but had been forced by Spearman himself. In any case, Spearman was not the one to accept Corvet's irritation meekly.

For nearly an hour the quarrel continued with intermitted truces of silence. The waiter, listening, as waiters always do, caught at times single sentences.

"You have had that idea for some time?" he heard from Corvet.

"We have had an understanding for more than a month."

"How definite?"

Spearman's answer was not audible, but it more intensely agitated Corvet; his lips set; a hand which held his fork, clasped and unclasped nervously; he dropped his fork and, after that, made no pretense of eating.

The waiter, following this, caught only single words. "Sherrill"—that, of course, was the other partner. "Constance"—that was Sherrill's daughter. The other names he heard were names of ships. But, as the quarrel went on, the manners of the two men changed; Spearman, who at first

and strode from the room. Corvet sat motionless.

The revulsion to self-control, sometimes even to apology, which ordinarily followed Corvet's bursts of irritation had not come to him; his agitation plainly had increased. He pushed from him his uneaten luncheon and got up slowly. He went out to the coat-room, where the attendant handed him his coat and hat. He hung the coat upon his arm. The doorman, acquainted with him for many years, ventured to suggest a cab. Corvet, staring strangely at him, shook his head.

"At least, sir," the man urged, "put on your coat."

Corvet ignored him.

He winced as he stepped out into the smarting, blinding swirl of sleet, but his shrinking was not physical; it was mental, the unconscious reaction to some thought the storm called up. The hour was barely four o'clock, but so dark was it with the storm that the shop windows were lighted, motor-cars, slipping and skidding up the broad boulevard, with headlights burning, kept their signals clattering constantly to warn other drivers blinded by the snow. The sleet-swept sidewalks were almost deserted; here or there, before a hotel or one of the shops, a limousine came to the curb and the passengers dashed swiftly across the walk to shelter.

Corvet, still carrying his coat upon his arm, turned northward along Michigan Avenue, facing into the gale. The sleet beat upon his face and drove into and lodged in the folds of his clothing without his heeding it.

Suddenly he aroused. "One—two—three—four!" he counted the long, booming blasts of a steam whistle. A steamer out on that snow-shrouded lake was in distress. The sound ceased and the gale bore in only the ordinary storm and fog signals. Corvet recognized the fog-horn at the lighthouse at the end of the government pier; the light, he knew, was turning, white, red, white, red, white behind the curtain of the sleet; other steam vessels, not in distress, blew their blasts; the long four of the steamer calling for help cut in again.

Corvet stopped, drew up his shoulders and stood staring out toward the lake, as the signal blasts of distress boomed and boomed again. Color came now into his pale cheeks for an instant. A siren swelled and shrieked, died away, wailing, shrieked louder and stopped; the four blasts blew again and the siren wailed in answer.

A door opened behind Corvet; warm air rushed out, laden with sweet heavy odors—chocolate and candy; girls' laughter, exaggerated exclamations, laughter again came with it; and two girls, holding their muffers before their faces, passed by.

Corvet turned about to the tea-room from which they had come; he could see, as the door opened again, a dozen tables with their white cloths, shining silver and steaming little porcelain pots; twenty or thirty girls and young women refreshing themselves, pleasantly, after shopping, or fittings, or a concert; a few young men were sipping chocolate with

them. The blast of the distress signal, the scream of the siren must have come to them when the door was opened; but, if they heard it at all, they gave it no attention; they were as oblivious to the lake in front of their windows, to the ship struggling for life in the storm, as though the snow were a screen which shut them into a distant world.

To Corvet, a lake man for forty years, there was nothing strange in this. Corvet was well aware that likely enough none of those in that tea-room, or in that whole building, knew what four long blasts meant when they were blown as they were now, or what the siren meant that answered. He shook himself together and continued to go north,

As the quarrel went on, the manners of the two men changed



room, made plain that he was late to an appointment asked by Corvet; his acknowledgment of this took the form of an apology, but one which, in tone different from Spearman's usual bluff, hearty manner, seemed almost contemptuous. He seated himself, his big, powerful hands clasped on the table, his gray eyes studying Corvet closely. As Corvet, without acknowledging the apology, took the pad and began to write an order for both, Spearman interfered; he had already lunched; he would take only a cigar. The waiter took the order and went away.

When he returned, the two men were obviously in bitter quarrel. Corvet's tone, low pitched but

had been assailed by Corvet, now was assailing him. Corvet sat back in his seat, while Spearman pulled at his cigar and now and then took it from his lips and gestured with it between his fingers, as he jerked some ejaculation across the table.

Corvet leaned over to the frosted window, as he had done when alone, and looked out. Spearman shot a comment which made Corvet wince and draw back from the window; then Spearman rose. He delayed, standing, to light another cigar deliberately and with studied slowness. Corvet looked up at him once and asked a question, to which Spearman replied with a snap of the burnt match down on the table; then he turned abruptly

stopping once, at a shop which sold men's things, to make a telephone call. He asked for Miss Sherrill when the number answered; but he did not wish to speak to her, he said; he wanted merely to be sure she would be there if he stopped in to see her in half an hour. Then—north again. He crossed the bridge. Now, fifteen minutes later, he came in sight of the lake once more.

Great houses—the Sherrill house among them—here face the Drive, the bridle-path, the strip of park and the wide stone esplanade which edges the lake. Corvet crossed to this esplanade. He did not stop at the Sherrill house or look toward it, but went on fully a quarter mile beyond it; then he came back, and with an oddly strained and queer expression and attitude, he stood staring out on the lake. He could not hear the distress signals now.

Suddenly he turned. Constance Sherrill, seeing him from a window of her home, had caught a cape about her and run out to him.

"Uncle Benny!" she hailed him with the affectionate name she had used with her father's partner since she was a baby. "Uncle Benny, aren't you coming in?"

"Yes," he said vaguely. "Yes; of course." He made no move but remained staring at her. "Connie!" he exclaimed suddenly with strange reproach to himself in his tone. "Connie! Dear little Connie!"

"Why?" she asked him. "Uncle Benny, what's the matter?"

He seemed to catch himself together. "There was a ship out there in trouble," he said in a quite different tone. "They aren't blowing any more; are they all right?"

"It was one of the M and D boats—the *Louisiana*, they told me. She went by here blowing for help and I called up the office to find out. A tug and one other of their line got out to her; she had started a cylinder head backing the ice and was taking in a little water. Uncle Benny, you must put on your coat."

She brushed the sleet from his shoulders and collar, and held the coat for him; he put it on obediently.

"Has Spearman been here today?" he asked, not looking at her.

"To see father?"

"No; to see you."

"No."

He seized her wrist. "Don't see him, when he comes!" he commanded.

"Uncle Benny!"

"Don't see him!" Corvet repeated. "He's asked you to marry him, hasn't he?"

Connie could not refuse the answer. "Yes."

"And you?"

"Why—why, Uncle Benny, I haven't answered him yet."

"Then don't—don't; do you understand, Connie?"

She hesitated, frightened for him. "I'll—I'll tell you before I see him, if you want me to, Uncle Benny," she granted.

"But if you shouldn't be able to tell me then, Connie; if you shouldn't want to then?" The humility of his look perplexed her; if he had been any other man—any man except Uncle Benny—she would have thought some shameful and terrifying threat hung over him; but he broke off sharply. "I must go home," he said uncertainly. "I must go home; then I'll come back. Connie, you won't give him an answer till I come back, will you?"

"No." He got her promise, half frightened, half bewildered; then he turned at once and went swiftly away from her.

She ran back to the door of her father's house, perplexed and uneasy about Uncle Benny. How strangely he had acted. Her uneasiness increased when the afternoon and evening passed without his coming back to see her as he had promised, but she reflected that he had not set any definite time when she was to expect him. During the night her anxiety grew still greater; and in the morning she called his house upon the telephone, but the call was unanswered. An hour later she called again;

still getting no result, she called her father at his office, and told him of her anxiety. Her father made light of her fears; Uncle Benny, he reminded her, often acted queerly in bad weather. Only partly reassured, she called Uncle Benny's house several more times during the morning, but still got no reply; and after luncheon she called her father again, to tell him that she had resolved to get someone to go over to the house with her.

Her father, to her surprise, forbade this rather sharply, and told her not to worry, but to wait at home for him.

In the late afternoon, as dusk was drawing into dark, she stood at the window, watching the storm, which still continued, with one of those delusive hopes which come during anxiety that, because it was the time of day at which she had seen Uncle Benny walking by the lake the day before, she might see him there again, when she saw her father's motor approaching. It was coming from the north, not from the south as it would have been if he was coming from his office or his club, and it had turned into the drive from the west. She knew, therefore, that he was coming from Uncle Benny's house, and, as the car swerved and wheeled in, she ran out into the hall to meet him.

He came in without taking off his hat or coat; she could see that he was perturbed, greatly agitated.

"What is it, father?" she demanded. "What has happened?"

"I do not know, my dear."

"It is something—something that has happened to Uncle Benny?"

"I am afraid so, dear—yes. But I do not know what it is that has happened, or I would tell you." He put his arm about her and drew her into a room opening off the hall—his study. He made her repeat again to him the conversation she had had with Uncle Benny and tell him how he had acted;



Corvet, still carrying his coat upon his arm, turned northward along Michigan Avenue, facing the gale

but she saw that what she told him did not help him. He seemed to consider it carefully, but in the end to discard or disregard it.

Then he drew her toward him. "Tell me, little daughter—you have been a great deal with Uncle Benny and you have talked with him; I want you to think carefully—did you ever hear him speak of anyone called Alan Conrad?"

She thought. "No, father."

"No reference ever made by him at all to either name—Alan or Conrad?"

"No, father."

"No reference either to anyone living in Kansas or to a town there called Blue Rapids?"

"No, father. Who is Alan Conrad?"

"I do not know, dear. I never heard the name until today, and Henry Spearman had never heard it. But it appears to be intimately connected in some way with what was troubling Uncle Benny yesterday. He wrote a letter yesterday to Alan Conrad in Blue Rapids and mailed it himself; and afterward he tried to get it back, but it already had been taken up and was on its way. I have not been able to learn anything more about the letter than that. He seems to have been excited and troubled all day; he talked queerly to you, and he quarreled with Henry, but not apparently about anything of importance. And today that name, Alan Conrad, came to me in quite another way, in a way which makes it certain that it is closely connected with whatever has happened to Uncle Benny. You are quite sure you never heard him mention it, dear?"

"Quite sure, father."

He released her, and, still in his hat and coat, went swiftly up the stairs. She ran after him and found him standing before a highboy in his dressing-room. He unlocked a drawer in the highboy and from within the drawer he took a key. Then, still disregarding her, he hurried back downstairs.

As she followed him, she caught up a wrap and pulled it around her. He had told the motor, she realized now, to wait; but as he reached the door, he turned and stopped her.

"I would rather you did not come with me, little daughter. I do not know at all what it is that has happened—I will let you know as soon as I find out."

The finality of his tone stopped her from argument. As the hall-door and then the door of the limousine closed after him, she went back toward the window, slowly taking off the wrap. She saw

the motor shoot swiftly up upon the drive, turn northward in the way that it had come, and then turn again and disappear. She could only stand and watch for it to come back and listen for the phone; for the moment she found it difficult to think. Something had happened to Uncle Benny—something terrible, dreadful for those who loved him; that was plain, though only the fact and not its nature was known to her or to her father; and that something was connected—intimately connected, her father had said—with a name which no one, who knew Uncle Benny, ever had heard before, with the name of Alan Conrad of Blue Rapids, Kansas. Who was this Alan Conrad and what could his connection be with Uncle Benny so to precipitate disaster upon him?

CHAPTER II

WHO IS ALAN CONRAD

THE recipient of the letter which Benjamin Corvet had written and later so excitedly attempted to recover, was asking himself a question which was almost the same as the question which Constance Sherrill had asked. He was, the second morning later, waiting for the first of the two daily east-bound trains which stopped at the little Kansas town of Blue Rapids, which he called home. As long as he could look back into his life, the question—who is this person they call Alan Conrad and what am I to the man who writes from Chicago—had been the paramount enigma of existence for him. Since he was now twenty-three, as nearly as he had been able to approximate it, and as distinct recollection of isolated, extraordinary events went back to the time when he was five, it was quite eighteen years since he had first noticed the question put to the people who had him in charge, "So this is little Alan Conrad. Who is he?"

In 1896 a farmer and his wife, living in Blue Rapids, noticed an advertisement for persons to care

for a child; they had answered it to the office of the newspaper which printed it. In response to their letter a man came and called upon them, and after seeing them and going around to see their friends, made arrangements with them to take a boy of three, who was in good health and came of good people. He paid in advance board for a year and agreed to send an arranged amount every two months after that time. The man brought the boy, whom he called Alan Conrad, and left him. For seven years the money agreed upon came; then it ceased and "papa" had no way of finding the man—the name given him by the man appeared to be fictitious, and he had had no address except "Gen-

bank draft for fifteen hundred dollars fell out. There was no letter with the enclosure, no word of communication; just the draft to the order of Alan Conrad. Alan wrote the Chicago bank by which the draft had been issued; their reply showed that the draft had been purchased with currency, so there was no record of the identity of the person who had sent it. More than the amount was due for arrears for the seven years during which no money was sent, even when the total which Alan had earned was deducted. So Alan merely endorsed the draft over to "father"; and that fall Jim went to college; and, when Jim discovered that it not only was possible but planned at the

case up onto a car platform and stood on the bottom step, looking back at the little town standing away from its railroad station among brown, treeless hills, now scantily snow covered—the town which was the only home he ever consciously had known. His eyes dampened and he choked, as he looked at it and at the people on the station platform—the station-master, the drayman, the man from the postoffice who would receive the mailbag—people who called him by his first name, as he called them by theirs. He did not doubt at all that he would see the town and them again. The question was what he would be when he did see them. They and it would not be changed, but he would.

Finding a seat, at once he took the letter from his pocket and for the dozenth time re-read it. Was Corvet a relative? Was he the man who had sent the remittances when Alan was a little boy and the one who later had sent the fifteen hundred dollars? Or was he merely a go-between, perhaps a lawyer? There was no letterhead to give aid in these speculations. The address to which Alan was to come was in Astor street. He had never heard the name of the street before. Was it a business street, Corvet's address in some great office building, perhaps?

Late that afternoon, he reached Kansas City, designated in the letter as the point where he would change cars. That night saw him in his train—a transcontinental with berths nearly all made up and people sleeping behind the curtains. Alan lay awake most of the night, excited and expectant. The late February dawn showed him the rolling lands of Iowa which changed, while he was at breakfast in the dining-car, to the snow-covered fields and farms of northern Illinois. Toward noon, he could see, as the train rounded curves, that the horizon to the east had taken on a murky look.

Vast, vague, the shadow of
Towns—thickened and grew more definite as the train sped on. They passed factories; then hundreds of acres of little houses of the factory workers in long rows; but swiftly the buildings became larger, closer together, he had a vision of miles upon miles of streets and the train rolled slowly into a long train-shed and stopped.

Alan, following the porter with his suitcase from the car, stepped down among the crowds hurrying to and from the trains. He was not confused, he was only intensely excited. Acting in implicit accord with the instructions of the letter, which he knew by heart, he went to the uniformed attendant and engaged a taxicab—itsself no small experience; there would be no one at the station to meet him, the letter had said. He gave the Astor street address and got into the cab. Leaning forward in his seat, looking to the right and then to the left as he was driven through the city, his first sensation was only disappointment.

Except that it was larger, with more and bigger buildings and with more people upon its streets, Chicago apparently did not differ greatly from Kansas City. If it was, in reality, the city of his birth, or if ever he had seen these streets before, they now aroused no memories in him.

It had begun to snow. The large, light flakes, falling lazily, were thick enough so that, when the taxicab swung to the north, there seemed to Alan only a great vague void to his right. For the hundred yards which he could view clearly, the space appeared to be a park; a gray granite building, guarded by stone lions, went by; then more park; but beyond—a strange stir and tingle, quite distinct from the excitement of the arrival at the station, pricked in Alan's veins and, hastily, he



She was not looking at the picture, but at him

eral Delivery, Chicago"—and he knew nothing more than that. He advertised in the Chicago papers after the money stopped coming and he had communicated with every one named Conrad in or near Chicago, but he learned nothing.

Then the farm had to be given up and the family moved to the town and "papa" went to work in the woolen mill beside the river. At the age of thirteen, Alan definitely knew that which he already had guessed—the fact that he belonged somewhere else than in the little brown house—and the knowledge gave persistence to many internal questionings. Where was it that he belonged? Who was he? Who was the man who had brought him here? Had the money ceased coming because the person who sent it was dead? In that case, connection of Alan with the place where he belonged was permanently broken. Or would some other communication from that source reach him some time—if not money, then something else? Would he be sent for some day?

Externally at least, Alan's learning the little that was known about himself made no change in his way of living; he went, as did Jim, his foster-brother, to the town school, which combined grammar and high-schools under one roof; and, as he grew older, he clerked—as Jim also did—in one of the town stores during vacations and in the evenings; the only difference was this—that Jim's money, so earned, was his own, but Alan carried his home as part payment of those arrears which had mounted up against him since the letters ceased coming. At seventeen, having finished high-school, he was clerking officially in Merrill's general store, when the next letter came.

It was addressed this time, not to "papa," but to Alan Conrad. He seized it, tore it open, and a

university for a boy to work his way through, Alan went also.

No more money followed, but the receipt of so considerable a sum revived and intensified all Alan's speculations about himself. The vague expectations of his childhood that sometime, in some way, he would be "sent for" grew during the next six years to a definite belief. And now the summons had come.

This time, as he tore open the envelope, he saw that besides a check there was writing within—an uneven and nervous-looking but plainly legible communication in longhand. The letter made no explanation. It told him, rather than asked him, to come to Chicago, gave minute instructions for the journey and advised him to telegraph when he started. The check was for a hundred dollars to pay his expenses. Check and letter were signed by a name completely strange to him.

He was a distinctly attractive-looking lad, as he stood now on the station platform of the little town, while the eastbound train rumbled in and he fingered in his pocket the letter from Chicago.

Four years at the University of Kansas had given ideas and manners which he could not have got at home; athletics there had straightened and added bearing to his muscular, well-formed body. His pleasant, strong, young face showed self-reliance and self-control since, on his day of graduation, he had put away from him the enterprises he had planned and the dreams he had dreamed and, conscious that his debt toward "father" and "mother" still remained undischarged, he had returned to care for them when father's health failed and Jim, who had started in a law office in Kansas City, could do nothing.

As the train came to a stop, he pushed his suit-

dropped the window to his right and gazed out again. The lake, as he had known since his geography days, lay to the east of Chicago; therefore that void out there beyond the park was the lake, or, at least, the harbor. A different air seemed to come from it; a sound, that constant, never diminishing, never increasing roar came from far beyond the shore; the surge and rise and fall and surge again were of a sea in motion. Floes floated, tossed up, tumbled, broke and rose again with the rush of the surf; spray flew up between the floes; great geysers spouted high into the air as the pressure of the water, bearing up again the ice, burst between two great ice-cakes before the waves cracked them and tumbled them over. And all over the lake, as over the land, the great soft snowflakes lazily floated down, scarcely stirred by the slight breeze; that roar was the voice of the water, that awful power its own.

Alan choked and gasped for breath, his pulses pounding in his throat; he had snatched off his hat and, leaning out of the window, sucked the lake air into his lungs. There had been nothing to make him expect this overwhelming crush of feeling. The lake—he had thought of it, of course, as a great body of water, an interesting sight for a prairie boy to see; that was all; but no physical experience in all his memory had affected him like this; and it was without warning; this strange thing that had stirred within him, amazed, half frightened, half dizzied him. Now, as the motor suddenly turned and swung around a corner and took the sight of the lake from him, Alan sat back breathless.

"Astor street," he read the marker on the corner, a block back from the lake, and he bent quickly forward to look, as the car swung to the right into a residence street of great, handsome mansions built close together. The car swerved to the east curb about the middle of the block and came to a stop. The stone house before which it had halted was large and of quiet, good design; it was some generation older, apparently, than the houses on each side of it, which were brick and terra cotta of recent, fashionable architecture; Alan only glanced at them long enough to get that impression before he opened the cab door and got out; but as the cab drove away, he stood beside his suitcase looking up at the old house which bore the number given in Benjamin Corvet's letter, then around at the other houses and back to that again.

The neighborhood, obviously, precluded the probability of Corvet's being merely a lawyer—a go-between. He must be some relative; the question ever present in Alan's thought since the receipt of the letter, but held in abeyance, as to the possibility and nearness of Corvet's relation to him, took sharper and more exact form now than he had dared to let it take before. Was his relationship to Corvet, perhaps, the closest of all relationships? Was Corvet his . . . father? He checked the question within himself, for the time had passed for mere speculation upon it now. Alan was trembling excitedly, for—whenever Corvet might be—the enigma of Alan's existence was going to be answered when he had entered that house. He was going to know who he was.

He half expected the heavy glassless door at the top of the stone steps to be opened by someone coming out to greet him, as he took up his suitcase; but the gray house, like the brighter mansions on both sides of it, remained impassive. If anyone in that house had observed his coming, no sign was given. He went up the steps and, with fingers excitedly unsteady, he pushed the bell beside the door.

The door opened almost instantly—so quickly after the ring, indeed, that Alan with a leaping throb of his heart knew that someone must have been awaiting him. But the door opened only halfway, and the man who stood within, gazing out at Alan questioningly, was obviously a servant.

"What is it?" he asked.

Alan put his hand over the letter in his pocket. "I've come to see Mr. Corvet," he said—"Mr. Benjamin Corvet. I am Alan Corvet."

The man stepped back, but Alan heard him say to someone within:

"He says he's him."

"Ask him in; I will speak to him." It was a girl's voice—this second one, a voice such as Alan never had heard before. It was low and soft but quite clear and distinct, with youthful, impulsive modulations and the manner of accent which Alan knew must go with the sort of people who lived in houses like those on this street.

The servant, obeying the voice, said, as he opened wide the door:

"Will you come in, sir?"

Alan put down his suitcase on the stone porch; the man made no move to pick it up and bring it in. Then Alan stepped into the hall face to face with the girl who had come from the big room on the right. She was quite a young girl—not over twenty-one or twenty-two, Alan judged. Yet, while her slender figure had a woman's assurance and grace, and her soft, brown hair was dressed like a woman's, her gray eyes had the open directness of the girl. Her face—smoothly oval, with straight brows and a skin so delicate that at the temples the veins showed dimly blue—was at once womanly and youthful; and there was something altogether likeable and simple about her. She studied Alan queerly. She had on a street dress and hat; whether it was this, or whether it was the contrast of her youth and vitality with this somber, darkened house that told him, Alan could not tell, but he felt instinctively that this house was not her home, and while he hazarded, with fast-beating heart, what privilege of acquaintance with her Alan Conrad might have, she moved a little nearer to him. She was slightly pale, he noticed now, and there were lines of strain and trouble about her eyes.

"I am Constance Sherrill," she announced. Her tone implied quite evidently that she expected him to have some knowledge of her, and she seemed surprised to see that her name did not mean more to him.

"Mr. Corvet is not here this morning," she added. He hesitated, but persisted: "I was to see him here today, Miss Sherrill. He wrote me, and I telegraphed him I would be here today."

"I know," she answered. "We had your wire. Mr. Corvet was not here when it came, so my father opened it." Her voice broke oddly, and he studied her in indecision, wondering who that father might be that opened Mr. Corvet's telegrams.

"Mr. Corvet went away very suddenly," she explained. She seemed, he thought, to be trying to make something plain to him which might be a shock to him; yet herself to be uncertain what the nature of that shock would be. Her look was scrutinizing, questioning, anxious, but not unfriendly. "After he had written you and something else had happened—I think—to alarm my father about him, father came here to his house to look for him. He thought something might have . . . happened to Mr. Corvet here in his house. But Mr. Corvet was not here."

"You mean he has—disappeared?"

"Yes; he has disappeared."

Alan gazed at her dizzily. Benjamin Corvet—whichever he might be—had disappeared; he had gone. Did anyone else, then, know about Alan Conrad?

"No one has seen Mr. Corvet," she said, "since the day he wrote to you. We know that—that he became so disturbed after writing to you that we thought you must bring with you information of him. So we have been waiting for you to come here, and tell us what you know about him—or your connection with him."

CHAPTER III

DISCUSSION OF A SHADOW

ALAN, as he looked confusedly and blankly at her, fought to realize what she had said and its meaning for himself; yet all his thought was lost in mere dismay. His silence and confusion, he knew, must seem to Constance Sherrill unwillingness to answer her; for she did not suspect that he was unable to answer her. But she did not seem offended; it was sympathy, rather, that she showed. She seemed to appreciate that—for some reason—answer was difficult and dismaying for him.

"You would rather explain to father than to me," she decided.

He hesitated. What he wanted now was time to think, to learn who she was and who her father was, and to adjust himself to this strange reversal of his expectations.

"Yes; I would rather do that," he said.

"Will you come around to our house, then, please."

She caught up her fur collar and muff from a chair and spoke a word to the servant. As she went out onto the porch, he followed her and stooped to pick up his suitcase.

"Simons will bring that," she said, "unless you'd rather have it with you. It is only a short walk."

He was recovering from the first shock of her question now, and, reflecting that men who accompanied Constance Sherrill probably did not carry hand-baggage, he put the suitcase down and followed her to the walk. As she turned north and he caught step beside her, he studied her with quick interested glances, realizing her difference from all other girls he ever had walked with, but he did not speak to her nor she to him. Turning east at the first corner, they came within sight and hearing again of the turmoil of the lake.

"We go south here," she said at the corner of the drive. "Our house is almost back to back with Mr. Corvet's."

Alan, looking up after he had made the turn with her recognized the block as one he had seen pictured sometimes in magazines and illustrated papers as a "row" of the city's most beautiful homes. Larger, handsomer and finer than the mansions on Astor street, these homes had each its snow-covered lawn or terrace in front and on both sides, where snow-mantled shrubs and straw-bound rose bushes suggested

(Continued on page 65)

Raiding the Navy's Oil Reserves

By Gifford Pinchot

IS it more to the interest of our people to keep our Navy efficient or to give the Standard Oil Company and a few other corporations the best part of our Naval petroleum reserves? That, in a nutshell, is the question which Congress must answer when it passes on the oil land provisions of the Phelan bill, now before it.

Our new Navy, upon which we are to spend some six hundred million dollars, will be built to burn oil. So will the new ships of every other nation. There is no other way to get the speed and endurance which present modern battle conditions require.

Without fuel no Navy can keep the sea. Therefore we must safeguard our Navy against running short of oil. Three Naval petroleum reserves have been set aside by Presidential proclamation for that very purpose. The oil in them is not to be used at once, but kept in the ground as a guarantee against shortage.

Now come the oil interests, and demand, in the Phelan bill, that the Navy's oil shall be handed over to them. They base their demand mainly on claims located in defiance of the Presidential proclamations which reserved the oil, which claims the Supreme Court has already thrown out as legally worthless. Having failed before the law, they now appeal to Congress.

But even if the nation were foolish enough to give away and then buy back again the oil supplies the Navy needs, there is grave doubt how long the great oil corporations could keep on selling back

to us the oil we gave them. Experts have testified that our known supply of oil in the ground will be exhausted in less than one generation. The sane and practical thing to do is to hold on to what the Navy now has and will certainly require.

The Secretary of the Navy has officially said:

"Oil-burning naval vessels possess such manifold military advantages over coal-burning vessels that it would be practically suicidal from a military point of view for the Navy Department to abandon the policy of building oil-burning ships; but the demand that this legislation be enacted, and the support that this bill has received, have caused the Navy Department to consider seriously the advisability of abandoning this policy, and thus design ships known to be inferior to ships which a country possessing an oil supply can build."

It may well be that a few of the oil claimants have equities, although they have no rights. Which claimants have equities should be determined by official investigation, and the sheep should be separated from the goats. The Phelan bill makes no discrimination, but gives the Navy's oil to all alike.

In twenty years' intimate knowledge of Government affairs, I have seen no raid on the public resources and the public safety so brazen as this. It makes the raid on the coal lands of Alaska, the defeat of which forced Secretary Ballinger out of office, look modest by comparison.

The choice is squarely before us—an efficient Navy or a few more oil millionaires.



DRAWN BY W. T. BENDA

Constance—the Heroine of “The Indian Drum”

She is the little partner of great men—a son to her father and a comrade to her lover, when she finds him. In short, she is the spectacular modern girl, who, with all her youth and charm, fights side by side with big men in this business mystery story of Chicago and the region of the Great Lakes.



PHOTO BY CAMPBELL STUDIO

Miss Maralyn Miller

Youth, Beauty and Grace—these charms hath Miss Miller. She has been on the stage for twelve years and is not yet nineteen. Miss Miller is the bright particular star in "The Show of Wonders" at the Winter Garden, New York.

The Lesson Taught By Canada

NO nation ever yet achieved greatness through ease and absence of effort; and although material prosperity is an absolutely essential foundation, the lack of which renders hopeless any attempt to raise a worthy superstructure, yet *by itself*, and to the exclusion of all else, material prosperity, no matter how abounding, means at the very utmost a kind of bastard greatness, more contemptible than any other kind. The flag that commands the respect of other nations and inspires among its own followers the high passion of loyalty must float over a land where there is well-distributed material well-being, but, what is even more important, where there have also been developed the stern and lofty virtues of resolute and adventurous valor, of trained prowess, of readiness for self-sacrifice, of power to render service, and of determined and unshakable patriotism.

These are the virtues which during the last two years and a half Canada has preeminently shown. She has passed through one of those times which try men's souls, and which sift out the strong and the worthy from the weak and the unworthy. She has stood the test. She has proved her possession of those qualities that mark the people of masterful ability, able to shape their own destinies and to hold their own in the rough world of actual life. Her sister commonwealths of the British empire over-seas—Australia,* South Africa, New Zealand—have shown a like farsightedness and proud capacity for service for the common good, and have borne themselves with similar heroism. The action of the Boers in South Africa has been a most striking tribute to the farsighted wisdom and justice of the Imperial Government. But Canada is our neighbor on the north, and we are more familiar with what she has done; and as the conditions of her social, industrial and political life substantially resemble our own, her example is of peculiar value to us.

Something New in History

CANADA has sent to the front about 250,000 men. She has 150,000 more in training. This means that she has enlisted, all told, about 400,000 men. The casualties up to date are well over 50,000. Meanwhile Canada has faced unflinchingly the necessary taxation, and has voluntarily contributed 40,000,000 dollars to relief funds. Let our people understand what these figures mean by remembering that Canada has only about one-thirteenth of our population and one-thirtieth of our wealth. Her shores were not immediately menaced; the counsels of cold and timid selfishness, had they prevailed, would have bid her take a merely perfunctory part in the war, and rest in safety behind Britain's control of the ocean. But Canada was too proud not to fight. She scorned the ignoble rôle of shirking duty, and letting others protect her. Her effort in men is relatively as great as if we had raised an army of over five million soldiers—and her troops are as splendid fighting men as their Australasian and South African brothers, or as any others among the war-hardened veterans who have fought on both sides in this terrible world war. Her money effort in the single item given above is equivalent to what this nation would have done if it had voluntarily contributed over a billion dollars in relief funds.

Unfortunately the Canadians, like ourselves, have not yet overcome the foolish dread of universal obligatory military training in times of peace and universal service in time of war. Hence they have not shown the extraordinary efficiency of Germany and France. But there never has been finer work done under the old volunteer system than by Canada; and the way in which Canada and her sister over-seas commonwealths have sprung to the defense of the Empire is something absolutely new in history, and sets a mark in farsighted patriotism and in highminded ability to sacrifice present ease and safety for a vast and permanent future good, which will not soon be passed by any nation.

The people who have stayed at home have de-

* But I regret to see it announced in the press that Australia has just voted down universal obligatory service, and that one factor in producing the result was a song even more foolish than "I Did Not Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier."

By Theodore Roosevelt



But Canada was not too proud to fight

vised themselves to the welfare of the men who have gone and of their families. Not only the governmental bodies, but various patriotic organizations, have taken up the work with equal zeal and knowledge. The pensions are liberal; the widow of one of the rank and file gets three hundred and eighty-four dollars a year and seventy-two dollars extra for each child. A man totally incapacitated by wounds receives four hundred and eighty dollars a year and seventy-two dollars for each child. The wife of the soldier on active service receives twenty dollars a month, plus half his pay, which amounts to fifteen dollars, and an additional sum, called the patriotic allowance, according to the particular circumstances of the case. This is a great improvement upon what was done in our Civil War.

The wounded returned soldier is put in a Convalescent Home, under the Military Hospitals Commission, and is given vocational training, so as to enable him to take up a new occupation should he be unable to follow the one in which he was previously engaged. A Soldiers' Aid Commission, and various Employment Bureaus, devote themselves to placing the men in permanent positions after they have been discharged. All of these commissions work together.

The Patriotic Fund is administered by a great number of men and women, who apply it with a flexible accommodation to needs and conditions which can hardly be attained under the necessary

red tape of a Government office. For example, an amount which would adequately support a family in a country district would be wholly insufficient in a large city. The fund cares for the wives and children of the soldiers fighting in Europe and for the widows of those killed and the men invalidated home. Some fifteen million dollars have been disbursed under the management of the Fund, and some sixty thousand families helped. The money spent represents but a portion of the activities of the fund. There is also unwearingly personal work. In Montreal, for instance, the Ladies' Auxiliary contains nearly seven hundred voluntary workers; and during September last the 4,036 families receiving assistance in Montreal were each visited at least once by one of these workers.

I am, of course, not trying to mention here the smallest fraction of the innumerable benevolent activities in which the devoted patriotism of the men and women of Canada has found expression. The above merely indicates the extent and thoroughness of the work. As for the men at the front, their gallantry has been beyond praise; and the training camps now established in Canada are models for us to copy.

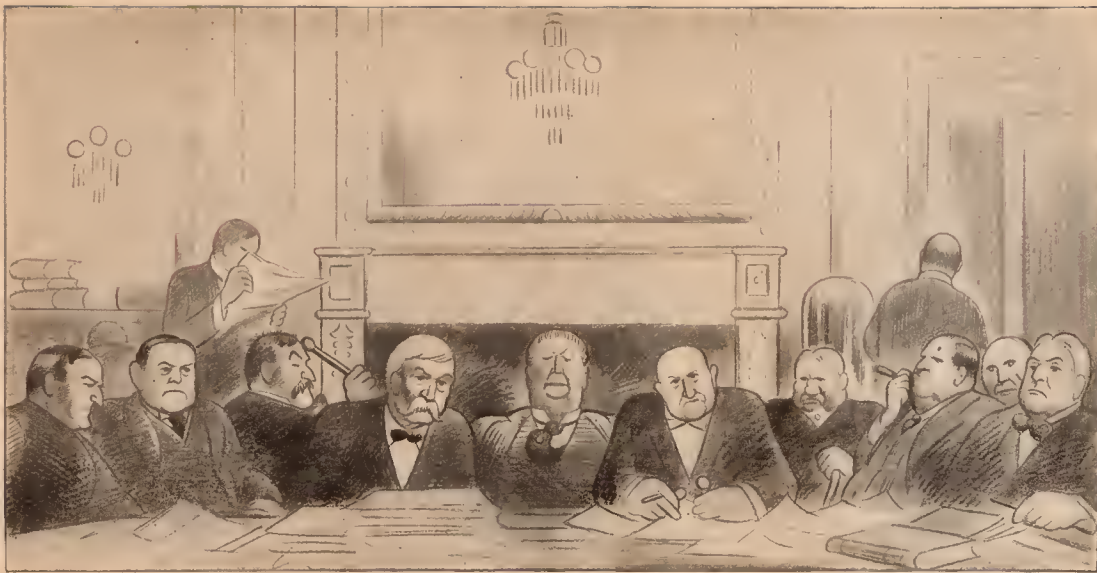
Self-sacrifice in a Just Cause is a Duty

IN a notable speech in New York, at the Lawyers' Club, last November, Sir Robert Laird Borden, the Premier of Canada, set forth what Canada had done, and the spirit in which she has acted. The head of a nation is indeed fortunate who can report such action by the nation. He showed with just pride that in this great world crisis Canada had risen to that high conception of duty under which it is recognized that: "Just as the citizen who fails to realize his duty of service to the State has not attained the highest conception of citizenship, so the nation which does not realize and fulfill its duty of service to the world has not reached the highest conception of national life."

I cannot quote at length from this really noble speech; although I would like to quote both its estimate of the immense importance of sea-power as being far less efficient as an instrument for securing world domination than as an instrument for successfully resisting world domination; and the fine tribute to the Canadian dead, with the gallant touch that on the anniversary of the victorious fight of the Canadians at Ypres, with its fearful slaughter, the flags were not half-masted in mourning but flew at masthead in triumph from ocean to ocean. There are certain phrases, however, which teach to us so pertinent a lesson that, with one or two omissions, I do quote them. Sir Robert dwelt on the way the returning troops would again take up their ordinary life-work "with the consciousness that Canada has played a worthy part in the fateful struggle which she entered at the call of duty, and for the cause of freedom. Theirs will be an imperishable recollection of comradeship with men of the motherland and of all parts of the King's dominions; theirs, also, a wider vision and deeper insight from service in a high cause. Hardly less profound will be the influence of the war upon all our people. They have learned that self-sacrifice in a just cause is at once a duty and a blessing; and this lesson has both inspired and ennobled the men and women of Canada. It was indeed worth a great sacrifice to know that beneath that eagerness for wealth and apparent absorption in material development there still burned the flame of that spirit upon which alone a nation's permanence can be founded. One must move among our people to realize their overmastering conviction that the justice and greatness of our cause overpower all other considerations and to comprehend the intensity of the spirit which permeates and quickens every Canadian community."

This is the spirit by which a world peace will eventually be won. Canada can now speak for such a peace and be entitled to a respectful hearing; because her deeds have made good her words. We ourselves after the Spanish war were able for a decade to take a real and leading part in movements for international peace, and we widened the area in which orderly liberty and the peace of justice ob-

(Continued on page 54)



Robinson Underwood Adamson Cummins Newlands Sims Cullop Brandegee Hamilton Esch
 Senators and Representatives now investigating the conditions relating to interstate and foreign commerce

Can Such Things Be?

by Art Young

Here's the Speech

Hon. Members of the Second Big Joint Mooting Committee:—

Government ownership is a fallacy. Yes, more. It is an iridescent dream. (Applause.) Go into any country or any city where there is government ownership of railways or other public utilities, and there you will find people eager to go back to private ownership. Why, some of the most eminent authorities on business efficiency today can prove that even fire departments would be better operated if privately owned. It might cost a little more, but you would be sure to have your fire put out efficiently. Fires ought to be extinguished or part extinguished, or not at all, according to the ability to pay the price of the companies' squirt-rates. Those who could not afford it would be more careful to avoid fires.

Then take the Post Office. Were the Post Office run by a private corporation, it might cost 20 cents to send a letter from Bucksport, Maine, to Alameda, California; but we would help to build up a few private fortunes, and thereby make the bulwarks



Eloquence Rampant

ANOTHER Public Utilities investigation! Just how many railroads have been investigated in the last ten years, federal and state, we will not attempt to enumerate. The last was the probe of the New Haven and Hartford system, of unsavory memory. What the Government did about it was just what most people expected—nothing at all.

Now we have another which is more comprehensive and altogether the biggest thing in Washington, not excepting the Supreme Court and the Monument. Technically its work was completed January 8th, but at this writing it is predicted that it will resume March 4th. Congress will decide.

It is more than a railroad investigation, however, although that is the subject that now occupies the throbbing thought of the committee. There are ten members—five Senators and five Representatives. When they have finished, they are going to report on the result of the hearings, and to express their ripe opinion to Congress on "Government control and regulation of interstate and foreign transportation." Also—listen to this—on the desirability of "Government ownership of all public utilities, such as telephone, wireless, cable, telegraph, express companies and railroads."

But the reason for this committee was revealed by Senator Cummins when, in the course of questioning a witness, he said: "It has been mooted a long time by a great many people—" And then he explained what the people had been mooting.

If you like to moot and enjoy hearing professional mooters, your place is in room 326 of the Senate Office Buildings, Washington, D. C.—Mootings daily at 10.30. Provided Congress votes to continue this committee.

Many witnesses have been heard, principally Mr. Alfred Thom, an attorney representing eighty-five per cent of the railroads. Hundreds of others are listed to appear in due time: other lawyers for the railroads, also for the telegraph, telephone, and express companies; economists, sociologists, labor leaders, and engineers. As one eminently fitted to speak in behalf of those who own most of the nation's wealth, I have asked to address the committee myself. No date has yet been set, but my speech has already been sent to the newspapers, and is here printed in toto.

The reader will note that I have taken the same liberty that Congressmen take in the *Congressional Record* by putting in what ought to be the emotional expressions of my auditors.

of a free people more secure. (Brandegee nods approval at "bulwarks.")

Government ownership would have an unhealthy effect on the thought of the people. It would encourage them to believe that they have a proprietary interest in their own business affairs.

Granted that the highways, some of the rivers and perhaps a gas plant here and there should belong to the people—we must never forget that the private initiative of a financial genius must have big things to work on. A railroad should be classed as a luxury, coal as a luxury, the express business as a luxury. To make them public property would be to reduce them to common necessities, and then what becomes of the vaunted liberty and independence that has made our country what it is today! (Applause reverberates through corridors of Capitol and down Pennsylvania Avenue.)

Gentlemen, I have touched but lightly on a few of the evils that will follow in the wake of government ownership, but I shudder as one struck with the palsy when I contemplate the possibility for graft should the government own the railroads. It is true that under private ownership railroads have scattered a few dollars around where they could be picked up by public officials. But they are repentant now, and with paternal solicitude would save the people from grafting on themselves. (Senator Newlands reaches for his handkerchief.) Let me ask you gentlemen would any of you have this government that you represent owned by the people? That in the last analysis is what government ownership leads to.

In the name of the great financial wizards, living and dead—in the name of the constitution—the battle of Bunker Hill—Sam Patch—Barbara Frietchie—and Omar Khayyam—let us stand like adamant against this undemocratic, un-American and insidious assault upon the very foundations of our Republic.

(The audience bursts into vociferous applause. Members of the committee shake my hand, then adjourn till Tuesday.)

ACCORDING to Mr. Thom, what the railroads want is a repeal of all state laws that now affect them and the enactment instead of a federal incorporation law under which they can all operate successfully. Also more power to the Interstate Commerce Commission. Mr. Thom complains that the investing public will no longer invest in railroad securities, (Continued on page 57)

Life Pulls the Strings

By Leroy Scott

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DALTON STEVENS

MARY REGAN stood in the dusk of her sitting-room, holding apart the velvet hangings of a window and gazing down at the quadruple line of motor-cars

which at this twilight winter hour moves in slow lockstep between Twenty-third and Fifty-ninth streets; and, as she vacantly gazed upon the world's greatest parade of pleasure vehicles, she wondered about her approaching interview with Clifford. She was somewhat excited; but she felt sure of herself—very sure!

During the six months she had been away she had studied, or believed she had, her own nature most carefully, and also her immediate interests, and also the bolder reachings of her ambition. She had considered these matters not sentimentally—she hated sentiment, she told herself—but with cool brain, and with no fear to admit the truth. To be sure, there had been a swift seizure and possession of her by emotion when she and Clifford had kissed that summer dawn long ago in Washington Square; and now and again this emotional element had arisen in her with appealing energy—but her cool intelligence had always controlled such impulses. What did life offer with a police official who was on the square? Nothing! At least nothing that she cared for or dreamed of. Honest police officials never got anywhere. And as for Clifford, marriage with him would ruin such career for him as might be possible. It would never do—not for either of them.

What she wanted was altogether different. She knew, for she had analyzed herself with the apartness of a scientist. Her former attitude toward crime, acquired through a girlhood spent with those cynical gentlemen of the world, her father and her Uncle Joe, was now changed; at least such intentions she knew to be quiescent; Clifford had influenced her to this extent. But the worldly attitude and instincts begotten by that criminal training still remained. She believed herself a worldling; she had no illusions about herself! The things in life that were worth while—as in her confident youthfulness she decided—were luxury, admiration, the pleasures that money could buy. And these things she believed she could win.

This much, in her retreat, she had already decided before Morton had appeared in the quiet countryside. The coming of Morton, with the opportunities represented by his amiable person, had made her even more decided.

And so, as she now gazed down through the winter dusk upon the shifting motor-tops, she was very certain of herself despite her palpitant expectation over Clifford's coming—very confident of herself, and what she was, and what she was going to do, and what she was going to be; just as many another young woman, of a perhaps more careful rearing, was preeningly confident of herself, in those limousines far below her. . . . The ring of her apartment bell brought Mary sharply from her thoughts. Switching on the lights, she opened the door and admitted Clifford into her sitting-room. She spoke first, with a formality that held him at a distance.

"I consented to see you because an hour or two ago you discovered a private matter of mine, and I neglected to ask you to keep it silent."

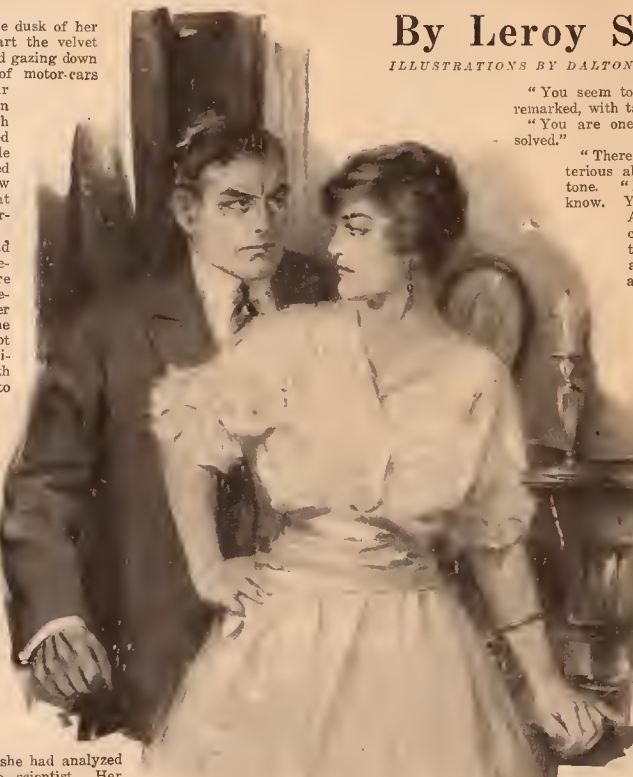
"You refer to your engagement to Jack Morton?"

"I do. Of course you will say nothing about it."

"That you must leave to my discretion."

"You mean you are going to tell?" she demanded.

"I mean that I am reserving the right to do exactly what I please," he replied, looking at her squarely. "I have done a lot of thinking since I



"You—you—" she gasped, "you have no right to interfere in my affairs!"

left you two hours ago. Also I have just seen Police Commissioner Thorne."

"Yes?"

"Mr. Thorne honored me by offering to make me Chief of the Detective Bureau. I accepted."

"Then I suppose I should address you as —"

"By the way, just how should one address you?"

"But I immediately withdrew my acceptance," he continued. "I refused because of certain things I learned from Thorne about you."

"About me? What are they?"

"That's what I want to learn more about—and from you."

"Ah—then you still are a detective?"

"I suppose I am," ignoring the irony of her tone. "But just now I am primarily a person who is interested in his own affairs as a man."

"Your affairs?" she questioned.

"Just now your affairs have become my affairs. And I'm hoping that you'll help me by frankly answering my questions."

"Questions about what?"

"About yourself."

"Such as?"

"Instead of leaving it for me to discover by accident, why did you not frankly tell me of your intention to marry some one else—when you knew what for six months I had been hoping for? How much do you care for Jack Morton?"

His determined face, and flashing memories of what he had tried to do for her, the steady gaze of his intense eyes, sent a warm tremor through her, gave her a swift tingling pleasure. But that very pleasure was a menace to her anticipated success, and must therefore be suppressed. The next moment she had full control of herself—and she had decided on what should be her course with him.

"You seem to regard me as a mystery," she remarked, with tantalizing coolness.

"You are one—in a degree. And I want it solved."

"There is nothing in the least mysterious about me," she said, in her even tone. "I'll tell you all you need to know. You may be seated if you like."

And after they were both in chairs: "First about Mr. Morton. He is a pleasant, agreeable gentleman. He has money and position."

"You love him?"

"I like him."

"You are marrying him, then, because it is a good business proposition—to put it brutally?"

She met his flushed gaze calmly. "That is not putting it brutally. Rather, it is merely putting it honestly."

He looked at her hard, and was silent a moment.

"But that isn't answering my first question and all it implied: why didn't you write me before you returned to New York? Why didn't you frankly tell me of your intended marriage?"

She lifted her shoulders ever so slightly. "It must have been because I never thought of it."

He flushed, but she met his look with unabashed composure. She had lied, but she had lied easily, for the lie had been carefully premeditated. When, during her absence, her mind's decision had gone against Clifford she had considered what would be

the most effective method of giving undebatable conclusion to the affair; and had decided upon this course that she had followed. No need for letters—no chance for sentimental pleading to alter her mind; it would be all over, and ended, before he knew a thing. Further, since the break had to come, it appealed to her perverse pride to seem superior and indifferent to Clifford.

Clifford was angry, but he restrained himself. "To go on: was your meeting with Mr. Morton in that out-of-the-way spot, Pine Mountain Lodge, pure coincidence, as he said?"

"What are you driving at?" she demanded sharply.

"I don't know myself yet—exactly."

"Who could have planned our meeting? As you know, I went to Pine Mountain Lodge to be alone. Mr. Morton, not knowing of my presence there, or even of my existence, came to Pine Mountain to rest up. We couldn't help meeting, since the Lodge is the only place at which one can stay. That's all there is to this amazing mystery."

"Undoubtedly all you see. But the coincidence explanation doesn't explain everything. Some one may have been behind Jack Morton's going."

"Who? In what way? And for what reason?"

"Those are things to be found out." He looked at her steadily for a moment. "Do you mind telling me why you are in hiding?"

"I don't mind in the least," she returned coolly, with a perverse gratification in revealing what she knew he could not like in her; here was another item in which she could make Clifford feel the utter finality of the break between them. "Jack and I came to New York intending to be married the next day. But the very evening of the day we arrived, Jack's father unexpectedly came to town and appeared at the Biltmore, where Jack is staying."

"Was that before or after the evening I saw you at the Grand Alcazar with Mr. Loveman?"

"You saw me there the evening of the day of my return. Jack was to have had dinner with me that night," she added, "and had reserved the

table and had asked his friend, Mr. Loveman—and then he got tangled up with a friend and could not come. It was later that same evening that his father arrived in town. I believe that is simple and clear."

"As far as it goes. But why did you go into hiding?"

"Isn't that rather obvious?" she returned, with her cool frankness. "Jack and I were going to keep our marriage secret—perhaps for a long time. The appearance of his father, with the announcement that he was going to stay with Jack, naturally delayed our marriage. I insisted that it be postponed until his father was away and there was no danger of immediate discovery."

"And Jack?"

"Jack was reckless. He was all for getting married right away. But I refused to take the risk. Also, under the circumstances, it didn't seem particularly wise to give the father a chance to find out about me by our appearing openly together."

"But you could have gone out openly alone, or with friends."

"Oh, of course," she said dryly—"and have run the risk of Jack and his father seeing me in public, and learning all about me. No, thank you—the only way for me has been to keep under cover for the present."

Clifford had felt a great start, but he had suppressed it; and he managed to say quite casually: "Of course, Jack Morton doesn't know who you really are?"

"Of course not. Oh, I don't mind so much what he might learn about me," she added, a bit defiantly. "You police have nothing on me—not in the way of a conviction, anyhow. But it would not help particularly if he learned who my father had been, and that Joe Russell is my uncle, and that my brother is Slant-Face Regan."

"But he'll be sure to learn some day."

"By that time he'll have become so attached to me that it'll not make much difference."

"But there's his father. What about what'll happen when he finds out? All Jack's money comes through his father."

"Oh, his father will come around in the end. You see, he's not to know till we get ready."

Clifford looked at her for a long moment of silence.

"Oh, I know what you're thinking; you're thinking I'm just another adventuress," she said, with a shrug. "But what of that. Every woman is who is trying to better her position and who is using her wits to do it. And that's just what every woman is doing!"

"I was not thinking chiefly of that; I was thinking of Peter Loveman. Did he suggest that you go into hiding?"

"When Jack told him of our engagement, he said he didn't want to know anything about it, he wanted to keep out of any such affair. But when he learned Jack's father was in town, he telephoned me to keep out of the way."

"You've known Loveman some time?"

"Since I came back to America. He's been Uncle Joe's lawyer; and naturally they're friends."

"And he could have known you were in Pine Mountain Lodge?"

"Of course Uncle Joe might have told him."

Clifford considered a moment. "Tell me, just what has Mr. Loveman had to do with this affair?"

"I have already told you everything I know."

CLIFFORD was convinced that in this she was telling him the truth. But all his senses informed him that somewhere, working in some manner, behind this affair was Peter Loveman, playing with his master subtly upon human frailties, passions and ambitions. Undoubtedly Mary Regan was being used. Undoubtedly also Commissioner Thorne had been right when he had declared that Mary Regan had no suspicion that she was being used, that she believed that whatever she was doing she was doing of her own free will.

He had put to her all the questions he had intended; and as for a moment he sat gazing at her—so composed, so worldly-looking, and so very young, to be saying such things as she had just said—the more personal questions, which had shaken him so often, throbbled through him like so many gigantic and fiery pulse-beats: Was she through and through and unchangeably this worldly, calculating Mary Regan that she had so carefully depicted for him—or was it all just a pose? He could not forget that moment of emotion in Washington Square when her soul had seemed unlocked; he could not forget her kiss. . . .

Clifford stood up as though his intention was to leave. She also rose. Suddenly he gripped her two shoulders; and the energy and purpose and feeling which he had kept in restraint during the past minutes now burst forth.

"Listen to me, Mary Regan," he declared tersely. "You are not going to marry Jack Morton! You hear me!"

She was so startled at the change in him that she was hardly aware of the hands clutching her shoulders. "Why not?"

His words rushed out. "I'm not going to say anything about it's not being square. He's not good enough for you! Oh, I don't mean to run down a man I've called my friend. He's pleasant enough in his way. And you've seen him at his best—away from the lights and the big pleasures, when he was on his good behavior—and there are few men who can be more agreeable than Jack Morton. But Broadway has got hold of him again! And girls!—no girl is pretty to him for more than six months, and—why, every pretty girl is prettier than the last pretty girl! It's just the way Jack is made—or the way this town has made him. I tell you it's an awful mistake!"

Her dark eyes flashed at him. "Take off your hands!"

Instead he clutched her all the tighter. "Mary, you love me!"

"Love you!" she ejaculated.

Leroy Scott has more to tell about the adventures of Detective Clifford

The next story, "The Golden Door," will appear in the May issue—Out April 8th

"Yes, you love me, and you know you love me!" he declared masterfully. "You know you love me, or why did you see Commissioner Thorne about me months ago, and why did you today suggest to him that he again offer me the place of Chief of the Detective Bureau? You love me, and you thought your marriage to me might injure my public career. You don't care how much marriage to Jack Morton may injure him. Don't you think I see through you—don't you think I understand? You're not going to marry Jack Morton! You're going to marry me!"

She had paled, and he felt a trembling go through her body. For a long moment they stood tensely thus: he hoping that he had carried the day—and at the same time poignantly wondering what she was about to say or do.

"You are going to marry me—you are going to marry me!" he repeated, after the manner of those who seek to work miracles by the power of a forcefully iterated idea.

He felt her body grow taut; and the startled look of her face gave place to composed decision. That moment he knew that he had lost—for this day at least.

"Please remove your hands!" she commanded, in a quiet edged voice.

His hands fell to his sides.

"Despite what you say, Mr. Clifford," she continued, in the same even voice of calm decision, "I am not going to marry you, and I am going to marry Mr. Morton."

He was composed again. "Perhaps you may never marry me," he returned grimly. "But you certainly will never marry Jack Morton."

"And why not?"

"Because I shall prevent it."

"How?"

"By whatever means seem most effective."

Her gaze sharpened. Then the red of anger faintly tinted the tawny satin of her cheek.

"You mean to say you would be low enough to tell Jack or his father about me and my family?"

He looked her straight in the face. "You have admitted that that procedure might be effective."

"You wouldn't dare do that!" And she seized his arm with a grasp no less intense than his of a minute before, and glared at him.

"I'll do exactly what may be necessary, Miss Regan."

"You—you—" she gasped. "You have no right to interfere in my affairs."

With an almost impersonal movement he removed her hand from his arm and let it fall. "I must be going. But do not forget for a moment that I am going to prevent your marriage, and

prevent it in whatever way will be most effective."

He bowed slightly. Standing just where he had left her, she watched him go out, within her a dazed commotion of surprise, consternation, suspense—and, strangely, not quite so high an anger toward Clifford as she had felt two moments before.

YES, he must prevent this marriage, he must block Loveman, he must find out Loveman's plan, and he must do all quickly—but how? To warn the Mortons would achieve some of these ends; but he had a strong repugnance to this procedure: he would only play this as his last card.

He thought of Slant-Face; but he realized that Slant-Face would probably have no influence with his sister, and possibly the ex-pickpocket might even regard the affair from Mary's viewpoint. Also he thought of her Uncle Joe; but the same objection held true regarding him, and also he was now in the South. As for Commissioner Thorne, he could not be of service in the present stage of affairs. And then Clifford thought of Uncle George—whom Broadway knew by no other name. Uncle George might possibly give suggestions, for Uncle George knew as much about the pleasure life (and what lay beneath it) of Broadway and of Broadway's closest territorial relative, Fifth Avenue between the Waldorf-Astoria and St. Patrick's Cathedral, as any other hundred men in New York put together.

An hour after leaving Mary, Clifford sat in the Grand Alcazar restaurant, looking into the bland, genial, cunning, loose-skinned old face, with the few gray hairs above it parted in the middle, that belonged to Uncle George. He had just finished telling Uncle George of his discovery of the whereabouts of Mary Regan and the other events of the day.

The old man regarded Clifford with meditative, puckered gaze—a gaze of somewhat peculiar effect, since of eyebrows and eyelashes he had none. "Son," he began slowly, "the thing that stands out in this chunk of *vers libre* you've been handing me, is the fact that you're so stuck on that little dame Mary Regan—"

"Let's leave me, and what I may think of her, out of it," put in Clifford.

"Don't interrupt, son. You ask me anything, and you've got to let me spiel along in my own way—"

"which indeed was one of the difficulties not to be avoided in consulting Uncle George. "Now, you listen to me, son, and you'll hear something. You're too damned monogamous! What the hell d'you suppose there are so many pretty girls for? Now, I like Mary Regan as well as any male person can who's not her relative and who's not trying to be—but if she tried any of that beautiful female cussedness on me, I'd throw her one smiling kiss, mail her at picture post-card of the jumping-off place, and proceed to admire some of the other works of God."

Uncle George nodded, and started to sip his Rhine wine thinned with sparkling water:

"Thanks, Uncle George. But let's get back—"

"Hold on, son. That was just my first sentence. Supposing Mary Regan is trying to put something across by holding back a little of the truth—sort of saving it up for a rainy day. Well, what of that—ain't we all liars? You take it from your Uncle George, son, I've never seen the straight and narrow road of truth congested with the traffic. That's one road you can speed on and not even see a cop. So, son, if Mary Regan has been like the rest of us, don't hold it especially against her. And her marrying Jack Morton isn't going to hurt him such a lot."

"I'm thinking of what it may do to her."

"Why, now, son, a marriage now and then seems to improve a lot of women. And the only time a few marriages seem to be a handicap to some women is when they undertake to sign their names in full."

"You're in very good voice this evening, Uncle George. But, if you don't mind, let's talk about how to stop that marriage, and to find out Loveman's game."

"All right—all right. Now let's see. You know Nina Cordova, star of that new musical show that's a sure-fire frost—what is it?"

"Orange Blossoms? Yes, I know of her."

"Then you'll remember that in young Morton's previous Broadway incarnation he had an affair with her—which little Nina broke off sharp and sudden when she got the chance a year ago to star in the star's part in "The Bridal Wreath"? She's a live proposition: why not inject her into the affair?"

"I've thought of that," said Clifford.

"H'm. Well, then," Uncle George meditated, "you remember how Jack Morton, when he was along here before, used to like his little quart or two of champagne—and how he behaved when he was all lit up? Why not kidnap him from Bradley, give him a chance to be his real self again, and then ship him along to Mary? This different Jack Morton might make her stop and think. Or send him along to his old man—and when his old man saw how the kid had broken training he might do what he's threatened, stop Jack's dough; and this might be enough of a jolt to make Mary call this thing off."

"I've thought of that way, too."

a craving for a Biltmore cocktail. Son, just where is that building lot in North River located that you want me to sell him?"

"Could you steer the talk around to his son—make him doubt Bradley a bit—say something good about me—and implant in him the idea that he ought to consult me?"

"Could I? Why don't you write me an act that'd bring out my talents? It's already done—what are you going to do next?"

"That depends on whether Mr. Morton comes to see me, and whether I get anything out of him."

Uncle George heaved himself to his feet. "Come on, son, see me safe aboard a taxi." Outside, in

"I'm afraid I can't do anything with you, Loveman—though that was the second fib you told me about her."

"Both gentlemen's lies—told for a lady's sake," amiably explained Loveman. "She didn't want her whereabouts known. But now that you've found her, what're you going to do?"

"I don't know that I can do anything." And then Clifford chanced a shot. "You see, I learned that she is secretly engaged to Jack Morton."

"You don't say!" exclaimed the little man. "That is astounding! Well, well—I'll have to look into that and see what's to be done."

He rubbed his shining crown in bewildered



"Get off that man before I count three, or your left arm'll be the first bone to go. One—two—"

"You seem to have thought of everything," half grumbled Uncle George. "Well, what's the matter with these ways?"

"For one thing, it would take time to put them across. I've got to act quickly, for there's no telling what she'll do. Besides, before I take any action, I'd like to learn how she got into this matter; I'd like to learn just what Loveman and Bradley's part in the game has been, just what they plan to make of it in the future."

"I get you," nodded Uncle George. "So that you can plan your action accordingly. But that's some job, son—getting in on the inside of the game of such a pair as Bradley and Loveman."

"I know it. It can only be done indirectly." Clifford regarded Uncle George thoughtfully for a moment, then suddenly asked: "Do you know Jack Morton's father?"

"I've met him."

"Know him well enough to get into a friendly talk with him?"

"Son," demanded Uncle George in an aggrieved tone, "you mean to insult me by asking if I need even have seen a man before to be his best friend inside of thirty minutes—me that could go out now and sell old Andy Carnegie's pig-iron billets back to him as gold-bricks." Uncle George looked at his watch. "Father Morton is staying at the Biltmore. It's now six-thirty. I've noticed that he likes a cocktail at six-thirty in the smoking room. I feel

the cab, he reached forth and laid a hand on Clifford's shoulder. "Remember, son, there's just as good mermaids in the sea as have ever been caught."

"Bon voyage," said Clifford as the car started.

The old man, winking a genial, satyr-like wink, blew Clifford a kiss through the open window.

At half-past ten that night Clifford sat at a little table in the Gold Room at the Grantham. There had come a message from Uncle George that he should be in this room at this hour. Beyond this the message had said nothing.

A hand fell upon his shoulder. "Wake up, there, you old crystal-gazer!" called a cheerful voice.

Clifford looked up. Smiling down on him was a cherubic face: a somewhat elderly cherubim, to be sure, since where usually there is the adornment of divine curls there is the glaze of baldness.

"Sit down, Loveman, and join me in a drink."

"I'm afraid of you, my boy," answered the famous little lawyer. "You might put poison in my cup."

"Why?"

"Because I lied to you—you see, I'm not waiting to be accused," the other smiled affably. "I told you I didn't know where Mary Regan was, and after that you followed me, and I led you right to her. She telephoned me about your finding her. You sure caught me dead to rights."

thoughtfulness—Clifford had to admire his art as an actor—then again was smiling.

"Wish you'd join me after a while at supper, Clifford. Little party I'm giving Nina Cordova—got to cheer her up a bit, you understand. You know, 'Orange Blossoms' is one God-awful flivver, and Nina, poor orphan-child, don't know what to do. Gee! but it's a rotten show. So I'm giving her this little party to boost her spirits—though why shouldn't somebody be giving me a party to cheer me up for the ten thousand United States of America dollars that dropped through the bottom of that show?" He gave a moan of mock self-sympathy. "Well, you'll join us when the crowd blows in?"

"Thanks, but I'm waiting for a friend."

"Break away if you can; be glad to have you."

Clifford watched the strange little notable, behind whose light chatter he knew to be the cleverest legal brain of its sort in New York, cross to a corner table, which was reserved for him every night and was known to the waiters here as "Mr. Loveman's table." He saw Loveman converse in turn with various people, and in a general way he understood; for at this table, during the play hours of the night, Loveman transacted many of the affairs too delicate to be brought to his office or his apartment. His party now arrived and were seating themselves directly beside the dancing floor. There were Jack Morton, his father, Nina Cordova,

two other actresses, and half a dozen men and women of the smart young society set. Loveman was at his best, keeping his party in highest spirits: no man in New York was his superior as midnight host. As Clifford watched the gay supper progress, he wondered what other of these guests the gay Loveman might be deftly drawing into some distant entanglement.

Presently some one took the chair opposite Clifford. It was Uncle George; and Uncle George gave him a slight wink of a lashless eye.

"While we're on the subject, son," the old man began, "I might remark that I put a bee in little Nina's bonnet."

"Just what have you got me here for?" demanded Clifford.

"It's always worth while, son, to watch Loveman improve each midnight hour. See how he smiles and talks—and yet, God, how he's working. But you're here, son, because of Father Morton; and also, perhaps, to see if Nina's bee buzzes. How about splitting fifty-fifty in a ham sandwich?"

As the two ate the best supper Uncle George could order, Clifford kept his eyes on Loveman's party. They were now leaving the table in couples to dance. Nina Cordova, a slender blonde, with a soft, appealing face and quick, bright eye, was with Jack Morton; dancing was something they both did well; and it was easy to see that the slender prima donna had more than a dancing interest in her partner. Then Loveman danced with her; and in the middle of the dance they halted beside Clifford's table.

"Finish this with me, Uncle George," coaxed the little star.

"My dear child," returned the old man, "if you'd spoken to me a little earlier, say about 1871, I'd have danced with you till that orchestra dropped dead. But now, why, I'd just fall apart on the floor. Ask Clifford there."

She smiled at Clifford, and the next moment he was fox-trotting with her. She was certainly a marvel of a dancer; also, beneath her ingénue surface, she had a keen brain of her own sort; and in her light chatter as they swung about he sensed that she was trying to search his mind—and he sensed also that she was doing this at the instigation of Loveman. But he parried so well that he believed she did not even know he was fencing.

"Clever girl, Uncle George," he said when he was back at his table.

"Son, you said something then," affirmed the old man. "Unless my hunch works wrong, you'll some day find her mixed up in this affair; and when you do meet up with her, son, you'd better forget that, according to the date written down in her press-agent's bible, that dear little child is only twenty-one."

Clifford looked over at her thoughtfully. She danced half a dozen dances with Jack Morton; and Clifford, watching everything, guessed that the elder Morton was none too pleased. And then she danced again with Loveman; and he saw that she was talking imperiously to the little lawyer; and if only he could have overheard, he might have given more weight to Uncle George's prediction that Nina Cordova was to play some considerable part before the final curtain bell.

"Peter," she was saying, "since 'Orange Blossoms' is such a fizzle, I'm going to quit the show business and marry some nice young man."

"But, my child, your art!" protested Loveman. "My art be damned!" replied the pretty one. "And, Peter, I've decided that the nice young man will be Jack Morton."

Loveman gave her a sharp look; but if he felt any alarm, his voice gave no evidence of it. "Better think again, dearie. He'll not have forgotten the way you threw him down."

"Give me a week and I'll make him forget it," she returned confidently.

"If you are set on getting married, Nina, dear, I'll help you find another candidate," said Loveman

in his soft, advisory tone. "This town's full of rich young fellows. Just look 'em over, make your choice, and I'll help you out with the rest."

"I don't want any other!"

"I don't think Jack Morton will do, my dear."

"Why not?"

"I think that there are better arrangements—"



Her face was now very pale and dazed—it held the look of one who wondered but could not understand

"You mean that you have other arrangements!" she cried sharply.

"There now, dearie, don't get excited. This town's full of nice men—"

"You can't bluff me, Peter! I see through you—you don't want me to marry Jack." The little ingénue was suddenly a little fury—but a composed fury. "Peter, I know a lot," she said quietly, "and unless you behave about the way I want you to, I may do something that won't make you awfully happy."

There was no mistaking the threat in that voice, and that threat was not to be underrated. Loveman had no intention of yielding; the situation required careful handling, and perhaps quick action elsewhere; in the meantime the thing to do was temporize.

"All right, dearie—we'll fix it up," he said soothingly. "There's Jack Morton waiting for us; I'll turn you right over to him."

As Clifford saw Nina and young Morton begin a fox-trot, a passing waiter handed Clifford a card. On it was engraved "Mr. James Morton," and around the name was scribbled: "Wait for me in the lounge just off the bar."

Clifford descended to the Grantham's lounge, which was fitted in the manner of the smartest and most exclusive of men's clubs. Five minutes later Mr. Morton entered, and came straight to him.

Clifford had already made his private estimate of this man with the graying hair and distinguished face: a man whose habit it was to buy men—and women, too—use them, and, when finished with them, throw them aside without a thought and go on his way.

"I've heard of you, Mr. Clifford," he began when they were seated in deep chairs beside a little table. "They say you are a detective who's absolutely on the square."

"Thank you," said Clifford.

"I didn't call you down to pay you compliments," the other said incisively, eyeing him keenly, "so I'll go right to the point. You know my son?"

"Yes."

"It's about Jack I want to see you." Mr. Morton spoke incisively in the compact, brief sentences of a master of affairs.

"I guess you know he's been some trouble. I'm certain something's in the air now. I don't know whether it's that Miss Cordova or something else. I can't get anything out of Jack. I've been having him looked over by a private detective; you know him—Bradley;

but Bradley doesn't seem to be able to learn anything, either. I'm not one hundred per cent trustful of Bradley; set a detective to catch a detective—that might prove a good idea. Will you undertake the job—finding out about Bradley, and finding out about my son?"

"I can't say until I know the situation." Here was opening before him the chance he had been working for, but Clifford managed to speak composedly. "If you don't mind telling me, just how do things stand?"

"If you know Jack, you know what his idea of living in New York was a year or six months ago. I couldn't leave my affairs and come here to look after him. I ordered my lawyer, Mr. Loveman, to take whatever steps were necessary. It was absolutely essential that Jack should take a brace—"

"Pardon me. Aside from the moral reasons, were there any other reasons for your wanting Jack to change his habits?"

"There was, and still is, an engagement with a young woman back in Chicago. Not exactly an engagement, rather an understanding between the families. The match could not be more desirable; the young lady has everything. But the family objected, and still objects—until Jack proves that he has settled down. Three months ago I came East and delivered an ultimatum. I said that he either had to take a brace or I was through with him."

"Let's see whether I get the general idea," Clifford was moving forward carefully. "If Jack didn't brace up, he'd have to earn his own money. On the other hand, if he did brace up, the idea was that he was to quit New York and marry the young lady you have referred to."

"That's it exactly."

"Did you suggest any particular plan for his bracing up?"

"I said he had to spend a period at some quiet place far away from New York."

"And what did Mr. Loveman think of this idea?"

"He thought it was just the plan. In fact, he said he knew the very place for Jack to go to—Pine Mountain Lodge."

"Yes," he suggested Pine Mountain Lodge?"

Clifford was silent a moment. "You have told Mr. Loveman and Mr. Bradley of your intention to consult me?"

"No."

"I suggest that you do not. Is there any other information you can give me?"

"Nothing else that's definite. But I suspect a lot, and I want to find out what's doing. Will you take the case?"

Clifford spoke guardedly, masking his dislike for the ruthless man before him. "I prefer not to consider myself retained by you until I am certain I can serve you. I'll have to think the situation over and let you know later."

It was not much that Mr. Morton had told Clif-

ford, yet, after Morton had left him, that little set Clifford's mind going like a racer. He sat thinking—thinking; and after a time he began to perceive in dim outline what Loveman's plan might be, and the course he himself should follow.

He looked at his watch. It was half-past three. He started back for the Gold Room, but on the way up he saw Loveman and his party leaving. He quickly secured his coat and hat and followed them out just in time to see Loveman go off in a taxi with Nina Cordova. He was after them in another taxi; a discreet block behind. Five minutes later Loveman set Miss Cordova down at her hotel, and went on to his own home.

Clifford dismissed his taxi, waited ten minutes, then crossed the street and entered Loveman's apartment house.

The drowsy elevator boy carried Clifford to the top floor, and Clifford rang Loveman's bell. After a moment the door was opened by Loveman's Japanese butler, to whom Clifford, after stepping in, gave his card. The little oriental, showing no slightest surprise at a call at this hour of the night, disappeared noiselessly through a door; and reappeared after a brief delay, and held the

door open as a sign that Clifford was to enter.

Clifford stepped through the doorway and found himself in a large room, two stories in height, originally designed as an artist's studio, but now the richly furnished library of Peter Loveman, lawyer, art connoisseur, and collector of old first editions. Loveman, in a rope-girdled dressing-gown and with his tansured head looking very much a jolly little monk, crossed the room with smiling hospitality. In a deep tapestried chair, wearing a dinner jacket, sat the square figure of Bradley.

"This is a surprise, Clifford!" cried Loveman, taking his hand. "And a pleasure, too—also a relief: dropping in on a pair of grouches just as they were getting ready to murder each other to drive dull care away. You there, you other grouch"—to Bradley—"say good-evening to our relief expedition."

Bradley, without rising, nodded curtly. Clifford gave back the same greeting.

"Off with your overcoat, Clifford," the little man said briskly, "and make yourself comfortable."

"I'll keep it on, Loveman. I can only stay a few minutes."

"Well, anyhow, sit down," and Loveman pushed

him into a chair and gestured toward a little table on which stood bottles and glasses and siphons. "All the ingredients here of the Fountain of Perpetual Youth: what'll you have—high-ball, cocktail, benedictine—or shall I have Oni bring you a split of champagne?"

"Thanks, I'm not drinking to-night."

"Smoke, then?" offering cigars and cigarettes.

"No, thank you."

"Say, you're making a host look dam' inhospitable," humorously complained the little man. "How about a little whist?—I'll run the dummy. Bradley here loves it: he's acting vice-chairman of the 'Daughters of Brooklyn Memorial and Bridge Associ—'"

"Cut it out!" growled Bradley. "Ask him what he wants."

"Pardon him, Clifford: Bradley's a gentleman of no social parts. But since he has mentioned the point—is there anything special you came for?"

"I came to talk," said Clifford.

"Talk—good! Talking's my trade!" Loveman drew up a chair, so that the three of them formed a square, the

(Continued on page 58)

War and Good-Humor

By Clarence Day, Jr.

YOU can read a novel for the story it actually tells, or you can amuse yourself by reading some parable into it. A parable of pacifists, for instance, can be read into "These Lynnekers."*

The chief concern of the Lynneker family was to maintain friendly relations. They might quarrel, but it fretted them to stay hostile long enough to get a thing settled: sooner than endure that, any one of them would admit being wrong, even when he was not. For the sake of pleasing the people they were with, they would say or do almost anything. It wasn't that they wanted to get anything out of such people; they just wanted to be nice—and to be thought so—and to steer clear of clashes. In short, they became smooth and oily; or, as the English say, "sarmy."

Dickie Lynneker was different. He had a stronger will, and he marched more directly to his object. He didn't believe in being so afraid of unpleasantness. "It's not only that it isn't honest," he said; "it's so beastly flabby."

This would apply, however, only to pacifists who draw back from all clashes; it applies to those who don't know how to give and take blows, in good humor.

Take another novel, about the Staines family,** who were like warlike states. They had been brought up on the tradition of "combative speech." They had a hard time getting along with other people; in order to do so at all, they had to put aside the free expression of their thoughts; "you couldn't hit out all round if the other person wouldn't hit back and started whin—"

* These Lynnekers. By J. D. Beresford. George H. Doran Co., New York, 1916. \$1.50 net. A leisurely, interesting study of character, by a realist. A work of the finest quality.

** The Dark Tower. By Phyllis Bottomo. The Century Co., New York, 1916. Some of the last part sounds a little made-up, but in the main it is a crisply told, straightforward love story, with worthy raptures left out.

ing." But at home they all got somewhere with their hard, sharp talk. Part of the time they were stupidly disagreeable, it is true; but often they made their clashes lead into real understandings.

Their quarrels, you see, were clean-cut, not poisonous. When we all can do that, and be good-humored, even in wartime, it will check the wild hatreds that help to start most of our wars.

"War can never be done away with," says a man in Artzibashef's new play,† "because war is not opposed to human nature, but, on the contrary, is quite in keeping with human nature."

"Then," says a girl character, "I think the human race ought simply to be wiped off the face of the earth."

Well, they are a strange lot, these ex-monkeys, who have filled up this globe. They astonish one both by their heights and their horrible depths. Sometimes one thinks they are so wonderful they may some day be like gods. Sometimes they disfigure the planet beyond all other beasts.

But I wouldn't wipe them off it so hastily. They aren't always fighting. They are far less savage, as a rule, than such breeds as the tigers. The trouble is, at bottom, they are not combative enough. It's because they are neighborly, prone to cooperate, that they (too readily, I think) combine into nations; then, instead of quarrelling individually [like the tigers], they quarrel en masse.

Max Eastman‡ has been saying some interesting things about our herd-instinct. Without that our pugnacity would lead to duels but never to wars. But both a herd-instinct and pugnacity belong to the original nature of man, and are firmly fixed by evolution as part of his make-up. We can never get rid of them. "The patriotic and pugnacious tribes survived—we are those tribes." Write that motto over your peace palaces, says roaring Max Eastman!

But these instincts, he then says relunctingly, can be given new objects. We put the troublesome instincts of animals to our service: can't we put our own? The cat's murderous nature becomes useful and moral, he says, when she's kept in a house; because whatever she can find there, that is small enough, we want her to kill. . . . Consider, too, the intemperate motherhood of hens, he goes on; it would be a national calamity but for our guiding it into the egg-making business. . . . And applying all this to men, let us give them bigger groups to be loyal to. You have learned to care more for the United States than for Massachusetts, says Mr. Eastman: why shouldn't you learn to love a league, then, of American republics? Or, if you are going to be obstinate about it, and call that a dream, why don't you at least fight for realer groups, if not for bigger? National wars mean little, in reality, to the men in the ranks. Whereas, a war of classes between capital and labor, for instance—aha, that might help, says this author, a-smacking of his lips!

† War. By Michael Artzibashef. Translated by Thomas Selzer. Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1916. \$1.99 net. A portrayal of the strong sap of life by a masterly artist, who is tired of that which he portrays, because he can't see its meaning.

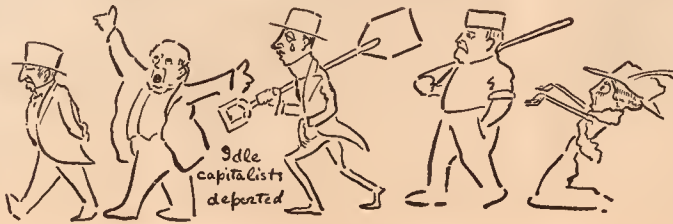
‡ Understanding Germany: The Only Way to End War; and Other Essays. By Max Eastman. Mitchell Kennerley, New York, 1916. \$1.25 net. An independent-minded book of talks, by a lover of liberty. Not always careful and weighty, but clear, human, and to the point.



Where's muh garden of roses?



Eskimo Unabridged Dictionary



Idle capitalists departed

Imagine the headlines:
LABOR GENERALS ORDER ALL
IDLE CAPITALISTS DEPORTED

PATHETIC SCENES ON FIFTH
AVENUE AS RICH GO
TO WORK

There's another possible solution, however, that Mr. Eastman doesn't go into. He says of the Eskimos, quoting Nansen, that war (Continued on page 50)



His eyes swept the nearer tables, meaningly. "Apparently—I'm a much to be envied man"

His Own Home Town

By Larry Evans

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARVEY DUNN

THE story thus far—Branded as a black sheep and driven from home by his hypercritical stepfather, the Reverend Watson Duncan, Jimmy Gordon, becomes an habitu  of Hanlon's saloon. Although rough in speech and manner, Hanlon has a real code of morals, and Jimmy Gordon shows that he, too, has a higher code than that of his self-righteous relatives. "T. Ellihu Banks and his son Sidney, who are at the head of a movement to "clean up" the town. Although misunderstood by his family, Jimmy Gordon has at least one friend in Carol Landis, a chorus girl, and he tells her of his admiration for Evelyn Latham, a society girl whom he has never met. His longing to know her makes him averse to trying his fortune elsewhere. But Hanlon's is raided and public opinion forces Jimmy to leave his own home town. Eight years later he returns a successful playwright and becomes proprietor of the *Courier*, the opposition newspaper to Ellihu Banks and his policies.

CHAPTER XIII TIVOTSON

IF Jimmy Gordon had entertained high hopes concerning the financial or physical state of his heritage, the *Courier*, the first half-hour spent in the editorial room with Tivotson would have dispelled them, just as effectually as did his first sight of the room itself convince him that, for the moment, the premises were in far greater need of Abel Thompson's mop and pail than all the brilliance which the pen of a journalist new-fired with zeal might be supposed to bring.

Tivotson, the "city editor," had preceded the new owner of the paper by only a matter of minutes that morning, and Jimmy found him gazing aimlessly about the littered room, obviously struck for the first time in months by its mad confusion, and worried in a half-sober, wholly lugubrious way by the covehws and dust and dirt. He greeted the

new proprietor's entrance in a manner just as uncertain, for he kept his bloodshot eyes furtively averted and made no move toward offering his hand. Tivotson's opinion of his own stewardship for many years had not been large, but the realization of his neglect, suddenly forced upon his notice, twenty-four hours before he had achieved his usual weekly sobriety, appalled him.

"We're a little upset here this morning, Mr. Gordon," he husked from a dry throat. "We weren't looking for you, just at present."

Jimmy closed the door and followed his city editor's gaze about the room. It occurred to him that Tivotson was stating the case mildly—there was scarcely a foot of floor or wall that was clean—but he found more to interest him in the little, shambling figure before him than he did in the heaped-up d bris.

"A little soap and water, Tivotson," he laughed softly, "and we'll work a miracle." He stopped to gaze absenty at the other's hawklike face. "And perhaps that'll serve just as well, for a time," he went on, musingly. "Because we know we can achieve cleanliness, and—and I'm afraid that it'll be quite a long time before we can convince a good many that godliness is not beyond us, eh?"

The slow question, tinged with whimsical humor, brought Tivotson's head up in spite of him. Besides Abel Thompson, who temperamentally was unfitted to accept Jimmy's return as anything but a triumphant reentry of the city of his youth, Tivotson was perhaps the only soul in the town who had been fitted by circumstance to sense the change

that eight years had wrought in the returned prodigal. Tivotson's descent had been slow, and correspondingly sure. Eight years before he, too, had prophesied dire things for Jimmy Gordon; now he flushed painfully, when he found the latter smiling down at him in a fashion as fraternal as the spirit of his words. It was a long time since any one had held out a hand to Tivotson, except casually now and then, to prevent him from stumbling and fetching up in the gutter, which as a general rule ultimately proved his destination anyhow.

Tivotson flushed, and shook hands. And Jimmy, noting how hard he tried to control his twitching lids and stiffen his slack shoulders, gave no sign that he saw. Instead he cleared a space on a desk, one that overlooked the upper end of Front Street, seated himself and motioned the little man to a place behind what was plainly the city editor's table.

"Our first conference, Tivotson," he laughed again, and tilted his lean length far back in his chair. "Now, what are our precepts and policies?"

At that abrupt question Tivotson's none too tight mouth fell open, until he was made aware, this time by the light in his employer's eyes, that again the latter spoke lightly and with factious intent. Thereupon he, too, seemed to find in the situation something at which to be amused, though his amusement was grimmer by far.

"Total and eternal damnation," he made answer. "Having been damned, without reservation or hope of redemption, since the beginning of the hook, we damn, with equally cheerful unanimity, the works of those who reap the rewards of righteousness."

But instead of laughing, Jimmy only smiled ever

so quietly as he gave that answer a moment of thought. Tivotson's hot eyes were upon him questioningly when he looked up, grave of a sudden.

"Believe in this sweeping damnation, as you term it, Tivotson?" he asked musingly.

Tivotson sat and stared hard at his superior. It was eight years since old Dave Landis had occupied that chair, eight years since good-for-nothing Jimmy Gordon had been driven out of town by the weight of public opinion. And while there was a change in him, hard to define but very certain, in that moment Tivotson found the boy's mildness unaltered.

"I believe in my own," he startled himself by the words. Then he gave way to a singularly hopeless gesture. "When a whole town has been telling you that you're no good, for as long as you can remember, you have to believe finally, don't you?"

Jimmy spent some time over the process of firing a cigarette.

"Do you?" he asked then, very quietly. "That's what I've been wondering—or does it, sometimes, depend upon the town, as well as the individual? Because I was almost convinced, eight years ago, Tivotson, just as you are almost convinced now. Almost, I put it, do you understand? Yet there's one fine thing about being at the bottom of a well, Tivotson. One can't fall any farther." He paused and seemed to treat his next words inconsequentially. "May I have a look at the records, if you have any available? I'd like to know just how badly things stand."

For a moment Tivotson did not move. He sat with his lips moving wordlessly, as if repeating the other's words in a desperate effort to be sure of their meaning. Then he rose and with a wry smile brought a list of paid-in subscribers, and a statement of accounts payable and bills due. The latter Jimmy laid aside after a brief scrutiny; he knew that Pegleg was a business man. And he had picked up the record sheet of subscribers to whom the *Courier* was delivered each day, his own expression had waxed lugubrious in the extreme at its leanness, when T. Elihu Banks, ushered up-stairs by Abel, appeared that morning in the doorway. So it was coincidence as trivial as that which established the key of an interview which was to prove epochal in Warchester's history.

For T. Elihu, as he padded across the threshold, was quick to see that look of concerned incredulity and faint dismay, and it was not unlike him to lay it entirely to the unexpected honor of his presence. Indeed, it helped to clear his own face of a heaviness as close akin to anxiety as he ever permitted himself to exhibit in public. Jimmy Gordon, the town's returned reprobate looked somewhat aghast. The town's great man permitted himself to smile. But there was real reason for astonishment in the quality of the latter's greeting.

"Keep your seat, young man," he boomed, as Jimmy made to rise. "Keep your seat. A busy man can't spend half his time jumping up, whenever every Tom, Dick and Harry enters his office."

But Jimmy straightened his long length and came out from behind his desk. In rising he made it very easy for T. Elihu to see that his tweeds, while not unnecessarily shabby, were nevertheless lacking in that spruce newness which was typical of Warchester's younger business men who had achieved success, and advertised it personally. And it seems inconceivable that T. Elihu could have failed to notice, for his gaze, which darted from point to point, was all embracing. Yet T. Elihu was holding out a hand, again to Tivotson's unutterable amazement. Jimmy swept the room with a brief gesture, and in that instant his manner was flatteringly apologetic—that old, old air

of perpetual apology which until then had escaped Tivotson and vaguely baffled him. Then the prodigal was shaking hands with the town's great man. T. Elihu covered the boy's hand with his free, left palm.

"We're very badly unsettled here, just at present, Mr. Banks," he repeated Tivotson's apology. But there he dared to smile uncertainly.

"I find if one leans against anything, one acquires immediately a veneer of cobwebs and whitewash. And in asking you to be seated, I beg that you exercise some care. The furniture is not to be trusted."

T. Elihu paid so little attention to this levity that it is very possible that he did not hear it at all. Instead, he stood frowning fiercely into the boy's thin and familiar face, searching it keenly, yet with a ponderous good-nature, for the fierceness was feigned.

"So you've come back again, have you, young man!" He finally shot the words out. "Back to Warchester! Any objection to my asking why?"

At that point Jimmy grew conscious of the fact that T. Elihu had not released his hand, and displayed no symptom that he might do so, in the next moment or two. And suddenly the thin face turned red.

"I'm afraid," he hesitated, "in view of the fashion in which I left it, the only answer possible is obvious to you. I went away, you'll remember—well, under a cloud is the phrase, isn't it?" His smile was quickly disarming.

"And it's my own home town, you know, after all—so—"

T. Elihu gave the imprisoned hand a spasmodic shake clearly indicative of supreme satisfaction, and sought a chair.

"Thought so," he growled. "Thought so! Sit down—sit down!" And, after he had drawn up nearer the desk: "I want to talk to you, sir—plainly, sir, for I am a plain man. That's what I dropped in for, and if you've any objections—well, you're a nephew of mine, young man, and one has to be more or less charitable toward one's presumptuous relatives."

Astonishment flickered in Jimmy Gordon's eyes at this further peculiarity. He caught it mirrored upon the visage of Tivotson, who sat like a man turned to stone. And then he was smiling again, his thin, not very mirthful smile. But obediently he sat down.

"In the first place," T. Elihu's bright eyes never left Jimmy's face, "in the first place, sir, I want to tell you that yesterday you did a damned

fine thing, sir. A splendid and noble thing!" The blankness that spread across Jimmy's face was not feigned.

"I'm afraid that you've made a——" he began. T. Elihu cut him short.

"No mistake at all," he stated flatly. "None at all! Duncan told me late last evening of this unfortunate young person whose funeral you arranged, and it's that occurrence which brought me here this morning. Of course, the request which you made of your stepfather was out of the question, sir—out of the question, as you no doubt will agree, upon mature thought. But the spirit behind your act warrants commendation, sir. You braved the opinion of an entire community to act according to your convictions. And when I know that a man has done that I need no further credentials. Since you have already mentioned an unfortunate occurrence of some

years ago, I, too, will speak of it, though such was not my intention when I entered. You made a mistake common to youth, sir—I am older than you and you will forgive my effrontery, if you find it such. You—er—those many unfortunate associates, harmless, perhaps, yet most undesirable in the eyes of our——"

"I understand," Jimmy interrupted him. "That is one of the things I hope to do. I—I owe it to myself to set myself right with our——" he barely hesitated—"with our best people."

T. Elihu bowed profoundly.

"And in the pursuance of your enterprise here," he ventured, "you have already decided upon a definite policy."

Some of the perplexity went from the eyes of the new proprietor of the *Courier*. Diffidence before T. Elihu's surpassing greatness seemed to stride upon him.

"None—yet," he murmured. "Mr. Tivotson tells me that we have for some time been content with mechanically supplying the opposition to any question of public importance which may arise. I have no policy yet, but we'll try, I think, to print a paper which will make as direct an appeal to the working people as the *Gazette* does to Warchester's better classes."

"A decidedly far-sighted view," T. Elihu set his seal of vast approval upon the scheme in one explosive utterance. "And now I want to tell you, sir, that when a man starts a fresh page, I am not the one to delve back through the records. The years have improved you, sir—vastly—vastly! And you have returned to Warchester at a time when opportunity never was so insistent. We shall want you with us, young man—will want you to join us—Wainwright and myself, and Willetts, and yes, even Jameson."



T. Elihu stood frowning fiercely



A moment later Jimmy Gordon assisted his city editor to his feet

He held up a hand as Jimmy attempted to interrupt.

"I know," he expostulated. "You need attempt no explanation, my boy. You are a free agent; you have under your direction an instrument of publicity, the course of which you must dictate as you deem best. But there are many factions, many questions of exceeding importance with which I believe it will be advisable for you to familiarize yourself, before you act. Whenever you are free for dinner, young man, I want to talk politics with you."

T. Elihu rose heavily to his feet. The queer smile had left Jimmy's lips.

"But I—"

"You're busy now," T. Elihu cut in. "You'll have more leisure presently. Come when you can."

And with that Jimmy's eyes grew quizzical.

"I'll take pleasure in doing so," he said, "—later, if you still care to have me."

In the doorway T. Elihu paused. Suffoient time had elapsed to cover any seeming connection between this next remark and his expressions of good wishes.

"You've work on your hands," he said, "and I take it, sir, that the attempted rejuvenation of this property is not exactly a sentimental or philanthropic venture on your part. If you need references, call on me." He turned to wink jovially. "I'll tell them that you're the town's lost dog come back again—but I'll put you in right. You'll be busy, but if you want a card to any of the clubs, let me know. They tell me that the young folks

golf all day and dance till morning. And when you're a bit better settled—come and see me, young man."

After T. Elihu had gone, Jimmy, who had returned to his desk without a word, sat so long, lean chin in his hands, gazing blankly out of the window that Tivotson, at first too dumfounded to ask the question that was hanging upon his lips, grew thirsty with a great thirst as noon came about, until he was hard put to keep his own place behind his littered table. He dared not move while the other figure remained so silent. And yet Jimmy was aware of Tivotson's growing lack of self-control. He heard the restlessly moving feet and caught, from the corners of his eyes, glimpses of the white and harassed face. It was Tivotson about whom Jimmy was thinking most in that long period of quiet.

"I'll want you to lunch with me," he finally addressed that shabby, small person with kindly abruptness, "with me and Pegleg Hanlon. Do you mind?"

The city editor's countenance, white and hawklike and angular, underwent a remarkable series of changes. It became furtive and cunning, and then sullen, and then openly perplexed. But he reached for his hat with some alacrity. Any company was acceptable to Tivotson at that moment, in any hostelry, if only the service promised to be prompt; and he was in no mood for analysis.

When Jimmy presented him, an unnecessary formality, to the grizzled proprietor of the hotel that stood in the hollow square, the little man's dry-

lipped eagerness prevented him from noticing that Pegleg's welcome was inscrutable. He was casting about for a waiter. And he had achieved partial control of his nerves and was turning a not unamiable eye upon the food before him, when Jimmy reached in his discourse with Hanlon the question which Pegleg was waiting to hear.

"So he has made me an offer for my support, Pegleg," he said. "Now I want you to tell me why—he's been four times mayor of Warchester—tell me why he shouldn't represent us at the capital. Not personal reasons, Pegleg. How much do you really know?"

Pegleg shot an uncordial glance at Tivotson, who had straightened in his chair. Then he laughed, hoarsely.

"Not personal reasons, is it?" he growled. "I mustn't complain, I nor none av the rest av us, who have tried to stay within the law. Thin I'll not, till ye learn that no man is a good citizen until he casts his vote for a personal reason. I'll tell ye instead to find where the money for the Main Street paving wint. I'll ask ye how it came about that Wainwright and Banks and Jameson came to own the acres they did, a month before the franchise for the new line to the north wint through? I'll ask ye why—" upon Pegleg's baleful face there came a look of swift recollection. "Do ye remember wan Whitey Garrity?" he demanded. "The wan with no blood in his skin, the night—"

Jimmy nodded quickly. He was watching Tivotson, while seeming to have eyes only for Hanlon, and the city editor's

(Continued on page 38)

Johnson of California

By George P. West

HIRAM W. JOHNSON is giving up the governorship of California to take his seat in the next Congress as junior

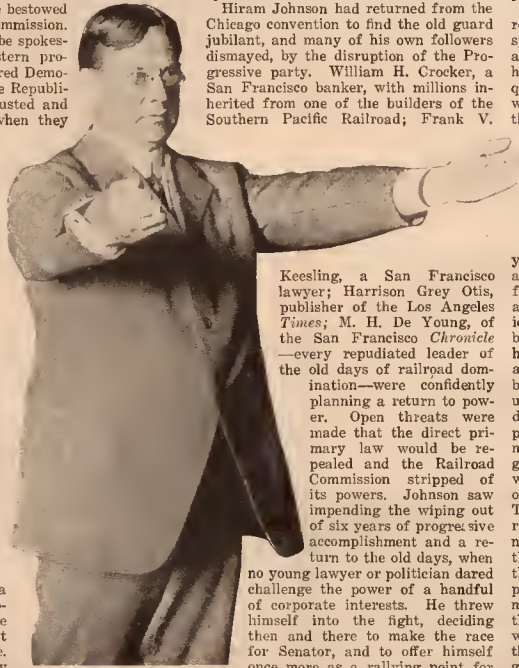
Senator. Nominally, he will represent in Washington only the state that elected him by the greatest plurality it ever gave a candidate for office. But circumstances have bestowed upon him a vastly greater commission. Whether he wills it or no, he will be spokesman and exemplar for that western progressivism which twice has preferred Democratic victory to the triumph of the Republican party, whose leaders it distrusted and whose purposes were equivocal when they were not sinister. For western

voters place no undue importance on a handclasp or a chance ineptitude. But when Mr. Hughes's managers carefully prevented a meeting between their Candidate and California's Governor, and chose instead the sponsorship of California's old-guard leaders, they made a choice, not merely of men, but of a political tradition, and a political method long ago repudiated in California and the West.

When Mr. Hughes arrived in the state, the people waited for a sign. Like Johnson himself, they were friendly. Their Governor had talked with Mr. Hughes in New York, and had come back favorably impressed. Not from any Quixotic devotion to Governor Johnson, nor any mere jealousy for his personal dignity, did they resent the failure of the Republican Candidate to recognize him. Johnson to them was a symbol of California's achievement in setting a new mark for political and economic democracy. They were proud of that achievement. It had been heralded far and wide. They could not conceive of a truly progressive candidate whose heart and hand would not go out instinctively and inevitably to the man who had led the fight in California for all that was decent and democratic and just. No cold calculation that Johnson's political star had set (somewhat justified though the conclusion might have seemed in the light of recent bi-elections)

was to them an adequate excuse for Mr. Hughes's acceptance of reactionary old-guard leaders as his sponsors in the state.

Hiram Johnson had returned from the Chicago convention to find the old guard jubilant, and many of his own followers dismayed, by the disruption of the Progressive party. William H. Crocker, a San Francisco banker, with millions inherited from one of the builders of the Southern Pacific Railroad; Frank V.



Johnson is very much of a man's man

Keessling, a San Francisco lawyer; Harrison Grey Otis, publisher of the Los Angeles Times; M. H. De Young, of the San Francisco Chronicle—every repudiated leader of the old days of railroad domination—were confidently planning a return to power. Open threats were made that the direct primary law would be repealed and the Railroad Commission stripped of its powers. Johnson saw impending the wiping out of six years of progressive accomplishment and a return to the old days, when no young lawyer or politician dared challenge the power of a handful of corporate interests. He threw himself into the fight, deciding then and there to make the race for Senator, and to offer himself once more as a rallying point for the forces of progress and honest government. The Republican primaries were approaching when Mr.

Hughes entered the state. His managers had been warned that the old guard would attempt to use him as a stalking-horse in their attempt to destroy Johnson and recapture the state government. But, in spite of warnings, he attended a meeting in San

Francisco at which Crocker presided and to which Johnson was not invited.

Then he finished his address with no mention of Johnson, no word of appreciation for what Johnson and his associates had accomplished.

The characters and records of the men who surrounded Mr. Hughes during his California visit spoke eloquently to the voters, just as did the characters and records of old-guard leaders active in his behalf in the East. But to know just how eloquently, one must realize what manner of man it was to whom the Republican candidate preferred them.

SEVEN years ago, Hiram W. Johnson was a brilliant trial lawyer in San Francisco, known chiefly as the man who had volunteered after Francis J. Heney had been shot down in the court room, and who had carried the prosecution of Abe Ruef to a successful conclusion. Six years ago he was inaugurated governor after a spectacular campaign which wrested the state from railroad control of forty years standing, and from a conception of politics quite as cynical and quite as demoralizing as any ever held by followers of "Boss" Tweed. For six years he has ruled California politics with a power almost despotic, but with a power derived in the beginning and constantly renewed by the people's utter confidence in his integrity, his devotion to the democratic ideal, and in a high seriousness of purpose, combined with quite unusual gifts as an administrator and leader. The barest record of progressive achievement in California under Johnson would crowd this page. It began with a program of reform in the machinery of popular government. The direct primary, the initiative, referendum and recall, woman suffrage, the wiping out of foolish national party lines in city and county elections—these were the fundamental reforms written into the constitution at Johnson's insistence, that the people might forever have at their disposal the machinery for obtaining the sort of government they desire. And having assured to the people the weapons of democracy, Johnson proceeded to use them in carrying out the most comprehensive program of social legislation ever executed by any state. California took the lead in workmen's compensation; protection of the immigrant and the unskilled migratory worker; limitation of women's work to eight hours a day; regulation of women's wages on the basis of a decent minimum; creation of a state marketing agency to protect the farmer and fruit-grower in a fair profit and the consumer from exploitation; protection of guileless investors

in lands and mines and oil; honest and intelligent regulation of railroads and public utilities; prison reform that began with liberal parole regulations, and went on from that to humane, intelligent wardens, adequate recognition of disease and physical abnormality as a cause of crime, establishment of a prison farm, and, through Fremont Older's efforts, to the dispatching of a gospel which reached Thomas Mott Osborne, who in turn cleaned up Sing Sing and made prison reform an issue in the East.

But no single measure capable of enactment by a state legislature is so important as the spirit behind it. Governor Johnson recognized that no Bismarckian program of social legislation will serve in a democracy. He regarded political and economic democracy as ends in themselves, and so he has worked in sympathy and co-operation with the organized labor movement of California. He has listened to their leaders, and when he could not in conscience bow to their judgment, they have opposed him as a friend with whom they differed, but with whose purposes they are in accord and in whose sincerity they believe.

Advocates for humanitarian legislation and for radical political reforms often stumble when they face the problems of administration. Johnson did not.

He proceeded to put into office a group of clean-living, hard-hitting young men. Several he took from San Francisco newspapers of influence. There was not a "reformer" in the group, in the sense that a reformer must be an intensely serious gentleman without humor. The young men around Johnson are slangy, sophisticated, intensely enthusiastic, devoted to the Chief, and full of innovation.

His newly established Board of Control encountered an unbelievable crew of incompetents and rascals attached to the state pay-roll and sharing the spoils of graft with dishonest contractors. The young men who composed the Board smashed up gang after gang with the gusto and clan of a winning football team rushing its opponent's line. Every man around Johnson likes his job. He is having the time of his life. And the people long ago grew accustomed to picking up the morning paper and reading of abuses wiped out; public enemies warded in conflict; money saved to taxpayers or to shippers and consumers.

ONE might imagine the people of California would become surfeited with excellence and high intention, would become restive under the absolute dominance of their politics and their institutions by one man. For politics still vies with the sporting-page in American life, and the public is sometimes as finicky about its political likes and dislikes as it is about its heroes of the diamond and the ring. And here Johnson scores again. After any Californian has ever prejudiced against the man, what is Johnson's abiding trait, and he would reply, in rude but good old Anglo-Saxon: "His guts!" Johnson has that God-given quality in a measure that endears him to men who would not be attracted by the greatest program of social legislation ever conceived. There is something sturdy and virile and magnificently healthy about the man's personality. In public he hits at his enemies with a marvelous driving force, sentence following sentence in a throbbing, rhythmic session, quite unlike the manner of any other public speaker. He has a genius for reducing an issue to its simplest terms, going to the heart of it, as a pugilist finds his opponent's weakest spot. In his memorable 1910 campaign, when men smiled and said the Southern Pacific machine could never be defeated, he was criticized for the lack of constructive proposals in his campaign speeches. They followed one everlasting theme: "If elected I will kick the Southern Pacific out of politics." And not until he had done it did he turn his attention to the

truly remarkable program of constructive legislation that now stands achieved.

Hiram Johnson sees things in black and white. You are for him or against him, for his kind of government or against it. He gets mad and stays mad. Railroad attorneys and newspaper editors discovered this early. He has refused to shake hands with men who sought him in 1910 as agents of the bad old order. There is none of the sentimental feeling that "after all, Smith is a good fellow, and Jones seems to be with us now." Newspaper men representing reactionary corporation-controlled papers complain that he treats them outrageously. He does not say "I know you are a good fellow; you can't help your paper's policy."

Johnson is very much of a man's man. He is a baseball fan. He likes the movies, particularly cow-boy pictures. When he attended the University of California, as classmate and fraternity-mate of Franklin K. Lane, he was a star baseball player. Today, at 50, with graying hair, he prefers the grand stand or the front-seat of the automobile in which he has carried his gospel of honest government and social justice to every mining camp and lumber town "from Siskiyou to San Diego, from the Sierras to the sea." In private Johnson throws off all superficial dignity. His talk is sometimes Rabelaisian. Among his friends he talks with engaging frankness about his own faults and failings, as he conceives them. He has personal charm because of this frankness, this contrast between great strength of character and a boyish whimsicality that refuses to take himself, or others, too seriously.

At Sacramento, Johnson as Governor has lived in the beautiful old house where Lincoln Steffens was brought up before his father sold it to the state, as the executive mansion. There is taste and sophistication and the best of good living there, under the direction of her whom Johnson calls always "the Boss." Ninety miles away in San Francisco is his own home, tasteful, handsome, but unpretentious, high on Russian Hill, looking down sheerly on San Francisco Bay, the Golden Gate, and, nearer, the Latin quarter. Johnson's two sons, both very like their father, are established in law practise in the city, and his household is now the resort of children except when the two grandsons come to call.

It will be hard for Johnson to leave this domain, where the people know him, love him, and trust him with absolute power, for a Senator's place in Washington. He is not a man of means, and California's generous way with its governors has alone made it easy to give up a big practise to serve the people at Sacramento.

Only one thing is certain about Johnson as Senator. He will find an issue and he will fight. There will be no trimming of his sails with the 1920 convention. There will be no compromising with those old-guard leaders who this year threw victory away, for the Republican party. And in him the great democratic movements in the political and economic and industrial fields will find a sturdy addition to the effective champions of their cause. As Governor he went from Sacramento to his home city of San Francisco and threw all his eloquence into the scales for the building of a city-owned street railway system. Ridiculing the arguments of the corporation newspapers, he said: "The people are capable of owning and operating their sewerage system; there is no profit in that; they are capable of owning and operating their fire department and their police department; there is no profit there. But they must not own and operate their street railways, because if doing that they might actually make a profit!" Today, the efficient and profitable municipal railways of San Francisco are demonstrating beyond doubt and quibble the soundness of his stand.



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Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

His Own Home Town

(Continued from page 36)

face was full of the keenest interest. "He went away the same night that ye seen fit to remove yerself,"

Hanlon's smile was little removed from a snarl, "but he's been back more frequent. An' he's here now, on bail, for a job that would keep him busy for the next ten years, in anny other court. But Garrity is a clever man. If ye'll have naught to do with personal reasons, ask district-attorney Jameson why his case will be dismissed—oh, in six months, or so."

Pegleg finished half incoherent with rage, yet Jimmy's acceptance of his complaints was almost casual.

"Maybe," he mused in reply, "How are you going to prove it, Hanlon, if it's true? It's one thing to ask where the money for that paving job went—Tivotson, here, tells me we've been asking just such questions for the last half dozen years—but it's another thing to be able to tell. You insist that there was a split-up between the electric crowd and the administration, but it's another thing to prove it—isn't that true, Tivotson?"

For one instant Pegleg had forgotten to glower with rage. He was listening almost breathlessly. Twice the little city editor licked his lips and set his jaw, as Jimmy's hand fell intimately upon his elbow. And then he reached uneasily for the bottle.

"A fine chance," exclaimed Tivotson, and his gasp of relief was all out of proportion to the size of the drink which he presently consumed. "A fine chance of ever getting anything on that bunch."

Pegleg Hanlon sat and drummed on the table and stared at his plate. There was a hint of disappointment in Hanlon's attitude quite as obvious as the city editor's bland self-satisfaction. But Jimmy Gordon appeared far from displeased with the interview, which terminated there, more abruptly than it had begun.

On the way back to the office Tivotson elaborated volubly upon the iniquitous cleverness of the party in power which argued against their ever being hailed to justice. He wagged his head over the matter, and waxed out of breath, for he was bared put to it to keep pace with Jimmy's long stride.

It was not a great distance from Hanlon's to the *Courier* office, but it was the hour most favored for lunch by a large portion of Warchester's representative citizens, and more than once Jimmy had reason to suspect that already T. Elihu Banks had passed that way. Yet he found more amusement in the hearing of the little man beside him, than he did in the exceeding cordiality of the greetings which featured his passage that morning. And when he realized suddenly that Tivotson was the only one whom he could remember, who had evinced an open and aggressive pride in his companionship, he slipped one hand inside his city editor's elbow. Nor was this a part of the effort in which he and Pegleg had collaborated at lunch. Already he was certain of how much Tivotson knew. He was remembering how hungrily he had once watched the principals strut across the stage, and wondered at his own insignificance. To Tivotson he was a principal now. He felt sorry for the little man.

It was two hours after he reached the office of the *Courier* before Jimmy looked up from the task to which he set himself as soon as he had reached his desk. Tivotson had been watching him, curiously, while he worked, and the latter crossed with some haste to take the sheets of closely written copy which Jimmy held out to him.

"Tomorrow's issue?" he asked, though the question was a mere matter of form.

Jimmy's brisk nod made him start. "Six o'clock extra," the new owner of the *Courier* replied. "Run it front page, scare-heads. I want every

man who passes a news-stand to see and read the head-lines."

Thereupon Tivotson set himself to read, but he was aghast before he had encompassed a single paragraph.

"You're going to—run this?" he stammered.

Jimmy Gordon had drawn a dog-eared manuscript from his pocket and was eying it strangely. His answer was anything but animated.

"Just at it stands, please," he said pleasantly.

Tivotson's very body seemed to shrink.

"Why, good Lord!" he breathed. "That—why, if you ever try to get into his house, after printing that—he—he'll throw you out."

"I hope he does," said Jimmy cheerfully. "If I ever try to, I hope he does."

The city editor had trouble with his speech.

"But he—he offered you," he managed, and then became inarticulate.

"An entrée into the very best circles, Tivotson, wasn't it—social and financial?" Jimmy had turned and

was speaking quickly as though he dared not pause, lest he lose an opportunity for which he had been waiting. "Do you know, once I think I'd almost have sold out. On my honor, I believe I would, had they given me the chance; but not now, Tivotson. That's where T. Elihu made his mistake—he waited too long. You see, Tivotson, I'm no longer an' they are the best people. Don't look so horrified, man. We'll keep it a secret, and my opinion is only my own. I guess I must be a black sheep at heart."

But Jimmy smiled over the confession; he continued to smile after Tivotson had gone from the room to give orders for the first extra that the paper had run in years. And he was leaning slowly through the blue-bound first act which once he had carried to Carl Hardy, the ghost of a grin lurking upon his lips, when the city editor returned. Now and then he stopped to stare up Front Street, now and then he paused to make a careful note. Abel Thompson looked in upon him several times, only to retreat, greatly impressed by his employer's preoccupation. And Jimmy had become accustomed to the opening and closing of the door, and gave it no notice when it creaked open again, a little before four.

He had reached the first-act curtain, and was nodding absently to himself, the line of his lips faintly suggestive of mockery, when a low voice brought him to his feet.

"Very nice editors always rise, whenever I enter, Jimmy," it said.

Carol Landis had come on lighter feet than T. Elihu's. She stood only a pace away, a slender and scarcely taller figure than that one which the boy had surprised, years back, before the mirror, in a mad little costume of black. She was in white now, from the pattern upon her head, to the high-heeled pumps she wore.

Once, on that other occasion, Jimmy Gordon had sulked and spoken with masculine ungraciousness concerning her first engagement. And now, as he rose, he was only awkward and embarrassed. Which, after all, was the prettiest compliment that he could have paid her.

"I didn't hear you enter," he explained soberly. "I think I was—"

Some of the laughter went out of the girl's eyes. T. Elihu Banks' scrutiny had been frankly and arrogantly an appraisal. She managed hers with more kindness and more tact, yet he was conscious of it, and of the conclusions at which she arrived. Decidedly hers was the greater ease.

"There's ink on your cuffs, Jimmy," she admonished him, "and a smudge on your cheek as usual. Go and wash

(Continued on page 43)

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PHOTO BY SARONY, N. Y.

Miss Elsie Ferguson

When a woman has so much beauty, success, and odoron, nothing remains for one except to join the admiring throng. Which is one reason why New York audiences ore crowding the performances of "Shirley Koye"—o new comedy by Hulbert Footner, in which Elsie Ferguson is starring.

His Own Home Town

(Continued from page 38)

yourself. I want you to take me out to the club to tea."

The order was reminiscent of other days when his obedience had been ungallant at times, but always more or less certain. From the very inconsequential ring which she hurried to give the command, Jimmy knew that she was expecting him to demur. But the thought behind his momentary hesitation was not the one which she suspected.

"As your guest, Carol," he said, "if you're sure that you—" He broke off here to give way to explanation. "Mr. Banks dropped in this morning to welcome me home. He, too, suggested the club, whenever I cared to avail myself of his kindness. But I'm afraid that after five o'clock he will have changed his mind. I'm afraid that his offer will have been automatically withdrawn."

She did not understand as thoroughly as she might have, had she read the sheets which Tivotson had carried out, a short time before, to the press-room. But she sensed the depth of his gravity. And when he returned, with the ink-smudge removed from his cheek, he knew that she had been talking with the city editor, even though it was of the dog-eared first act, with its freshly penciled corrections, of which she spoke.

"It's the one that you took to Carl Hardy, years ago, isn't it?" she asked.

As he nodded she rolled the script up and tucked it under an arm.

"I want to read it—professionally," she explained. "I'm in dire straits for a vehicle, Jimmy."

CHAPTER XIV

THE "COURIER" PRINTS AN EXTRA

THAT afternoon Jimmy Gordon learned just how swiftly the news of T. Elihu's visit to the *Courier's* office had gone abroad. And he was vouchsafed some inkling of the fruits which it might be expected to bear.

The wide veranda of the Hills Club grew very quiet as he helped "Warchester's own daughter" to alight from the public conveyance which had toiled with them up the long grade, but in the silence there was only a vast curiosity. They stared—the half-score of men and girls who sat at wicker tables beneath the striped awnings—yet their regard was far from that with which they might have discouraged an interloper. Indeed, there was a certain eagerness upon more than one face, which Carol Landis would have noticed, had she not been thinking only of the man who mounted the steps beside her.

That afternoon she gave all the skill of which she was capable to the perfection of their entrance, without even realizing that the stage had already been prepared for just such a scene. Her hand lay upon the prodigal's sleeve as they threaded their way to a table tucked back in the corner of the veranda; she talked blithely and laughed up into his face as he seated her. And it was not until the steward had come and gone that she looked up and learned from the look in his eyes that he knew how hard she had been trying to make it easy for him.

"I began to know how kind you were, yesterday," he thanked her. "This afternoon the lesson is complete. But I—'d rather you didn't feel sorry for me, any longer." His eyes swept the nearer table, meaningly. "Apparently, and I needed no such corroboration, I'm a much to be envied man."

She grew warmly self-conscious at that—and then the arrival of Sidney Banks at their table cut short her rejoinder. Sidney had come as rapidly as he was able, direct from the courts. Feet wide-spread, he stood huge and hot and high-colored, and left no one

in that vicinity ignorant of the degree or the phrasing of his welcome. More than that, he seated himself and remained until Carol Landis dismissed him, so firmly that he could not maintain longer his jovial refusal to go. And his was the example which the rest followed. Men drifted over from neighboring tables. They stopped on their way from golf-course to refreshment, for a hand-shake and a word or two. But the girl found the expression which settled upon the face of the man across from her—length impossible to be endured in silence.

"Not in bitterness, Jimmy, boy, I beg you," she whispered. "Oh, you haven't forgotten how to laugh!"

Color stained his cheeks at that. Once or twice before then he had taken his watch from his pocket. He looked up from it now so abruptly that Carol turned to follow his gaze, which had gone beyond her. A car had drawn up in the driveway; a tall and black-haired girl, ineffably cool and possessed, was coming up the steps, bowing crisply to those who called out in greeting. And suddenly Carol found much of interest in the grounds within her cup.

"Miss Evelyn Latham, Jimmy," she murmured. "But of course you remember. And I shall not mind, very much, if you go over to speak to her—if you're not gone too long."

But Evelyn Latham was already approaching their table, with Lloyd Jameson, father even than he had been eight years before and somehow chastened in bearing, following as closely as his bulk would permit. In the tall girl's salute and that of her companion, both Carol and the man to whom they were addressed, found a quality different from those which had gone before.

"You are Jimmy Gordon, of course." She spoke with exceeding abruptness. "You used to watch me from your window." She laughed coolly as Jimmy flamed red. "I might have been more appreciative once, but"—and she stopped to shrug her shoulders. "We're giving a dance tomorrow night for the usual crowd. Will you please, come, Mr. Gordon?"

She had turned away before he could reply, and was speaking, still with her odd abruptness to Carol. And then Jimmy found Lloyd Jameson facing him. Lloyd's face was shamed.

"If I were you, Gordon," he said heavily, "and you were me, I suppose I'd turn my back upon you. But—maybe you're more generous. I played you very dirty once, but do you mind shaking hands with me and letting me tell you that I'm almost as sorry as I am ashamed?"

Jimmy did not know how to reply, and Evelyn Latham's brusqueness saved him the need.

"Miss Landis promises to bring you tomorrow night, Mr. Gordon," she said, "if it is possible. Come along, Lloyd. Did I hear you trying to apologize for something again?"

As directly as she had come, she returned to the car, and in going she left no doubt in the minds of all observers of what her errand had been. There was a maliciously mischievous glint in Carol's eyes after her departure.

"The fairy princess, Jimmy," she whispered, "so I'm afraid that my afternoon is spoiled. She remembered, you see! I'm asking you, tearfully, to take me home."

His smile was so apologetically like that of the boy she had known in other years that it hurt her. He was looking at his watch again as he rose.

"There'll be a lot of them who'll have forgotten that they ever knew me by this time tomorrow," he answered whimsically. "There's no coach waiting, Carol—not even a pumpkin—and I ordered that driver to drive, a little before, I think if you don't mind walking, perhaps—"

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This time it was he who broke off to turn and follow the direction of her gaze. Sidney Estabrook Banks had appeared at that instant from within, his face frightfully congested. He took a step in Gordon's direction, and stopped. He would have spoken, and seemed to think better of that impulse and sneered instead. And when he wheeled and spoke rapidly to several who had risen in consternation, Carol looked bewilderedly up into Jimmy's face.

"What is it?" she asked. It was the tall, thin figure in shabby tweeds who contrived a graceful exit, but the face was very white.

"Not even a pumpkin coach," he murmured again, as they crossed the lawn and cut over the fields toward town. "I stayed too late." He wheeled then, fiercely vehement: "I'm sorry." He was breathing hard. "That was humiliating, for you." And then, with an edge to his laughter: "Tivotson's extra must be on the street."

Half the way home he was so moodily apologetic that she could not rage at him as she had in other years. But when he spoke at length concerning T. Elihu's visit that morning, she thought to see the opening for which she had hoped.

"Then why did you refuse?" she demanded hotly. "If—if all that—" she flung her head back toward the club-house from which they had come—"if all that means so much to you, why didn't you accept it at their terms?"

The mild astonishment which that outbreak evoked surprised her.

"Means so much to me," he echoed. And then he seemed to grasp the meaning of her speech. "Perhaps it's because I'm still uncertain, Carol, whether they'd have me, at any rate."

That brought an angrier light to her eyes. But when he would have taken leave of her at the door of the cottage which was no longer diably in need of paint, she refused to let him go.

"I'm tired of dining alone, Jimmy," she said, "and you've not told me anything about yourself. Do you mind staying?"

He smiled wistfully. "Do you mind letting me stay?" he asked.

And with that she slipped her hand into his and clung tight to his fingers. "It's only yesterday," she said in a small voice. "You've grown taller, Jimmy, and your clothes still have that miraculous appearance of having been made for you alone, but you've not grown up. Will you wait out here for me. There are things to read, if you wish. I'll be back as quickly as I can." She paused in the doorway and flung him a persistently cheerful backward glance. "You've not told me yet, Jimmy, that I've become something of a beauty," she laughed. "I doubt if there is anybody else in town, who hasn't told me, several times at least."

She was gone before he could answer, and he sat immobile during her absence. Nor did he realize how long she really was, or find the waiting irksome. And when she came quietly down-stairs, the white costume changed for a frock of palest green, she stood a long moment or two in the doorway, a tiny pulse growing and growing in her throat as she watched his face. Then he heard her step; he wheeled and saw her standing there. And before his awkward speechlessness she dropped her head.

"That is pretty, Jimmy, and—very flattering," she murmured. "You could not have made it—more sincere."

She led the way inside to a small round table laid for two. She watched him sweep that changed front room with a glance.

"Like it?" she asked. "I did most of it myself."

"It's like you," he replied, and he spoke so diffidently, that she blinked back a suspicious moisture with some haste. But when she tried to turn the conversation into that channel,

she found that he would not talk about himself. And then she found fresh cause for astonishment in his familiarity with what she laughingly referred to as her career.

Lips parted and face eagerly forward-thrust she leaned toward him in the candlelight while he reviewed it, step by step.

"I missed the 'Satin Slipper,'" his statement was so painfully self-conscious that her bubbling laughter interrupted him—"the opening night here in Warchester, that is. But I saw it the next week in Providence. And the rest of them, one way or another, mostly from the balcony, I managed to witness on their first nights. Then you went West in stock; that was three years ago. Then you surprised them in Hardy's 'Three's a Crowd'; then 'Intoxication.' And now they say you'll be a star, I'm told Carl Hardy—"

Her eyes had become very, very bright during that recital.

"Your flowers came, that night we opened here in the Palace," she said, and then lips curled, she leaned even nearer until the points of light tinted dully the bronze of her bright head with gold. "I've never thanked you for them until now. But now I thank you, oh, greatly. But there's one thing you've forgotten, Jimmy. Don't you remember that night you took me to rehearsal—the first night after you'd come home, to find I'd finally decided to go? Don't you remember my prophecy?"

He opened his lips, but she would wait for no answer.

"Well, here we are!" she rushed on, and she flung out both arms in an ecstatic little gesture that embraced them both. "Don't you see, Jimmy, the table for two—and the candles—and no flowers to bother at all. And I—I need a play!"

And with that, suddenly and inexplicably, she was very near again to tears. He was trying very hard to play up to her lead.

"Only you promised to be very haughty, at first," he reminded her slowly, and instead—

"I find it too difficult a rôle, Jimmy," she replied. "I've read that first act again. Did you think I was dressing all that time? And I haven't been too haughty for fear you'll carry it to a more appreciative leading lady." She waited, and toyed with the silver. "You—you haven't given up trying, have you?" she asked. "It isn't just Warchester and Warchester's approval that you want, is it?"

But now that he was looking at her she would not meet his eyes. "You like it?" he asked quietly.

"Yes!" "Honestly, you believe that it is worth finishing?"

"Yes—yes," she flung back at him. "I know it. I want to send it to Mr. Hardy again, if you'll have a copy made for me. Will you?" "I'll have it copied tomorrow," he promised.

And he led her so surely into a discussion of a further development of that one act that she believed it was she who was leading him away from less pleasant thoughts. Several hours later she let him go only after he had promised to start upon a second act before the week was old. She watched from behind a drawn shade and saw that he stood long after she had closed the door, his head bared. Before her mirror she found that her eyes were wet. She wrote Carl Hardy a glowing letter concerning a playwright of great promise whose work she meant to bring to his notice before many days.

And Jimmy Gordon had made his way through barbed-wire fence and orchard and come out before the Latham hedge, before he had any clear recollection either of his whereabouts or his destination. He had been content merely to walk, and habit had led the way, but the way he stopped suddenly in the shadow, a chance audience of a bit of drama, realistic in the extreme, which was being enacted across the way.

The door of T. Elihu Banks' great brick house opened and shot a stream of pale light out into the night. T. Elihu's huge body stood framed in the doorway; the patch of radiance revealed before him a smaller, shambling figure in ill-fitting clothes. The latter seemed to find difficulty with his lines. T. Elihu supplied the action of the scene. Jimmy Gordon watched him swing Tivotson by the scruff of his neck to the top of the stairs and kick him toward the sidewalk. T. Elihu seemed to be talking. Then he turned and closed the door.

A moment later Jimmy assisted his city editor to his feet. Together they turned their steps, without haste, for Tivotson had need to travel slowly, toward the *Courier* office downtown. And neither the proprietor of that sheet, nor its city editor, noticed that they left lying there upon T. Elihu's where the red-headed copy from the latter's pocket, a red-headlined copy of the first extra that the *Courier* had run in years.

THE walk back to the *Courier* office, toward which the owner of that ill-famed sheet and its ill-famed editor turned their steps, was accomplished in silence; but Jimmy sensed the outburst to come in Tivotson's stifled breathing.

The brisk walk, assisted by the night air, completed the process which the point of the night had not begun. And Tivotson was sober enough to mount the stairs to the upper editorial room without assistance, in spite of the blackness of the passageway, when they finally reached that destination. In truth, he did stumble over the top of the door, and tumbled with a crash into a chair as he groped for his desk in the darkness. But that was due to no unsteadiness of foot. And Jimmy barely smothered a gasp, as he found the button and switched on the light.

The city editor's eyes were glazed and fixed; there was a cut across one eyebrow, not deep or dangerous, but none the less distinctly far from decorative. Mud he had acquired liberally and lost his hat; and his collar, guileless of tie, being loose from the band of his shirt, hung in a waggish, flapping curl above one ear.

Yet it was the disorder of the man's face and not that of his habits, which amazed his employer, who, in a degree, had been prepared for some such spectacle. Tivotson was indeed sober when he should have been very, very drunk, considering all that he had consumed since the five o'clock extra appeared on the streets, but his face was twisted and alarmingly white with the shock which had sobered him.

A very certain change had taken place in Tivotson. It was self-evident in the little man's shambling, slack body, which was slack and shambling no longer.

For many years his illusions concerning himself, being anything but rapt. It was in another quarter that his sentiments had suffered a violent readjustment. And then, with startling suddenness, out of complete quiet, he began to laugh.

At the first hysterical cackling Jimmy Gordon whirled in his own chair near the window. He had heard men break down with just such laughter, just before they began to scream with terror, and he was half-prepared to find his city editor climbing upon the desk, or shudderingly covering his eyes from visions which most heartily he did not want to see. But when he turned, Tivotson was still in his place, his face gaunt and ghostly and strained in the half-light.

And he continued to laugh shrilly, with no mirth in the high-pitched exclamations, until, from very heartlessness, he could laugh no longer.

"No proof!" he chuckled then huskily, and Jimmy's own body tautened as he realized that Tivotson was harking back to their luncheon conversation at Hanlon's. "No proof!" And with that he needs must laugh again until he choked. Then, for the first

time, he looked his employer squarely in the eye.

"I'm sober," he assured that silent figure. "Cold sober."

Jimmy nodded. Tivotson's next words seemed in the nature of a mental digression.

"Banks kicked me off his front steps a while ago," he said vaguely, but the vagueness was in no way reassuring so far as Tivotson's sentiments toward the gentleman mentioned were concerned.

"I happened to be watching," said Jimmy simply. "I helped you up."

It was Tivotson's turn to nod.

"That's so," he mused. "I'd forgotten."

A pause ensued. "Any idea why I was calling upon our esteemed fellow townsman?" he inquired, with an odd mixture of woe-begone defiance and level-eyed bitterness.

"None whatsoever," Jimmy lied gravely.

"I went up to tip him off that you were going to get him if you could. I went up to tell him that you said you hoped he'd kick you out if you ever tried to enter his house." He pointed to a copy of the afternoon extra. "As if that wasn't enough! But I'd forgotten—that's how drunk I was. And—" Tivotson's voice grew almost ruminative—and he kicked me but instead. That's funny, isn't it? But you don't know yet how much it is. I've been selling this sheet out to T. Elihu Banks for the last ten years—selling anything that was worth a dollar to T. Elihu, hours before it was printed. And I was going to sell you—that's the kind of a dog I am—the same day as I was to sell you with me and treated me like something human. But he kicked me off his steps, just because he had to have something to kick, and I was handy. And why not? Wouldn't a dog like me come around again the next morning—when I was drinking for me?"

Jimmy's eyes had never left Tivotson's. When he perceived that the latter was awaiting a reply, he grinned a little crookedly.

"I don't know—would he?" he murmured. Tivotson ignored this question. He had picked up the copy of the extra and was reading from it with savagely satirical mockery.

"HOW DID YOU GET AWAY WITH IT, T. ELIHU?" he drew the huge headline, and then he attacked it with the same dangerously shaken voice the body of the short but sensational text.

"Today the *Courier* had the unexpected honor of playing host to T. Elihu Banks, talked of as a Senatorial possibility. The esteemed gentleman called upon us in person, and while in—thirty as it assured him, is not yet in the political market, there is one question vital to us which we would like to ask. Nothing so far removed as a Senatorial nomination interests us—that is today. We are, as is perhaps well known, only about two jumps ahead of bankruptcy. Yet we are hopeful. After having given the Traction franchise deal, the Main Street paving deal, etc., a cursory examination, we take courage. There seems to be easy money to be made at home, if one only knows the ropes. How should we proceed to get away with it, T. Elihu?"

When Tivotson finished, Jimmy was smiling.

"I rather like that paragraph. But you had better know better than to go near him tonight," he admonished his city editor with whimsical gravity. "I don't think we pleased T. Elihu, do you?"

"Why don't you throw me out of the window?" Tivotson mumbled numbly in reply.

And suddenly the ache in the little man's eyes was so dull and dispirited a thing that Jimmy could not sit and watch it. He rose and crossed and dropped both hands on the drooping shoulders.

"We black-sheep must stick to—"

(Continued on page 48)



Many workers with much labor and time cannot equal the 100% cleaning of the ARCO WAND. Does away with drudgery and fatigue

ARCO WAND cleaning tools reach everywhere and do all the cleaning in the easiest way and shortest time—no need of many workers

Equals many workers

Not only in *thoroughness* but in the *great variety* of uses does the ARCO WAND take the place of extra help and servants. The operator is not fatigued at all—the real work is done by the ARCO WAND machine in the basement or side room.

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Ask Your Dealer—Guaranteed at \$175 up

ARCO WAND shows wonderful success after 5 years of use in all kinds of buildings—Residences, Apartments, Schools, Hotels, Churches, Clubs, Office Buildings, Factories, etc. Costs about a penny a day to run. No other up-keep expense. Also made for gasoline engine power. Write for copy of book "Arco Wand"—tells the whole story with many illustrations of the equipment and its uses.

Write to Department C-1 AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY S. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill. S15-5221 Makers of the world-famous IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators



Machine is set in basement at side room. A suction pipe runs to each floor. ARCO WAND Vacuum Cleaners hose and tools, an outfit by all Heating and Plumbing Trade, in sizes at \$175 up. Price does not include labor, connections and freight.

SMITH BROTHERS' S.B. COUGH DROPS

Absolutely Pure. Just enough charcoal to sweeten the stomach.

Put a Drop in your mouth at bedtime to loosen the phlegm

Made by the Makers of S. B. Chewing Gum and Lozenges Cases

YOKE BOOK GIVEN

Contains newest designs in Yokes for Corsets, Gowns, Night Gowns, Combination Suits, etc. In Introduction Department Dept. Plans, Patterns, Book \$1.00, and contains in every copy 100% of the best of the best.

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Colors in Whites and Browns—size 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

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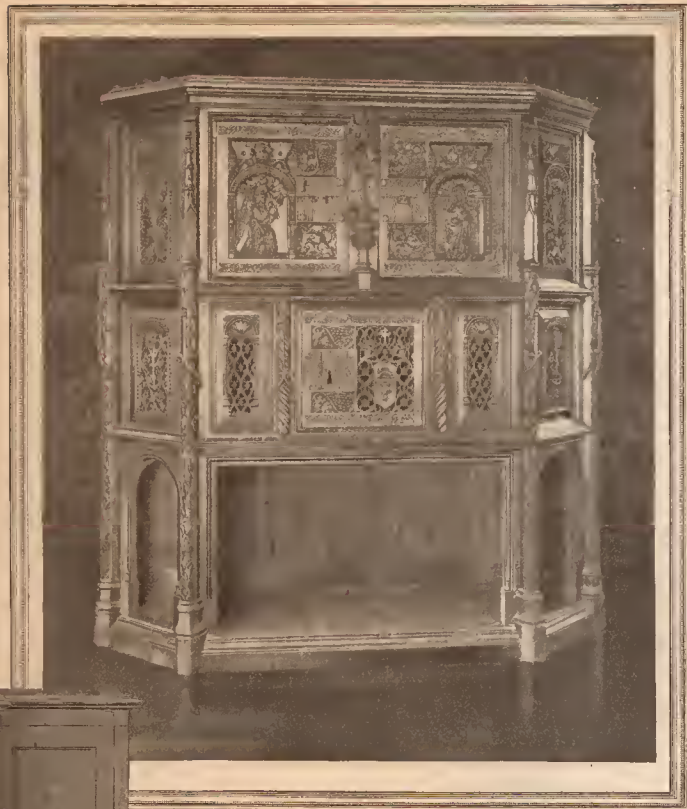
2nd—A big book containing up-to-date designs for 100 Artistic HOMES.

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ALL THE ABOVE SPECIAL \$1.00

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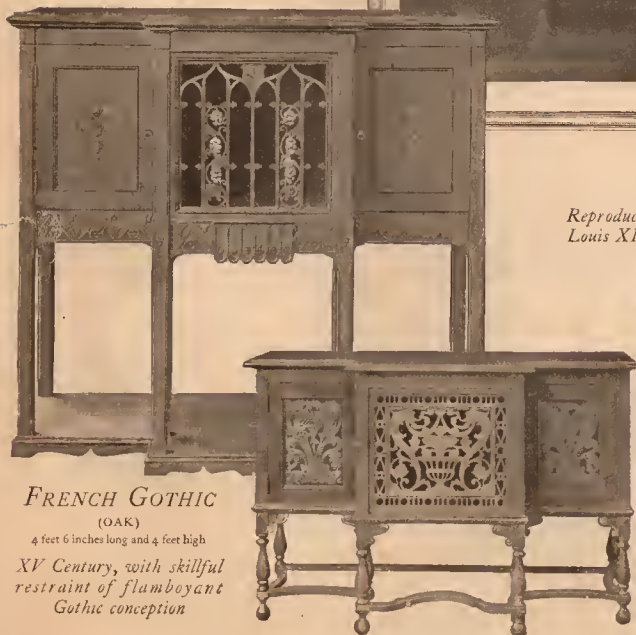
THESE NEW EDISON instruments are equipped with electric motors, electric automatic stops and complete electric lighting systems, thus combining the historic design of the cabinets themselves with the most modern and convenient equipment.



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(OAK) 7 feet long and 7 feet 1 inch high

Reproduced from a celebrated cabinet of the reign of Louis XII, now the property of the French Government



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HISTORIC CABINETS \$6,000 - and down

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REPRODUCED FROM OLD WORLD MASTERPIECES FOR

The NEW EDISON

"the phonograph with a soul"

THOMAS A. EDISON'S genius and \$3,000,000 of his money, courageously spent in research work, have recently given to the world an instrument which literally Re-creates all forms of music. To prove that this is true, Marie Rappold, Anna Case, Arthur Middleton and eighteen other great artists have stood beside this new invention and sung in direct comparison with its Re-Creation of their voices. Three hundred thousand music lovers have heard these astonishing tests and they, as well as the music critics of nearly three hundred of America's principal newspapers, concede without reservation or qualification that the New Edison's Re-Creation of an artist's voice cannot be detected from the original. Instrumentalists have made similar tests with similar results. Edison has accomplished the miracle of Music's Re-Creation.

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as much superior, in a furniture sense, to familiar kinds of talking machine cabinets as the New Edison is superior, in a musical sense, to all other devices for the reproduction of musical sounds. A competition was held among designers and two master craftsmen were selected, who have produced what are not alone the finest phonograph cabinets in the world, but also deserve to take place with the finest furniture of any description to be found in America. The illustrations on these pages give but a faint idea of these wonderful cases. Licensed dealers will show you large prints in colors.

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Please do not ask an Edison dealer to sell you Edison Re-Creations if you intend to attempt to play them on any other instrument than the New Edison. No other instrument can bring out the true musical quality of Edison Re-Creations. Furthermore, injury to the records is likely to result if you attempt to play them on an ordinary phonograph or talking machine.

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ELIZABETHAN

(OAK)
5 feet long and 3 feet 8 inches high

Reproduced from an old English court cupboard

XVIII CENTURY ENGLISH

(MAHOGANY)
4 feet 8 inches long and 3 feet 4 inches high

Contains hand painted decorations characteristic of the latter half of the XVIII Century



SHERATON

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5 feet long and 3 feet 4 inches high

Reproduced from an old Sheraton piece, and typical of the best work of the great Sheraton

QUEEN ANNE

(WALNUT)
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Typical commode formation of the time of Queen Anne. Decorated with Chinese motifs, a form of embellishment much in favor at that time





HOW do you know
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It's the fragrance of coffee that appeals. It's the pure fragrance of a good tobacco that refreshes and delights you. Your nose knows first. Pure fragrance is the indication of fitness, the supreme guarantee of tobacco satisfaction.

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It has all the pure fragrance of the sunny "blue grass" fields of Old Kentucky, preserved by the blending of tender ripe Burley leaves, carefully matured and scientifically packed. Tuxedo's pure fragrance is the perfume of all that is good in good tobacco. Your nose knows.



Try this Test: Rub a little Tuxedo briskly in the palm of your hand to bring out its full aroma. Then smell it deep its delicious, pure fragrance will convince you. Try this test with any other tobacco and we will let Tuxedo stand or fall on your judgment.

"Your Nose Knows"

The American Tobacco Co.



His Own Home Town

(Continued from page 45)

gether, Tivotson," he repeated his words of the day before. "It's positively our only chance in Warchester."

With that Tivotson's breakdown was absolute. Jimmy went back to his window and waited. And at last, when quiet had come again, he felt Tivotson looking at him. He spoke without lifting his chin from his hand.

"You spoke of proof, Tivotson," he said. "Do you feel sure you could—"

He got no further with his tentative question. Tivotson interrupted him.

"Proof! Sure! Didn't I get my bit? Wasn't I in on every deal? Don't I know what Latham split, and Banks—and District Attorney Jameson—yes, and Wainwright, too? Washington, eh! Washington! Why, I'm going to send those crooks to jail!"

Tivotson stormed up to his climax with a wrath so righteous that Jimmy could no longer control himself. He gave way to immoderate laughter that left him with tears in his eyes. Tivotson sat watching him with an appreciative grin.

"I told you it was funny," he said. "It is," Jimmy answered, when he gained self-control, "only—only there's one flaw in your beautifully benevolent plan. You'd be likely to go, too, you see."

The grin was wiped from Tivotson's face, and an almost injured look replaced it.

"But that's the joke—that's the funny part of it," he answered.

"Won't I have a select coterie of Warchester's best people to keep me company?"

JIMMY gave it up and again succumbed to mirth.

"Now I know you're sober, Tivotson," he said. "Your sense of humor is delicious, if you'll pardon the word. To show your appreciation I'd ask you to step out and have a drink with me, only I suppose you aren't drinking any more, are you?"

"I—I don't know," he stammered ludicrously. "Am I?"

"I took it for granted that you weren't, for a time, at least. If I'm wrong—"

Tivotson waved a lean hand, hung-dogged but game.

"Just as you say," he agreed. "It's immaterial anyhow. If I get what I hope's coming to them, it'll be a long, long drought for me."

"True enough," replied Jimmy, but he seemed to be thinking of something else. "And yet I'm afraid you'll have to forego that hope. I need you here, Tivotson. I can't spare you, just now. I need your saving sense of humor."

The pallid little man stiffened. "He kicked me off his front-steps," he reminded the other, stubbornly. "I've got to get him."

"We'll get him," said Jimmy—and his next words puzzled his city editor—and who could ask for a better second act curtain than that?"

Tivotson blinked. "Huh?" he asked. Jimmy's smile was diffident, almost apologetic.

"I'm glad I came back," he went on. "Tivotson, sometimes I think I'd rather be an underdog than sit in the high places of the mighty. One's view is less clouded—that's paradoxical enough, isn't it? And then one learns

to bear up under disappointment better—being disappointed often enough, God knows."

"I wish you'd write up your little experience of this evening. (Of course the climax is painful, but I'd dwell on it rather strongly, nevertheless.) Just tell our readers that the *Courier* returned Mr. Banks' call last night—returned it promptly and punctiliously—with a view to getting a personal answer to the question which we asked that gentleman in yesterday's extra. Make no secret of the fact that he kicked us off his front-steps, or of our injured feelings. I think I'd hint, rather plainly, that just for that we aren't going to let him be our Senator to Washington, and that we propose to answer the question ourselves, if they'll be patient awhile.

"Head it 'The *Courier* Returns T. Elihu's Call!' Get it in tomorrow's issue—but it's today's issue now—isn't it? I'll wait and go over it with you, when you've finished. I—I've some work of my own to do."

Tivotson turned with a yelp of enthusiasm to act upon the suggestion, but the tall thin figure in the shabby tweeds sat motionless at the window, a cigarette between his lips, his eyes tired, his pencil idle. While he watched, a yellow Airedale trotted into view on the silent street below. He seemed self-possessed and untroubled, yet glad to be home again. Jimmy recognized Hanlon's Oh Boy, back from his latest excursion. He watched him out of sight and then went suddenly to work.

He was half-hidden beneath the blue of a cloud of cigarette smoke when the city editor stopped at his elbow on his way to the pressroom.

"Extremely good, Tivotson," he murmured, but obviously his mind was not in the words. "Simple and plausible—and human—very human. Run it as it stands."

A N hour later, just before daybreak, Tivotson went home to change his clothes. Quite inexplicably, and without analyzing his new-found self-respect, the little man did not want to be seen on the streets in raiment such as that which draped him. And when he returned at nine in suit and shoes that fairly shrieked their newness to beholders, Jimmy was still at his desk, a dead cigarette between his lips, sorting into place, with fine preoccupation, a thick sheaf of closely written pages.

"Not too bad—as second acts go," Tivotson heard him murmur. "Some comedy—considerable heart-interest—and a note of suspense, and very, very human, as Hardy would say. Thank God for Tivotson; it needed just that touch. And now I'll get a wire off to Hardy before—"

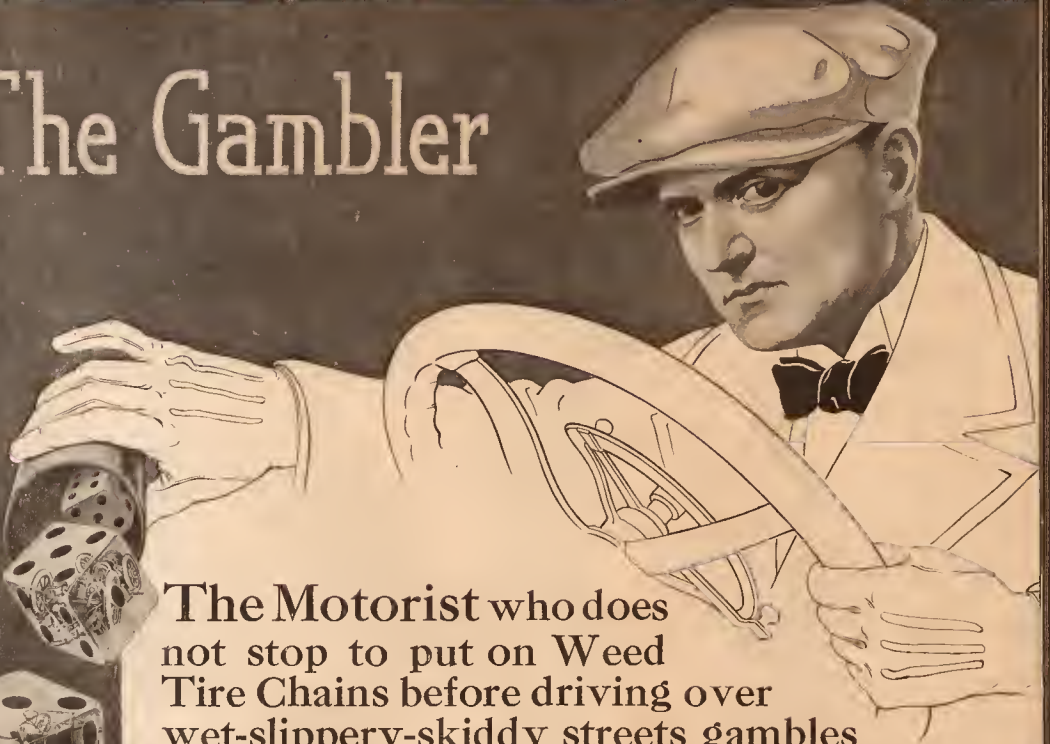
The rest of it Tivotson ignored. Thank God for Tivotson he heard, and when he did not exactly understand, the words brought a stain of color into his hollow cheeks. It was miracle enough to have found out that someone viewed his existence with something besides tolerance, without hearing that person mutter thanks in accents fervidly absent-minded. From that hour Tivotson's attitude was truly doglike. It was four o'clock in the afternoon before he remembered even to be thirsty.

["His Own Home Town" will be continued in the April number of the METROPOLITAN.]

Books Received

- HOW TO READ. J. B. Kerfoot. AMERICA AND THE NEW EPOCH. Chas. (Houghton-Mifflin. \$1.25 net) P. Steinmetz. (Harper & Bros. \$1.00 net)
- CASUALS OF THE SEA. William McFee. THE WORLD FOR SALE. Sir Gilbert Parker. (Harper & Bros. \$1.35 net)
- REBECCA WEST. ON HENRY JAMES. (Henry Holt & Co. 50 cents)
- MUSIC AND BAD MANNERS. Carl Van Vechten. (Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.50 net)
- AN APPROACH TO BUSINESS PROBLEMS. A. W. Shaw. (Harvard University Press. \$2.00 net)

The Gambler



The Motorist who does not stop to put on Weed Tire Chains before driving over wet-slippery-skiddy streets gambles with his life and the lives of others.

Some men would gamble with anything, from a counterfeit coin to life and property and all that they or others hold dear.

But at least they gamble for some stake which to them—if to no one else—seems worth the gamble. They do not risk their whole fortunes with only a few dollars to gain.

Why then, if time be precious, would they risk *all the time* allotted them here on earth, for the sake of a *few moments* of it now?

Yet, strange to say, this is just what some motorists do when *they fail to stop to put on Tire Chains before driving over wet-slippery-skiddy streets.* They gamble their automobiles, their limbs, their very lives, and the lives of others on the road—for no more than a little of their time to put on *Weed Chains, the only dependable safeguard against skidding.*

*Weed Chains for all Styles and sizes of
Tires are Sold by Dealers Everywhere.*

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, Inc.
SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF WEED CHAINS

Bridgeport Connecticut



In Canada—Dominion Chain Co. Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ontario



War and Good-Humor

(Continued from page 33)



If You Lived As The Cave Man Lived

Your health would take care of itself

THE cave man ate coarse food and lived a strenuous life in the open. His digestive apparatus was suited to that kind of an existence.

You inherit from the cave man the same internal mechanism, but you eat different food and you lead a different kind of a life.

Hence the almost universal prevalence of constipation and its constant menace to health.

Your problem is to adjust that "cave man" internal mechanism of yours to the sedentary life and concentrated food of civilized man. NUJOL accomplishes this adjustment by preventing the bowel contents from becoming hard, thus making natural movements easy. It doesn't upset the ordinary processes of digestion and it doesn't form a habit.

NUJOL is sold in pint bottles only, at all drug stores. Refuse substitutes—look for the name NUJOL on the bottle and package.

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Nujol

FOR CONSTIPATION

Send for booklet, "THE RATIONAL TREATMENT OF CONSTIPATION," Write your name and address plainly on margin below.

is unknown to them, and abominable. They have no word for it in their language. (Of course, they haven't many words, anyway, the poor, grunting creatures; but it certainly is odd that not one of their grunts stands for war.) The reason is that they have all the struggle they can attend to in their struggle with nature. Well, may not a time come when we shall all direct our efforts in that channel? Not because we have to, but because we'll be civilized or interested enough to prefer it. Isn't our pugnacious instinct a will-to-power rather than a mere will-to-quarrel? If so, "modern science offers three main outlets to our energy," says a recent sociological study: "power over nature, over other creatures, and over our own mental processes." If we can substitute these for power over men, why, it might end our wars. You get a feeling of mastery when, for instance, you sail around the globe, and see with your own eye its limits, another writer observes: "This sphere, you feel, is the principality of man." If men were agreed in their designs, the earth would be as clay in the hands of the potter." We could do almost anything with it.

But is it conceivable that men should ever be thus agreed? They aren't generous enough in spirit, when strains come. They don't care about understanding.

I HAVE been rereading an old book by Maeterlinck lately, the one called *Wisdom and Destiny*,* that he wrote nearly twenty years back. We can't all be heroes, he tells us, or admirable or happy, but even the least favored of us can be generous and brotherly, and can learn to look on his fellows without hatred or malice. We can learn to "forgive an offense with an ever nobler forgiveness," and we can teach ourselves "to obey the first signal of love." That sounds very gentle and lofty, but do you think it sounds *human*? Isn't it a bit smarmy? I remember when I first read this book, years ago, I said to myself: "This sweet fellow is getting too good." I was in a rather unphilosophical state myself at that time, but even so, I didn't want to make an ass of myself in dealing with others, and go further than seemed to me reasonable and practical and just.

But Maeterlinck took issue with me on this very point. He said I ought to go "infinitely further" than what seemed reasonable or just. "The idea that we hold to-day of duty and justice," he explained, "may seem clear to us now, and advanced . . . but how different will it appear a few centuries later." The moral standards of men ever tend, on the whole, to go forward. Certainly they have hugely advanced since the stone age, when all men were savages. He urged me, then, not to fear being too magnanimous, ever, but to go as far as I could possibly conceive, every time. "It is proved by man's whole history by the life of each one of us—that it is on the loftiest summit that right has always its dwelling."

That was what Maeterlinck thought before this war. But in his new volume of essays** we find a new Maeterlinck. Hatred and malediction are in him. His old religion is gone. It seems it was a fair-weather religion that couldn't

cope with events. He says he is surprised at this change in himself, also saddened, but he cannot help it: he didn't know. Germans were such beasts of prey. Since they are, the sage must scramble down from his heights, and revise his tender and rather too noble philosophy.

He's now quite unphilosophy. The crimes that Germany has committed since 1914 can never, he says, be atoned for. Germany must be destroyed as men destroy a nest of wasps. He says that some day new sages, perhaps, will arise who will call the standpoint he now takes not lofty enough. But that will simply show they don't know what they're talking about. They will not have had the experience of dealing with Germans.

All Germans, moreover, are guilty, not merely the Kaiser. If millions of "innocent" people support a monstrous king, he explains, it just shows how superficial their innocence is. Beneath their cordial, homely, peace-loving ways, it is clear that they must be detestable, and a bad lot at heart.

He hopes the Allies will remember never to pardon these fellows. "After the final victory," he says, "we shall have forgotten much of what we have suffered; and . . . when the enemy is crushed—as crushed he will be—efforts will be made to enlist our sympathy, to move us to pity." We must can all that pity stuff, however, says good Mr. Maeterlinck. The way we feel now is the right way. We must not relent. I can't make out just what he wants to have done to the Germans, since crushing them won't be enough; but I get the impression he thinks they should all be annihilated. You can't reform them, he says. Nothing can reform the German spirit. It will always be infamous.

At the end of his book, to be sure, he hedges a little. He has noticed that the men who do the fighting aren't as bitter as he is; they may detest "the enemy," these soldiers, but they do not hate "the man." In fact, when they take him prisoner, they recognize in him, "with astonishment," a brother in misfortune. But, mind you, they don't trust their brother, he hurries to add. He's the kind of a brother that is human only when he's unarmed. For the nature of the German is such, Mr. Maeterlinck tells us, "that so long as he possesses weapons he cannot resist the frenzy of destruction, treachery and slaughter."

Now, I'm down on Germany, and would like, if I could, to help beat her; but some of these wild words of Maeterlinck's are wicked rot. That is the Chinese way of looking at foreigners—not as men, but as "devils."

This new book of his puts Brother Maeterlinck in the ex-Sage class. He spent many years in studying life and the world, and in sizing them up, and in writing and preaching to us about being magnanimous. Now he has discovered that life isn't what he once thought it, and immediately he urges us to heed his new ideas on the subject. Well, I don't feel inclined to. His views are as unreliable on hate as they once were on love. In each case they are the projections of his own inner moods rather than the result of observing what life is and has been.

Of course, my own mood would be a black one if I were a Belgian. But still I should try, let me hope, to take my fate as the French do. Why are they so good-humored? Why is it they make fewer outcries than any one else? It's because they have had fewer illusions about what life really was. Their neighbors lived in a fool's paradise, and now scream in a fool's hell.

It's not life that gives us such shocks: It's our own wrong ideas of it. It reminds one of these melo-

* *Social Rule: A Study of the Will to Power.* By Elsie Clews Parsons. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London, 1916. \$1.00 net. An entertaining sociological storehouse of notes on this subject.

** *The Pyramid of Shame.* By Joseph McCabe. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, 1916. \$1.50 net. Windy but peppery attack on most of our dominant institutions and ideas, by an expert.

† *Wisdom and Destiny.* By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alfred Sutro. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, 1908.

** *The Wreck of the Storm.* By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, 1916.



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dramas we see at the movies. Act I: Young girl who never has looked at or thought of the world decides that she knows what it is: it's a garden of roses. Act II: Finds it isn't. Act III: Tears out her hair, wants to kill herself—she's so upset. Act IV: Sun happens to shine again—and she thereupon once more decides life's a garden of roses.

Now, if any one will take a good look at the world, in the first place, and take in what it's like, he or she won't go wandering through life in this absurd manner. Otherwise, we shall often feel tragic for no better reason than that the world's not the kind of place we supposed it to be.

Still, how can we men size it up in advance of experience? Look at H. G. Wells; he has tried to be clear-eyed about life. Yet even he was tremendously shaken up by this war. It made Maeterlinck fall off his religious heights and drop into hate, and it is making Wells fall from his old visions into religion. In each case the man is unready to face the world as it is. He cannot quite bear it.

Can you? Let us ask ourselves, what sort of a world we would best like to live in. Of course, there are lots of objectionable points about this one. But what kind of beings would we turn into, I wonder, if we were to move to some softer and easier planet? If you were deciding this question, in behalf of mankind, would you want us to try awhile longer to cope with this earth—learn to stop wars ourselves, clean things up, and thus earn our own progress? Or would you say, "Let us quit," and put us all in some cage, like canaries—some in silky, sweet, padded nursery, where life would be less hard? A nursery where nothing sad ever happened, nothing harsh or upsetting. And as we sat around there, eating gumpdrops, we could hang on the walls some pictures of our ancestors to look down upon our enjoyment—the vikings, sea-rovers, explorers, who were the fruits of old Earth.

***Mr. Britling Sees It Through. By H. G. Wells. The Macmillan Co. New York. 1914. \$1.50. An account of how one man adjusted his mind to this war. Loose, worthy, vivid kind of picture of the times we now live in.

Books Received

- THE LYNNEKERS. J. D. Beresford. (George H. Doran Co. \$1.50 net)
- BREATHLE AND BE WELL. William Lee Howard, M.D. (Edward J. Clode. \$1.00 net)
- THE BOOK OF TRUTH AND FACTS. Fritz Von Franzius. (Chicago, Ill. 50 cents net)
- A WAR BRIDE'S ADVENTURE. F. M. Gloria. (Seymore Co., South Bend, Indiana. 75 cents net)
- ENGLAND'S WORLD EMPIRE. Alfred Hoyt Granger. (Open Court Pub. Co. \$1.50 net)
- COSMICAL EVOLUTION. Evar M'Lennan. (Corvallis, Oregon)
- THE DARK TOWER. Phyllis Bottome. Century Co. \$1.35 net)
- A COUNTRY CHRONICLE. Grant Showerman. Century Co. \$1.50 net)
- OLGA BARDEL. Stacy Aumonier. Century Co. \$1.35 net)
- GULLIVER THE GREAT. Walter A. Dyer. Century Co. \$1.35 net)
- SOCIETY'S MISFITS. Madeline Z. Doty. Century Co. \$1.25 net)
- ON THE ART OF WRITING. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50 net)
- WAR, PEACE AND THE FUTURE. Ellen Key. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50 net)
- CAMBRIDGE BOOK OF POETRY FOR CHILDREN. Kenneth Grahame. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50 net)
- THE FURTHER SIDE OF SILENCE. Sir Hugh Clifford. (Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.35 net)
- O. HENRY BIOGRAPHY. C. Alphonso Smith. (Doubleday, Page & Co. \$2.50 net)



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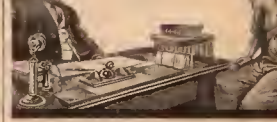
2 Extra Fine Shirts and Handkerchiefs. Special offer of three Extra Fine Durable Shirts and Handkerchiefs. Five well-ventilated pockets, 28 with name and address of 1 friend. Shirts are regular short-sleeve, extra-stitched, hand hemmed and very fashionable. Sizes 34 to 42.

3 Fine Suits of Panama and Fine Handkerchiefs. Special offer of three Fine Suits of Panama and 3 Fine White Shirts. Five pockets in assorted coat stripes of blue, black, and lavender without collar with silk front and pearl buttons, or Cozy Comfort flannel in assorted pink and blue stripes with military collar, silk loops and pearl buttons. Shirts, extra-stitched, hand hemmed and very fashionable. Sizes 34 to 42.

A Dozen Fine Handkerchiefs and Silk Bow Tie. Special offer of a dozen Fine White Hemstitched Handkerchiefs and a Handkerchiefs Bow Tie sent postpaid on receipt of \$1.35 with name and address of 1 friend. Packed with lavender and very fashionable. These are large white hemstitched handkerchiefs, shirts and ties. Just the kind a man needs. The highest bank references, also Dun, Bradstreet and this magazine.

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This story has not been told before —



What you don't know about chocolates

When is a Chocolate Cream properly fresh?

THAT seems easy enough to answer, doesn't it? You would probably say, "When it's just been made," meaning perhaps "when it melts in your mouth," and tastes delicious!

Strictly "fresh" chocolate creams, as a matter of fact, do not taste like that at all. *Ripe* chocolate creams do. Chocolates are like fruits. Time is required to ripen and to bring them to just the right condition for eating—to make them delicious and healthful. This will be clearer when we tell you—

How Chocolate Creams are made

In the Lowney factories most chocolate cream centers are fashioned in molds. The molds of various shapes and sizes are impressed in cornstarch. The cream is poured into these molds and pieces of nuts and fruits are added.

These centers soon become firm. They are then turned out, brushed and cleaned with air to remove the starch. Now they are ready for the dipping table.

The chocolate dipper takes the centers, dips them into warm melted chocolate and fashions different styles of decorations on the tops. Sometimes the centers are dipped by an ingenious machine, known as the "Enrober," which flows melted chocolate completely over them.

The chocolate coat becomes firm in about fifteen minutes. Now it is certainly a "fresh" chocolate.

But, bite into it, and see if you like this *strictly "fresh"* chocolate!

You don't; and there's a very good reason why you don't.

What newly-made Chocolate Creams really taste like

As you bite into this newly-made chocolate you get first a rather sweet buttery taste. That's because the cocoa butter—which is the natural vegetable oil of the cocoa beans—is all in the outside coating, (A). You taste it unblended with cream or flavoring.



Cross section of a Chocolate Cream

Then there is a crusty taste. It's there because the melted cream hardens slightly where it comes in contact with the starch mold, (B). But, as the center ripens this crust entirely disappears.

Finally you get a taste all flavor and cream, no chocolate at all. It is as though you were eating chocolate and cream *separately*. The flavors are not blended—the chocolates are not ripened.

Nut and fruit chocolates, containing no cream, need no ripening, but even chocolates like nugatines, caramels and taffies are improved by ripening.

NOW when most chocolates are ripened these natural changes take place:

First, the cocoa butter is evenly absorbed through the hard outside coating;

Second, the cream center gradually ripens and softens. As it softens it completely absorbs the outside crust, and

the soft ripened cream extends clear to the chocolate coating.

Finally, when this occurs, you have a ripened chocolate—delicious to the taste. Its flavors are perfectly blended. The perfect chocolate cream, therefore, is not fresh, but ripe.

How old should Chocolates be?

Someone is sure to ask that question, and it is a hard one to answer. As a matter of fact, chocolates kept at the correct temperature remain in perfect condition many months.

The eating age of your chocolates is not so much a question of age as of the temperature at which they have been kept. In fact, the chocolate makers' chief concern is to keep chocolates from being injured by uneven temperature.

What heat does to Chocolates

The direct rays of the sun or extreme heat of any kind will coax the cocoa butter to the surface of the coating. When the coating cools again it has a gray misty look.

Chocolates thus affected are not injured if eaten at once, but will deteriorate rapidly. Little air channels are

made where the cocoa butter comes to the surface. The air goes into the center, the flavor escapes and the center becomes dry and tasteless. Dampness is also very injurious to chocolates.



Protecting Chocolates against harmful temperatures

It is for this reason that every modern safeguard is employed by The Walter M. Lowney Company to keep their chocolates at an even temperature.

Our shipments to distant points go in refrigerator cars, and our many distributing centers have cooled rooms. Then, too, each year more and more druggists and candy dealers in co-operation with us are using refrigerator showcases.



Distributing Chocolates in perfect condition from Boston to the Philippines

Now you will more readily understand how it is possible for Lowney Chocolates, manufactured in Boston, to be delivered all over the United States just right to eat.

You may be surprised to learn that we are making large shipments of chocolates to such tropical countries as the

Philippines, Porto Rico, and to China, a country with a very trying climate.

Another protection

With all the Lowney precautions in packing and shipping, you have very little chance of getting an imperfect box. To protect you against such a mischance, however, we put a guarantee slip in each box and authorize our agents everywhere to make this guarantee good.



THIS we believe to be fair dealing in Chocolates. The Medal of Honor package illustrated, is a particularly choice assortment to commemorate the gold medal won at the last exposition—the third world exposition, by the way, to give its unqualified endorsement to Lowney's Chocolates.

THE WALTER M. LOWNEY CO.
Makers of Chocolates, Cocoa and Chocolate
BOSTON CHICAGO MONTREAL

Lowney's Chocolates

MEDAL of HONOR
CLOUDLAND

65¢ 85¢ and \$1.00 a pound

CREST
FANCY-FULL
PLENTY-FULL

Possibly you would like to make chocolates at home.* This is good fun and sometimes the chocolates are good. We aren't jealous. In fact, we like to have you try it, as you will better appreciate our efforts.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING CHOCOLATES AT HOME

For Making Centers

Chocolate cream centers are made of cream, called "fondant." To make fondant, use one-quarter teaspoonful cream of tartar and one-third of a cup of hot water to two cups of sugar. If corn syrup is used, make the fondant as follows:

One-half cup corn syrup, one-quarter teaspoonful cream of tartar, one-and-one-half cups sugar, one-third cup hot water.

Boil without stirring until it threads. As it cools, heat until creamy. Keep cool and dry, until needed.

Flavoring should be added by working as much of the extract as is desired directly into the fondant. Mold fondant by hand in the desired shapes and sizes for dipping.

If fruit or nuts are used, make a small ball by rolling out a little piece of the fondant; place the nuts or fruit on the sides, and press together.

For Dipping Centers

Melt a portion of Lowney's Home Sweet Chocolate* in a small double boiler. Break the chocolate in small pieces and stir while

melting. *Ke*, *the* chocolate mass hot but do not allow it to boil. Do not add water to the chocolate.

After the chocolate is thoroughly melted, allow it to cool to about 82° Fahrenheit before starting to dip the centers. Use a common table fork, or better, shape a wire similar to a button hook with a loop end, and use that.

Drop the center into the chocolate, taking care to immerse it. Lift out with the fork, shake off surplus coating, and place on waxed paper or oil cloth, by simply turning the fork.

When the centers are dipped, set in a cool place. If chocolates are placed in the refrigerator, keep them carefully covered to prevent sweating.

If you wish to dip the chocolates by hand, pour the melted chocolate on a clean molding board, keep the chocolate rubbed smooth with the hand, and dip centers as above, using fingers instead of a fork.

*Quarter pound cake (with copy of this recipe for your cook book) mailed for 10c in stamps—if your stock, buy it in stock. The Walter M. Lowney Co., Boston.





The Discovery of Puffed Grains Brought Ideal Foods to Millions

Prof. A. P. Anderson, when he found a way to puff wheat, gave children a better wheat food than they ever had before.

Every expert knew that whole wheat was desirable. It is rich in elements lacking in flour. And rarely a child got enough of them.

But whole wheat, for its purpose, must be wholly digestible. That is the problem Prof. Anderson solved when he discovered this way to explode it.



Puffed Grains in Milk or Cream

He Bubbled the Grains

He sealed up the kernels in guns, and applied a fearful heat. Then he shot the guns, and out came the kernels puffed to eight times normal size.

What happened was this: Inside each food cell a trifle of moisture was changed to steam. When the guns were shot, a hundred million explosions occurred inside each kernel.



Puffed Grains Mixed with Fruit

Every food cell was blasted, so digestion could act. Thus every element was made available, and every atom fed.

And the grains were made into food confection flaky, toasted, airy, crisp. So these hygienic foods became the most delightful foods you know.

Puffed Wheat

Puffed Rice

and Corn Puffs
Each 15c Except in Far West

Don't let your children lose the benefits of this great food invention. Don't confine Puffed Grains to breakfast. Serve them for supper in bowls of milk. Douse them with melted butter when children get hungry between meals.

Puffed Wheat and Rice are whole-grain foods. Corn Puffs are corn hearts puffed. They taste like nut meats, bubbled and toasted. But they are in fact the best foods wheat, rice or corn can make.

Keep all three kinds on hand.



As Confections

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(1500)

The Lesson Taught by Canada

(Continued from page 27)

tained. We were able so to act because we were at the time strong in material strength and, above all, in tempered strength of soul and in clearness of vision; and because we were scrupulously careful to keep our promises, to correlate our deeds with our words; and because we refused to embark on the sea of making utterly impossible and unworthy promises which could not possibly be kept, and which in the event of crisis it would be damaging and dishonorable to keep and yet only less damaging and dishonorable to break.

The present attitude of the leaders in the "League to Enforce Peace" movement in this country (and their upholders in England are guilty of even more mischievous folly) can be illustrated by a homely comparison. Suppose that in a small village a Y. M. C. A. building would be very useful. A knot of enthusiastic but sloppy-minded and somewhat slippery philanthropists announce that they will build a small house for it. They make certain contracts and a little work is done. But when the first payments are due they promptly and dishonorably default, repudiate their obligation, decline to make provision for future payments, and let the small amount of work that has been done crumble into ruin. They then, being uneasily conscious that they have cut but a sorry figure, and being anxious to cover their mean conduct in the present by glittering promises about the future, hold conferences and mass meetings, and announce that, although they have no intention of paying the small debts they have actually incurred, and although they resolutely refuse to provide any means for the purpose of paying the infinitely larger debts they propose to incur, yet they desire at once to enter into contracts with somebody or anybody to build an enormously large and expensive Y. M. C. A. house in an undated and nebulous future. Would such conduct really be praiseworthy? I think not. I think it would expose those guilty of it to just contempt, and would cast discredit on a worthy cause.

The original design of building a small house was right, and those who made promises in connection with it, and honestly kept their promises, did well. But when there was not enough effective interest to support the small house it was unwise to make glittering promises about building a house ten times the size. Above all, hard-headed men of affairs, and especially those hard-headed men who were not in the least hard-hearted, and who would have been delighted to support a wise and honest movement for the betterment of their fellows, would feel nothing but contempt for the noisy, sham philanthropists who at the very time they declined to pay the debts they had already contracted, at the very time they refused to take any steps to provide the very large sums that would be needed for the new work, yet proposed to promise to undertake this new work on a gigantic scale.

This is exactly the attitude of the majority of the leaders who have been most active in the Peace League movement; and it would be exactly the attitude of the American people if we now, through governmental action, pretended that we were ready, that we were willing and able, to help force peace on any and all powerful nations which misbehaved themselves towards weaker nations. The Hague Conventions have never been abrogated; they are still nominally in existence—as scraps of paper. Germany's violation of them has been continuous and is continuing (not to mention her repeated and scandalous assaults on our own honor and vital national interest). So long as we treat violations of these Hague Conventions as not demanding any action on our part, even by a protest,

it is proof positive that we would not keep any promise hereafter to go to war when similar conventions should require us to do so. When we refuse to keep the mild promise we have already made, it is either sheer silliness or sheer hypocrisy and bad faith to make new promises of far more drastic and heroic action in the future, promises which it would be particularly disgraceful to break, and yet promises which it would be infinitely more difficult to keep, and which it is much more likely that we would break. Nor is this all. It would be wicker-ness, to make such promises until after we had built up a military force that would make them effective. Canada's experience in the great war has shown us what would be necessary. In order to make our participation effective, according to our promise, we should need an army relatively to our size as large as Canada's—that is, an army of five million men, which could at once be sent over to make war, say, on behalf of Belgium if it were again menaced by Germany (or, of course, by England or France or any other power).

Either the proposals of the peace league mean precisely this or they mean nothing. In brief, their proposals are that the United States shall light-heartedly promise to enter on a world-career of disinterested violence on behalf of weak nations in quarrels with which we have no concern. Personally, I am so heartily ashamed of our international and national shortcomings during the last few years that I would gladly follow my fellow-countrymen in such a course if I were convinced that when they entered upon it they realized what they were doing and were resolutely bent upon putting it through at no matter what cost of life and money, and if I were convinced that as a preliminary they were about to put this nation in a state of complete and thoroughgoing military preparedness. But, as a matter of fact, I am convinced that not one in ten thousand of my fellow countrymen who have counted the cost are seriously bent on carrying out this course of conduct; and I know, because of their behavior in the past, that the large majority of the leaders in the peace league movement have not the slightest intention of doing any of the things that are necessary in order to remove their proposal from the category of mischievous farces.

BY this way, there is one phase of this matter which supplies it to the needed touch of comedy. Mr. Bryan has objected to the Peace League because he thinks it savors of "force." Its leading advocates are ardent upholders of the policy of milk and water; they have been as tame in their timid subservience to concrete brutality as Mr. Bryan himself; but Mr. Bryan, from the topmost peak of the mountain of fatuity, on whose sides they precariously rest, waves them off with scorn. They believe in the gospel of milk and water. He will not consent to even such dilution of the doctrine of sloppiness.

I have always earnestly striven, and I shall always earnestly strive, to bring nearer the day when the peace of righteousness shall prevail throughout the world. As with every such movement, it is vital to take the preliminary and possible steps first; and failure so to do means that the final step becomes impossible and that the attempt thus to take it without first taking the others, causes mere mischief. In 1789 our constitution, as adopted, not only expressly recognized slavery but gave slaveholders an advantage in representation over non-slaveholding free men. To have made at that time a serious effort for the abolition of slavery would have meant disunion and anarchy. Such an at-



Any Weather Is Billiard Weather! And Any Home Has Room For a Brunswick Table

Carom and Pocket Billiards are a captivating sport, and nowadays the Brunswick Home Table is the family playground. *When school lets out it quickens home-bound footsteps.*

eager eyes are training to debate dad's mastery when he arrives from work.

This manly love of skillful achievement is built right into these scientific Brunswicks. They are packed full of health, they are wrapped with tense moments, and they are brimming over with raillery and laughter!

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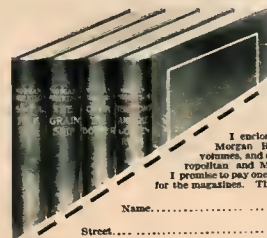
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tempt would have meant retrogression. The wise and patriotic and humanitarian course was to do only what was done; prevent slavery from entering the north-western territory (which has now become the Middle West) and provide for the speedy stoppage of the African slave trade. These attempts were successful and meant progress. Then for a couple of generations all that could be done was the slow education of peace-loving and unwilling people to the great idea that although war was an evil, distinction and the African slave trade, and that war must be accepted if only thereby could righteousness be fulfilled.

At the present time the essential things for us to do in order to promote world peace, are, first, to school ourselves as a nation into the habit of keeping our promises and therefore of never making a promise without full counting of the cost, and, second, to prepare our full naval and military strength, accepting the view that there can be no strength without training and maintenance no performance of duty without the acceptance of labor and risk, and no right in man or woman to enjoy privileges without the full discharge of the obligations going therewith.

THERE has been for the last few years but scant moral leadership of our people by our public men along the hard path of duty. There has been little enough of such leadership in our press and our pulpit. But I believe that a growing number of our preachers and our laymen, a more rapidly growing number of our clergymen, are constantly seeing the light more clearly and speaking the truth more boldly. Bishop Gailor of Tennessee has borne testimony for true Americanism and for righteousness, and for the performance of duty in the exact spirit of the men of 1776. Archbishop Ireland, Cardinal Gibbons, and many others, have in speech or letter stood for righteousness, and for international duty, and for thoroughgoing preparedness. As I write there are before me a Thanksgiving Day sermon by the Reverend Randolph H. McKim, of Washington, and a Christmas sermon by Dr. William T. Manning of Trinity Church, New York, which should make every right-thinking American grateful to the preachers who have seen a number of such sermons by clergymen of all denominations, and I wish they could be bound together and put in the hands of every God-fearing man in this country. Woe to us as Christians

if we put peace before righteousness; and woe to us as Americans if we fail to prepare our strength for our own defense!

The books and speeches of James Beck on our present-day duties should be studied by every real American; and I wish that Gustavus Ohlinger's "The True Faith and Allegiance," with its foreword by Owen Wister, could be circulated broadcast, as a primer of patriotism, in every school, college, and library in the land. I call attention to the fact that these three writers are, as I myself am, mainly of non-English and partly of German blood. But they are Americans, and nothing else; they are incapable of standing for any form of hyphenated Americanism; they are incapable of mean hatred toward any other nation, and equally incapable of failure to tell the stern truth about any other nation when such truth-telling is necessary; and most of all they are incapable of trucking to the sinister menace of professional German-Americanism, which for two years and a half has been, even in the professional pacifism, the most corrupting agency in our national life.

These men, like all men who are both really patriotic and really far-sighted, realize that it is a crime for the nation to persevere in its present course of Chinese-like refusal to prepare its strength for its defense.

Recently Mr. Ohlinger wrote me, with justified irony:

"I was hoping to spend my spare time on a subject which our recent history has suggested, viz.: A Sincere and Permissive Alliance with China? The proposition need only to be stated to convince any fair-minded man of its reasonableness. What could be more fitting than that the two greatest republics in the world join in such an alliance? The two countries have very much in common in national characteristics and governmental inefficiency. In case of aggression against either member of the alliance the other would contribute toward satisfying the demands of the aggressor. Doubtless the pacifists would regard such an alliance as an enlightened protest against the defensive and offensive alliances of the past."

Let our people profit by Canada's example and by the teachings of our own patriots. We are proud of the past of our land. We can not afford to have this country, which ought to be, and can be, made the hope and the example for the free peoples of the world, turned into the Greatest of the Yellow Nations.

Can Such Things Be?

(Continued from page 28)

therefore some way must be devised to win the investor back. I have set down a few fragments of the colloquy as it continued day after day, and as published in the reports of the hearings issued daily.

Mr. Cummins took up the question of water in railroad capital. Mr. Thom: "I believe the impression among investors is that there is, practically speaking, no, or very little, water in any of the investments now"—just a little damp in spots. This about freight rates and wages—Mr. Thom: "I say Congress has a right to prescribe a rate itself, if it is a reasonable rate." There you get that joker again, a word that laughs out from most lips—"reasonable."

As for wages, Mr. Thom admitted that railroads did not increase wages unless there was some power to make them do it. Mr. Sims put some pointed queries up to Mr. Thom. Mr. Sims: Now, if private enterprise, through the earnings of the railroads and under the complex control that now exists, cannot secure the necessary funds with which to perform this service, and to give to the people of this country that which their own Government, you admit, can give, are we going to be hampered forever and

never have a complete and perfect system in this country, in order to leave the whole matter subject to the control of private employes or private employers?

Mr. Thom: You ought not. The minute private ownership breaks down the Government ought to step in.

Mr. Sims: Has it broken down?

Mr. Thom: I do not think it has finally broken down.

Mr. Sims: You think it is breaking?

Mr. Thom: I think unless you improve conditions, it will break down.

Mr. Sims: Now, then, you cannot promise us anything more than the mere further experimenting with private ownership?

Mr. Thom: I think, so far as I am concerned, my judgment would be we could succeed with proper help from the Government.

On December 7 William Jennings Bryan appeared before the committee. Mr. Bryan, in discussing the federal incorporation proposition, said that national remedies should be added to state remedies, and not substituted for them. As to Government ownership," said Mr. Bryan, "I have believed for a number of years that it was inevitable, and inevitable only



The illustration shows "Tarvia X" being applied under pressure on the wearing course—at this step the road is about half constructed. The view in the circle is the finished road. Note that the speeding auto leaves no trail of dust.

Finished Roadway at Green Lake, Wis. Constructed with "Tarvia X," penetration method, in 1913. Note smooth, dustless surface.

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They come in and make scientific studies of the traffic on various streets—the grades, the kind of materials that are available, etc.

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More frequently, however, no program is followed and roads are built and maintained by rather loose and costly methods.

Every town, no matter how small, ought to have a definite road program.

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because the railroads will not consent to effective regulation, and I think it is now some ten years since I had occasion to say that unless our experience with the railroads was different from our experience with municipal corporations, the people for their own protection would be compelled to take charge of the railroads. . . .

Granted that investigating committees could be of great power for instituting reforms of far-reaching effect, the trouble is they are selected with care that most of the members be sufficiently reactionary to prevent anything from happening that will disturb profits and the status quo between Government and big business. This Committee is no exception. The pressure of progressive thought may change their views a little, but it is a safe prediction that the mountain will have mooted and groaned just to bring forth a few snakes. . . .

The members: Senator Robinson: Democrat, Arkansas, lawyer. This member has the distinction of having been altogether one and inseparable for two weeks—a member of Congress, Governor of Arkansas and a United States Senator. Now he is just a conservative Senator.

Senator Underwood: Democrat, Alabama, lawyer. Has the placidity of a Southern swamp. For many years leader of Democrats in the House. Ideas conventional; personally popular.

Representative Adamson: Democrat, Georgia, lawyer. Having the eight-hour law attached to his name, he is supposed to be a modernist legislator. But he isn't. It just happened. He has a fund of shrewd native humor.

Senator Cummins: Republican, Iowa, lawyer. In his younger days, Cummins was a railroad agent. He was made Governor of Iowa. In mid-

dle life he began to get the idea that he might be President, and has been seeing both sides of a question ever since, with the result that one side doesn't look much worse than the other—so why get excited?

Senator Newlands: Democrat, Nevada, lawyer, Chairman of the committee. Rich in worldly goods. Walks with a graceful swing, and looks like the late John T. Raymond made up for his part in "The Almighty Dollar."

Representative Sims: Democrat, Tennessee, lawyer. One of the well-knowns around Washington. Means "better" and is heavy-set. Mind moves slowly—but it sometimes goes in the right direction.

Representative Hamilton: Republican, Michigan, lawyer. The kind of a Congressman that keeps on being elected to the House largely because the people of his district think they might do worse. His specialty is telling stories.

Senator Brandegee: Republican, Connecticut, lawyer. Stands consistently, all the time, for private ownership of anything that can be managed "better" by private corporations.

Representative Esch: Republican, Wisconsin, lawyer. Comes back to Congress every two years by a good majority. Has large, open-door eyes that look up. The Esch-Townsend bill of twelve years ago was the first real insurgent move against railroad tyranny. All things considered, John Esch is about the bluest man on the committee. But, like most of the others, he has gone to seed—with this difference, he has a chance of blooming again.

William Allen Cullop: Democrat, Indiana, lawyer. Conservative if not reactionary—has a voice like a fog-horn and goat.

Life Pulls the Strings

(Continued from page 33)

table of bottles filling the fourth side. "Let 'er go—guest has the opening speech."

"I suppose, Clifford, that this is where you'd like to have me make a quick exit," said Bradley—and he crossed his legs, folded his arms, bit upon his invariable big cigar and gave Clifford a challenging look.

"On the other hand, Bradley," Clifford returned, "I count it luck that I found you here, and I beg you as a favor to remain. Bradley, Loveman," he said sharply, "I've come here for a showdown—to tell you that I'm on to your little game!"

"Our game?" queried Loveman, with puzzled blandness.

"Your game with Mary Regan and the Mortons."

"Indeed!" Loveman said softly. "Now, I wonder if you'd mind giving a little information to an ignorant man?"

Bradley's face had suddenly become hard; his little eyes were gleaming. But though Loveman's manner was blandly puzzled, Clifford knew the little lawyer was as alertly watchful of him as was Bradley—and was as much to be watched.

"I'll put all my cards on the table, Loveman," he said, with deliberation. "I'll tell you exactly what I know—which is also exactly what you know. There's nothing at all extraordinary about it; it's just the sort of thing that, with a few variations, you're doing over and over."

"Oh, I say, am I really so monotonous?" protested Loveman. "You said you were going to put your cards on the table," cut in Bradley. "Come on, let's see your two spots."

put it up to you to extricate his son." "Go on," said the little lawyer amiably.

"Three or four months ago the father descended upon New York in a fury. He declared he was through settling for Jack's troubles, and Jack had to take a brace, or the father would drop him. Also there was a marriage with a rich girl, and the father wanted to put across that there'd be nothing doing unless Jack straightened up. Right there, Loveman, was where you saw yourself losing a big piece of your income. But you did some quick thinking, and you fell in with the father's idea that Jack should be sent into retirement to reform. In fact, you knew the very place, Pine Mountain Lodge. And on your suggestion Jack was sent there."

"And if I did mention Pine Mountain Lodge, what of that?" Loveman mildly inquired.

"You knew Mary Regan was there, and knew she was the only attractive woman staying at the hotel. And you knew that Jack Morton fell for about every pretty woman that he met. Thrown together in that isolation, you hadn't a doubt of what he would do. It was only a chance—but it was *your* only chance; and if it worked out the way you thought it might, there would be rich possibilities in the situation for you—without your seeming to have been mixed in the affair. Well, it worked out just as you thought it might—and the possibilities lie ready to your hand."

"In case I'm overlooking anything good," Loveman remarked in the gentle voice, "would you mind telling me just what these possibilities are?"

"Of course, the marriage had to be secret; otherwise, the possibilities would have been cut down by two-thirds. First item, after the marriage had taken place, there was the possibility of getting rich money out of Mary Regan by threatening to expose her. You would never have appeared



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in this; Bradley would have identified to his detail—perhaps through one of his men. Second, after you had exhausted the possibilities of blackmail, the next step would have been to inform the father that you suspected something was wrong with Jack. The father would order the matter looked into; you would engage Bradley for the job, and, after a lengthy examination, Bradley would report a secret marriage—a big bill for detective services. Third, you would then be retained to annul the marriage—and a big fee there. Well, Loveman, Bradley," he ended grimly, "I believe that's just about the outline of this particular sweet little game!"

Bradley was glaring at him, his square jaws clamped upon his cigar. Little Loveman, still with his affable look, was twirling the tasseled end of his girdle around a chubby forefinger. "You're very ingenious, very imaginative, Clifford. But granting for the moment that you are correct, what next?"

Clifford leaned sharply forward. "You are not going tough with it! I'm going to stop you!"

CLIFFORD gazed tensely at the two men. A slight quivering ran through Bradley's frame; his cigar fell, bitten through; his small, brilliant eyes were pointed at a sizzling flame. Loveman still twirled the end of his girdle, but now a bit more slowly. And thus the three sat for several moments.

Then suddenly, without warning of word, without any apparent preliminary motion, Bradley's powerful body launched itself from a sitting posture straight at Clifford. Clifford started to rise, and instinctively threw up his arms; but to no avail, for Bradley's big hands broke past his weak defense and gripped his throat. His chair went toppling over, the table, with its cargo of liquors, went crashing to the floor, and Clifford was carried resistlessly backward by the force of Bradley's lunge, until he came up against the great library table. Over this he was toppled, his spine against the table's edge, and Bradley drove his head down upon the wood with a terrific thump.

"You'll stop nothing!" grated Bradley. "You've butted into my affairs for the last time!"

Clifford tried to struggle free, but he was caught at too hopeless a disadvantage—his spine upon the edge of the table, Bradley's weight crushing upon him, and that pair of hands clutching his throat. He could move only his arms, and those to no purpose; he could not cry out; he could not breathe. As his chest heaved for lack of air, he read his doom in the deadly fury of Bradley's face. And he realized, even could he call for help, the futility of such an outcry in this apartment at the top of a lofty building, at this heavily slumberous hour of four.

He had been faintly conscious of hurried fumbings about the desk—of the snap of a lock—of the whine of a sliding drawer. Now, suddenly, as his wide eyes were growing bleared, he saw a dark something appear between his face and the face of Bradley, a bare two feet away; and then he saw the something was a short black pistol, and that the pistol was flush against Bradley's jaw, and that the pistol was gripped in a soft, round hand that was undubitably Loveman's. And he heard Loveman's voice, no longer velvety, snap out:

"Dam' you, Bradley—that rough stuff don't go with me! Let loose of him, or, by God, I'll blow your dam' face off!"

Clifford saw Bradley's flaming little eyes shift toward the speaker. Then he saw the monk-like figure shift the pistol from jaw to Bradley's shoulder.

"No, I'll not kill you; I'll splinter your dam' bones," the sharp voice cried, with fierce decision. "Get off that man before I count three, or your left arm'll be the first bone to go. One—two—

The hands left Clifford's throat and the heavy figure lifted itself from his body; and, thus freed, Clifford slumped to the floor, where he sat limply, pantingly against the table. Loveman had stepped around the table, and Clifford now saw that he was looking up at Bradley, and he saw that the cherubimic, large-eyed face of the lawyer was grim with an awful wrath.

"You dam' big boob!" cried the little man. "You'd let yourself—and me—in for a criminal charge! And people have always said you have a brain!"

"I've taken all I can from him!" Bradley said thickly.

"Either you control your temper and cut out the rough stuff," snapped Loveman, "or you and I are through!"

The pair gazed fixedly at each other. Neither spoke. While they stood silent, Clifford became aware of the Japanese butler, his back toward the three of them, and seemingly unaware of their doings, on his knees picking up bottles and broken glass and troweling up the spilled liquor from the rug.

Without replying, Bradley put his hands in his trousers pockets, resumed his chair and crossed his legs. With an easy motion Loveman dropped the pistol into a pocket of his dressing-gown and stepped to Clifford's side. He was again the agreeable man-about-town that Broadway liked so well.

"Too bad—but natural—the way men will lose their tempers," he said, as he helped Clifford to his feet and into a chair. "How're you feeling?"

"I'll be all right in a breath or two."

"Better let me give you a brandy?"

"No, thanks."

"Aw, it's nothing!" cut in Bradley. "Let him finish saying how he was going to stop us!"

"Do you feel like that—yet?" Loveman queried solicitously.

Clifford was still dazed, but he was no less set in his purpose. "Bradley's right—a little scuffle like that is nothing."

"Good; a great thing to be in training!" Loveman sank into his chair, smiling at what he regarded as forgotten what's happened, and he brushed the matter into oblivion with a pleasant wave of the hand that two minutes before had gripped the pistol. "As I was about to remark—granting that you are right, how are you going to stop it?"

"Of course, I could stop it," said Clifford, "by telling Jack and Mr. Morton about Mary Regan and her father and her uncle and her brother. At any rate, that would smash your game."

"As you say, provided, of course, there is a contemplated marriage that would stop it," Loveman agreed pleasantly. "Why don't you do that?"

"Considering the character of the Mortons, and the fact that she's more worth while than they are, it seems to me a pretty raw deal to give Mary Regan; to show her up to them, and give the father, who's as sympathetic as a shark, a chance to take the lead, break it off, make a scandal out of it, and to humiliate her in public."

"That's dam' delicate of you, Clifford," said Loveman, "and I approve of your sentiments as a gentleman. But if you don't do that, how else are you going to stop it?"

Clifford spoke calmly. "I'm going to stop it through you!"

"Through me! Well, well! Do you mind telling me, Clifford, just how I am going to do it?"

"You have some influence over Mary Regan; I don't pretend to know what it is. You go to her tomorrow and you tell her, saying whatever is necessary to bring her around, that she can't go through with the marriage. Then she breaks it off—and not the Mortons, and they'll not be any the wiser about her."

"Well, well, you certainly do seem to think I have a very strong influence with the ladies," Loveman said

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blantly. "Very flattering, I assure you. But supposing—all we've been talking about is mere supposition, you know—supposing I have a mild disinclination to do what you propose?"

"Supposing that," Clifford returned grimly, "then I go to Mr. Morton, tell him about Mary Regan, and tell him that the whole thing was your plan. And he'll believe what I say about you, Loveman; I've merely got to remind him that you suggested Pine Mountain Lodge; prove to him that you knew Mary Regan was there; prove to him that you've been seeing Mary Regan in New York, and he'll swallow everything else. Result, the present scheme of you and Bradley goes smash, and, further, you lose all future business with your best-paying client."

"Supposing, on the other hand," Loveman remarked, in his same bland voice, "that I have no disinclination to do what you suggest?"

"In that case, you only lose out on your present plan. I'm not interested in Morton. You keep his business. You eat it, Loveman, I've got you, and tell what I'm offering is the best proposition for you."

Loveman gently stroked his crown. "Clifford, do you believe in fairies?"

"Where does that come in?"

"You ought to believe in fairies, Clifford, ought to. With that imagination of yours, you'd coin money writing fairy stories for children—simply coin money." He turned to Bradley. "What do you say to Clifford's proposition?"

"Tell him to go to hell!" said Bradley, his old hatred flaring out.

"You'll excuse my friend's behavior, Clifford," Loveman said apologetically. "He hasn't had a biscuit all day."

"The real question is," returned Clifford, "what does Peter Loveman say to the proposition?"

"What do I say? Well, now, well," Loveman said pleasantly, "you know I never did believe in fairies, and so I can't be expected to gulp down this remarkable little story you've told me. But since you are interested in Miss Regan, and are concerned that nothing goes wrong with her—why, for your sake, of course, I'll do it—I'll do anything you say."

Clifford stared penetratingly at the round face, which never before looked more like the face of an amiable monk. Behind that amiable face was a pair of bright eyes that, after all, he might slip Nina Cordova into this situation, and that he'd square matters with Nina the first thing in the morning.

"You'll do it to-morrow?" demanded Clifford.

"To-morrow—some time before noon." And as Clifford continued his keen glance: "You doubt me? All right." He walked to a section of his book-shelves and came back with a large dining volume. "Here's a bible—a Gutenberg, 1455. There can't be a better bible than this; just think, man, what it cost. Go ahead—swear me."

"I guess, you'll do it," said Clifford. He rose. "I believe that's all, gentlemen. Good-night."

As he started away Bradley glowered at them; but Loveman, slipping an arm through his, escorted him to the door. There Loveman held him for a moment.

"That was one grand fairy tale, Clifford, you dreamed about me," he said with a smile, through which (perhaps purposely) there glinted ever so little of mockery. "But supposing I do have any little plan under way, I wonder how close you've come to guessing it? Now, I wonder?"

Why Some Foods Explode in the Stomach

By WILLIAM ELDRIDGE

"THE combinations of food that most people eat three times a day inflict nothing less than a crime against their health and are the direct cause of 90 per cent of all sickness."

This is the rather startling statement of Eugene Christian, the famous New York Food Scientist whose wonderful system of corrective eating is receiving so much eager attention throughout the Nation at the present time.

According to Eugene Christian we eat without any thought of the relation which one food has to another when eaten at the same time. The result is that often we combine two foods each of great value in itself, but which when combined in the stomach literally explode, liberating toxins which are absorbed by the blood and form the root of nearly all sickness. The first indications of such are acidity, fermentation, gas, constipation, and many other sympathetic ills leading to most serious consequences.

All of this, states Eugene Christian, can be avoided if we would only pay a little attention to the selection of our daily menus instead of eating without any regard for the consequences.

This does not mean that it is necessary to eat foods we don't like; instead Christian prescribes meals which are twice as delicious as those to which we are accustomed.

Not long ago I was fortunate enough to be present when Eugene Christian was relating some of his experiences with corrective eating to a group of men interested in dietetics, and I was literally amazed at what he accomplished with food alone and without drugs or medicines of any kind.

One case which sticks in my mind was that of a mother and daughter who went to him for treatment. The mother was forty pounds overweight and her physician diagnosed her case as Bright's Disease. She had a sluggish liver, low blood pressure and lacked vitality. The daughter had an extreme case of stomach acidity and intestinal fermentation, was extremely nervous, had chronic constipation, and was 30 pounds underweight.

Christian prescribed the proper food combinations for each. Within a few weeks all symptoms had disappeared, and within three months the mother had lost 33 pounds and the daughter had gained 26 pounds, and both were in perfect health—normal in every particular.

Another case which interested me greatly was that of a young man whose efficiency had been practically wrecked through stomach acidity, fermentation and constipation resulting in physical sluggishness which was naturally reflected in his ability to use his mind. He was twenty pounds underweight when he first went to see Christian and was so nervous he couldn't sleep. Stomach and intestinal gases were so severe that they caused irregular heart action and often fits of great mental depression. At

Christian describes it he was not 50 per cent efficient either mentally or physically. Yet in a few days, by following Dr. Christian's suggestions as to food, his constipation had completely gone, although he had formerly been in the habit of taking large daily doses of a strong cathartic. In five weeks every abnormal symptom had disappeared—his weight having increased pounds. In addition to this he acquired a store of physical and mental energy so great in comparison with his former self as to almost belie the fact that it was the same man.

But perhaps the most interesting case that Christian told me was that of a multi-millionaire—a man 70 years old who had been traveling with his doctor for several years in a search for health. He was extremely emaciated, had chronic constipation, lumbago and rheumatism. For over twenty years he had suffered with stomach and intestinal trouble in reality from superacidity secretions in the stomach. The first menus given him were designed to remove the cause of acidity, which was accomplished in about thirty days. And after this was done he seemed to undergo a complete rejuvenation. His eyesight, hearing, taste and all of his mental faculties became keener and more alert. He had had no organic trouble—but he was starving to death from inanition and decomposition—all caused by the wrong selection and combination of foods. After six months' treatment this man was as well and strong as he had ever been in his life.

These instances of the efficacy of right eating I have simply chosen at random from perhaps a dozen. Eugene Christian has told me of, every one of which was fully as interesting and they applied to as many different ailments.

There have been so many inquiries from all parts of the United States from people seeking the benefit of Eugene Christian's advice and whose cases he is unable to handle personally that he has written a little course of lessons which tells you exactly what to eat for health, strength and efficiency. This course is published by The Corrective Eating Society of New York.

These lessons, there are 24 of them, contain actual menus for breakfast, luncheon and dinner, curative as well as corrective, telling every condition of health and sickness from the infancy to old age and for all occupations, climates and seasons.

Reasons are given for every recommendation based upon actual results secured in the author's many years of practice, although technical terms have been avoided. Every point is explained so clearly that there can be no possible misunderstanding.

With these lessons at hand it is just as though you were in personal contact with the great food specialist, because every possible point is so thoroughly covered that you can scarcely think of a question which isn't answered. You can start eating the very things that will produce increased physical and mental energy you are seeking the day you receive the lessons and you will find that you secure results with the first meal.

If you would like to examine these 24 Little Lessons in Corrective Eating simply write The Corrective Eating Society, Dept. 303, 460 Fourth Ave., New York City. It is not necessary to enclose any money with your request. Merely ask them to send the lessons on five days' trial with the understanding that you will either return them within that time or remit \$3, the small fee asked.

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DOWN in the quiet street, Clifford found himself wondering, too.

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Mary looked at Morton when she replied, but her voice was directed at Clifford: "I've decided, Jack, to give in to you. I'm ready to be married today."

"Hurrah!" cried young Morton, seizing both of her hands. "But we'll have to keep it quiet—same as we planned. You're ready now?"

"She didn't answer. Clifford noted that her body tensed and her breath was held—as one who waits for a blow; and he understood that she was waiting for, and expecting him to speak the truth about her."

She slowly turned and looked at Clifford; surprise that he had said nothing was in her face; then she turned back to Morton.

"I'm all ready," she said distinctly, so that Clifford might not miss a word. "We'll do as you suggested; make away back into the country to some small place—get married—and a little money spent judiciously will keep our marriage quiet as long as we like."

They rode down the elevator with them and walked out to the curb where stood Morton's machine—a Mack, closed car with a long hood that bespoke the engine power of a racer.

Morton was swinging open the door, when Clifford, trying to keep down the choke that sought to rise in his throat, remarked with attempted good-fellowship: "If you don't mind, Morton, I wish you'd wire me as soon as it's over. Here at the Gleaner."

"Sure, old man. Step in, Mary." Mary started to obey, when checked herself. "May I speak to you a moment, Mr. Clifford?"

They moved a few paces away. She looked at him earnestly. "Why have you done this?" she abruptly whispered.

"Done what?" he parried. "Don't you think that I see now that you have forced my hand? That I am doing the thing that I do this because you hate me, don't you? Why are you doing this to me? I could stop everything at this moment, with just a few words."

He gave her back a straight look and spoke deliberately. "I have tried for a long time to get along with you as I saw it, but you pull the strings—and I have fallen over and over. When I declared a little while ago that I do nothing else could change your purpose, I suddenly had a new idea. I realized that if you were poor material I could not save you, and that you would not be worth saving. And I realized that if you were good material, only some way that I had not tried could affect you; and it came to me," he went on firmly, "that bitter experience could not hurt you what I had not done—and it also came to me that if anything could arouse you to the human level, it was my own experiences. I might be wrong, but what might lay before you in this very marriage you had planned."

"And that is why you said nothing?" she breathed. "He nodded. "I have taken my hand off you, to give life its chance to play its own game."

She cast a look at him a moment longer. Then she stepped into the car. But as she stepped in, he turned and glanced back over his shoulder. His face was now very pale and dazed. It helped a touch of one who wondered what he could understand.

Restless, but with a heavy heart within him, Clifford wondered about the great lobby of the Gleaner. A slow smile passed—then another. Then he saw Peter Loveman, on his plump face an expression which for Loveman was very serious, come up the broad staircase and go straight for the desk at which visitors sent up their names to guests of the house.

Loveman spoke to the blonde within the grilled enclosure—waited—then walked away with a sober puzzled look. He sighted Clifford in a deep lounging chair, and his face on the instant grown genial, he crossed and dropped in on the chair beside him.

"Needn't explain, Clifford," he said pleasantly, offering a cigarette from a lacquered case, which Clifford refused. "Sure, I understand what you showed up here for: to see if I went through with what I promised. Well, I just asked for her, and was told 'It's gone out. I'm going to wait here for her—and I suppose you'll wait too.'"

Clifford nodded. Loveman tried to draw Clifford into conversation, but his light remarks failing to evoke a response he looked through first The Wall Street Journal, and then The Morning Telegraph. Thus the two sat for half an hour, neither speaking; then a page came flying, calling in the impersonal voice of hotel pages, "Telegram Mr. Clifford—Telegram Mr. Clifford."

Clifford took the yellow missive with a hand that he tried to keep from shaking. He was quite certain that it was yet none the less he had a moment of supreme and sickening suspense as he opened the envelope.

YES, it was just what he had expected. He gazed fixedly at the typewritten lines before him—lines which were like heavy doors swinging to and locked between him and that of which he had dreamed. The world became conscious that the big round eyes of little Peter Loveman were gazing at him curiously. Silently he handed the telegram to the lawyer.

Loveman glanced at the telegram through. "The devil!" he cried. Then he read it again, this time aloud: "Married quiet place twenty miles from here. Everybody will keep it secret. Happy you bet."

"J" Loveman stared at Clifford. "And it's addressed to you!" he exclaimed. "Self, this means you've crossed your word. What the devil are you up to?"

Clifford did not answer. There was a moment of silence, then Loveman whispered to himself: "And I just promised Nina Cordova!"

Again Clifford did not answer; he did not hear Loveman. Such of his senses as were not numbed by the finality of which that telegram was the token were directed into that unfulfilled future which human vision could not penetrate.

What experience going to do for her what he had failed to do, or was experience going to stimulate to complete and final dominance her worldiness? And had he played into Peter Loveman's hands?—and what would Loveman do? But these were questions only Life could answer. He had stepped aside to give Life full play, to let human impulse move unhindered by him toward their destiny; and he must wait until Life was ready to speak.

He was subconsciously aware that Loveman's round eyes were fixed upon him sharply, and he was subconsciously aware that the keen brain behind that round face was working swiftly, ranging in every direction. But without looking at Loveman again, or speaking to him, he rose heavily and went down the broad marble stairway, muted with rugs, out into the winter sunlight.

These questions that tormented his mind were none of his affair; Mary Regan, as far as she touched his personal life, was now become an episode that was closed. He had other affairs to fill his life; he must turn himself to them.

And yet, as he walked away he could feel the eyes of Peter Loveman following him.

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The Indian Drum

(Continued from page 24)

the gardens of spring. They turned in at the entrance of a house in the middle of the block and went up the low, wide stone steps; the door opened to them without ring or knock; a servant in the hall within took Alan's hat and coat, and he followed Constance past some great room upon his right to a smaller one farther down the hall.

"Will you wait here, please?" she said.

He sat down and she left him; when her footsteps had died away and he could hear no other sounds except the occasional soft tread of some servant, he twisted himself about in his chair and looked around. A door between the room he was in and the large room which had been upon his right as they came in—drawing-room—stood open; he could see into the drawing-room and he could see through the other door a portion of the hall; his inspection of these increased the bewilderment he felt. Who were these Sherrills? Who was Corvet and what was his relation to the Sherrills? What was the connection and Corvet's relation to Alan Conrad—to himself?

In his confusion he got up and moved about the rooms; they, like all rooms, must tell something about the people who lived in them. The rooms were large and airy, with a creaming and fancying to himself the places to which he might some day be summoned, had never dreamed of entering such a home as this. For it was a home; in its lights and in its furnishings there was nothing of the stiffness and the formality of a never having seen such rooms except in pictures, had imagined to be necessary evils accompanying riches and luxury; it was not the richness of its furnishings that impressed him first, it was its liveableness. In the part of the hall that he could see a black and ancient-looking chair stood against the wall, whose lines he recognized—he had seen chairs like that, heirlooms of Colonial Massachusetts or Connecticut, cherished in Kansas farm-houses and recalling some long-past exodus of the families from New England. On the wall of the drawing-room, among the beautiful and elusive paintings and etchings, was a picture of a ship, plainly framed; he moved closer to look at it, but he did not know what kind of ship it was except that it was a sailing ship of some long-disused design. Then he drew back again into the smaller room where he had been left, and sat down again to wait. He had the feeling, coming quite unconsciously, of liking the people who lived in this great handsome house.

He straightened and looked about, then got up, as Constance Sherrill came back into the room.

"Father is not here just now," she said. "We weren't sure from your telegram exactly at what hour you would arrive, and that was why I waited at Mr. Corvet's to be sure we wouldn't miss you. I have telephoned father and he's coming home at once."

She hesitated an instant in the doorway, then turned to go out again. "Miss Sherrill—" he said.

She halted. "Yes."

"You told me you had been waiting for me to come and explain my connection with Mr. Corvet. Well—I can't do that; that is what I came here hoping to find out."

She came back toward him slowly. "What do you mean?" she asked.

Leaning his arms on the back of the chair in which he had been sitting, he managed to smile reassuringly; and he fought down and controlled resolutely the excitement in his voice, as he told her rapidly the little he knew about himself.

He could not tell definitely how she was affected by what he said. She flushed slightly, following her first start of surprise after he had begun

to speak; when he had finished, he saw that she was a little pale.

"Then you don't know anything about Mr. Corvet at all," she said.

"No; until I got his letter sending for me here, I'd never seen or heard his name."

She was thoughtful for a moment.

"Thank you for telling me," she said. "I'll tell my father when he comes."

"Your father is—?" he ventured.

She understood now that the name of Sherrill had meant nothing to him.

"Father is Mr. Corvet's closest friend, and his business partner as well," she explained.

He thought she was going to tell him something more about them; but she seemed then to decide to leave that for her father to do. She crossed to the big chair beside the grate and seated herself. As she sat looking at him, hands clasped beneath her chin and her elbows resting on the arm of the great chair, there were speculation and interest in her gaze; but she did not ask him anything more about himself. She inquired about the Kansas weather that week in comparison with the storm which had just ceased in Chicago, and about Blue Rapids, which she said she had looked up on the map, and he took this chat for what it was—nothing that she did not wish to continue the other topic just then.

She, he saw, was listening, like himself, for the sound of Sherrill's arrival at the house; and when it came, she recognized it first and got up and excused herself. He heard her voice in the hall, then her father's deeper voice which answered; and ten minutes later, he looked up to see the man these things had told him must be Sherrill standing in the door and looking at him.

He was a tall, finely built; his broad shoulders had been those of an athlete in his youth; now, at something over fifty, they had taken on a slight, rather studious stoop and his brown hair had thinned upon his forehead. His eyes, gray like his daughter's, were thoughtful eyes; just now deep trouble filled them and his face, which was of spare New England type. His look and bearing of a refined and educated gentleman, took away all chance of offense from the long, inquiring scrutiny to which he subjected Alan's features.

Alan had got up at sight of him; Sherrill, as he came in, motioned him back to his seat; he did not sit down himself, but crossed to the mantel and leaned against it.

"I am Lawrence Sherrill," he said. "My daughter has repeated to me what you told her, Mr. Conrad. Is there anything you want to add to me regarding that?"

"There's nothing I can add," Alan answered. "I told her all that I know about myself."

"And about Mr. Corvet?"

"I know nothing at all about Mr. Corvet."

"I am going to tell you some things about Mr. Corvet," Sherrill said. "I had reason—I do not want to explain just why that reason was—not thinking you could tell us certain things about Mr. Corvet, which would, perhaps, make plainer what has happened to him. When I tell you about him now, it is in the hope that, in that way, I may awake some forgotten memory of him in you; if not that, you may discover some coincidence of dates or events in Corvet's life with dates or events in your own. Will you tell me frankly, if you do discover anything like that?"

"Yes; certainly."

Alan leaned forward in the big chair, hands clasped between his knees, his blood tingling sharply in his face and finger-tips. So Sherrill expected to make him remember or



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vet! There was strange excitement in this, and he waited eagerly for Sherrill to begin. For several moments, Sherrill paced up and down before the fire; then he returned to his place before the mantel.

"I first met Benjamin Corvet," he commenced, "nearly thirty years ago. I had come West for the first time the year before; I was about your own age and had been graduated from college only a short time, and a business opening had offered itself here.

"There was a sentimental reason—I think I must call it that—as well for my coming to Chicago. Until my generation, the property of our family had always been largely—and generally exclusively—in ships. It is a Salem family; a Sherrill was a sea-captain, living in Salem, they say, when his neighbors—and he, I suppose—hanged witches; we had privateers in 1812 and our clippers went round the Horn in '49. The *Alabama* ended our ships in '63 as it ended practically the rest of the American shipping on the Atlantic; and in '73, when our part of the *Alabama* claims were paid us, my mother put it in bonds waiting for me to grow up.

"Sentiment, when I came of age, made me want to put this money back into ships flying the American flag; but there was small chance of putting it—and keeping it, with profit—in American ships on the coast. In Boston and New York, I had seen the foreign flags on the deep-water ships—British, German, French, Norwegian, Swedish and Greek; our flag flew mostly on ferries and excursion steamers. But times were booming on the Great Lakes, Chicago, which had more than recovered from the fire was doubling its population every decade; Cleveland, Duluth and Milwaukee were leaping up as ports. Men were growing millions of bushels of grain which they couldn't ship except by lake, hundreds of thousands of tons of ore had to go by water and there were tens of millions of feet of pine and hardwood from the Michigan forests. Sailing vessels such as the Sherrills had always operated, it is true, had seen their day and were disappearing from the lakes; were being sold—many of them, by the saying is, 'to the insurance companies' by deliberate wrecking. Steamers were taking their places. Towing had come in. The first of the whalebacks was built about that time and we began to see those processions of barges and tow-boats, and the puffers which the lake men called 'the sow and her pigs.' Men of all sorts had come forward, of course, and, serving the situation more or less accidentally, were making themselves rich.

"It was railroadng which had brought me West, but I had brought with me the *Alabama* money to put it into ships. I have called it sentiment, but it was not merely that; I felt, young man though I was, that this transportation matter was all one thing, and that in the end the railroads would own the ships; I have never engaged very actively in the operation of the ships; my daughter would like me to be more active in it than I have been; but ever since, I have had money in lake vessels. It was the year that I began that sort of investment that I first met Corvet."

Alan looked up quickly. "Mr. Corvet was—?" he asked.

"Corvet was—is a lake man," Sherrill said.

Alan sat motionless, as he recollected the strange exaltation that had come to him when he saw the lake for the first time. Should he tell Sherrill of that? He decided it was too vague, too indefinite to be mentioned; no doubt any other boy used only to the prairie might have felt the same.

"He was a ship-owner, then," he said.

"Yes; he was a ship-owner—not, however, on a large scale at that time. He had been a master, sailing ships which belonged to others; then he had sailed one of his own. He

was operating then, I believe, two vessels; but with the boom times on the lakes his interests were beginning to expand. I met him frequently in the next few years, and we became close friends."

Sherrill broke off, and stared an instant down at the rug. Alan bent forward; he made no interruption but only watched Sherrill attentively.

"It was one of the great advantages of the West, I think—and particularly of Chicago at that time—that it gave opportunity for friendships of that sort," Sherrill said. "Corvet was a man of a sort I should have been far less likely ever to have known intimately in the East. He was both what the lakes had made him and what he had made of himself; a great reader—wholly self-educated; he had, I think, many of the attributes of a great leader; at least, they were those of a man who should have become great; he had imagination and vision. His whole thought and effort, at that time, were absorbed in furthering and developing that traffic on the lakes, and not one all from mere desire for personal success. I met him for the first time one day when I went to his office on some business. He had just opened an office at that time in one of the old ramshackle rows along the river-front; there was nothing at all pretentious about the place, as a fact; but as I went in and waited there with the others who were there to see him, I had the sense of being in the ante-room of a great man. I do not mean there was any idiotic pomp or lackeyism or red tape about it; it is the others who were waiting to see him, and who knew him, were keyed up by the anticipation and keyed me up. . . .

"I saw as much as I could of him after that, and our friendship became very close.

"In 1892, when I married and took up my residence here on the lake shore—the house stood where this stands now—Corvet bought the house on Astor street. His only reason for doing it was, I believe, his desire to be near me. The neighborhood was what they call fashionable; neither Corvet nor Mrs. Corvet had married in 1892—had social ambitions of that sort. Mrs. Corvet came from Detroit; she was of good family there—a strain of French blood in the family; she was a school-teacher when he married her, and she had made a wonderful win for him—a good woman, a woman of high ideals; high ideals, a great grief to both of them that they had no children.

"Between 1886, when I first met him, and 1895, Corvet laid the foundation of great success; his boats seemed lucky, men liked to work for him and he got the best skippers and crews. A Corvet captain boasted of it and, if he had had bad luck on another line, believed his luck changed when he took a Corvet ship; cargoes in Corvet bottoms somehow always reached port; there was a saying that in storm a Corvet ship never asked help; it gave it certainly; but twenty years no Corvet ship had suffered serious disaster.

"Then something happened." Sherrill looked away at evident loss how to describe it.

"No," he said. "Alan asked him. "No," he said. "In 1896, for a parent reason, a great change came over him."

"In 1896?"

"That was the year." Alan bent forward, his heart throbbing in his throat. "That was also the year when I was brought and left with the Welchens in Kansas," he said.

Sherrill did not speak for a moment. "I thought," he said, finally, "it must have been about that time; but you did not tell my daughter the exact date."

"What kind of change came over him that year?" Alan asked.

Sherrill gazed down at the rug, then at Alan, then past him. "A change in his way of living," he replied. "The Corvet line of boats went on, ex-

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Model of CARS	1917	1916	1915	1914	1913
	Summer Winter	Summer Winter	Summer Winter	Summer Winter	Summer Winter
Abbott Detroit.....	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Allen.....	A	A	A	A	A
Appagan.....	A	A	A	A	A
Auburn (4 cyl).....	A	A	A	A	A
Autocar (2 cyl).....	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Avray.....	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Briscoe.....	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Buick.....	A	A	A	A	A
Capillac.....	A	A	A	A	A
Case.....	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chalmers.....	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chandler.....	A	A	A	A	A
Chevrolet.....	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cole.....	A	A	A	A	A
Cunningham.....	A	A	A	A	A
Dart.....	A	A	A	A	A
Delaney-Belleville.....	A	A	A	A	A
Detroit.....	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Dodge.....	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Duff.....	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Empire (4 cyl).....	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Federal.....	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Ford.....	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin.....	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Grant.....	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
H. A. (12 cyl).....	A	A	A	A	A
Haysen.....	A	A	A	A	A
Hudson.....	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Hugobone.....	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Jeffery.....	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Kearney.....	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Kelly Springfield.....	A	A	A	A	A
King.....	A	A	A	A	A
Kissel.....	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Knight.....	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Lexington.....	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Lippard Stewart.....	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Locomobile.....	E	E	E	E	E
Marmion.....	A	A	A	A	A
Maxwell.....	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Merced.....	A	A	A	A	A
Mitchell.....	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Molins.....	A	A	A	A	A
Moon (4 cyl).....	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
National.....	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Oakland.....	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Oldsmobile.....	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Ovealand.....	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Packard.....	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Paine.....	A	A	A	A	A
Parthender.....	A	A	A	A	A
Peerless.....	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Pierce Arrow.....	A	A	A	A	A
Premier.....	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Renault.....	A	A	A	A	A
Reo.....	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Richmond.....	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Rider.....	E	E	E	E	E
Saxon.....	E	E	E	E	E
Selden.....	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Simplex.....	A	A	A	A	A
Stearns-Knight.....	A	A	A	A	A
Sterling (Wisconsin).....	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Studebaker.....	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Suix.....	A	A	A	A	A
Vellie (4 cyl).....	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Westcott.....	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
White.....	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Willys-Knight.....	A	B	B	B	A
Willys Six.....	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
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panded; interests were acquired in other lines, and Corvet and those allied with him swiftly grew rich. But in all this great development, for which Corvet's genius and ability had laid the foundation, Corvet himself ceased to take an active part. He took into partnership, about a year later, Henry Spearman, a young man who had been merely a mate on one of his ships. This part did not greatly to have been a good business move, for Spearman has tremendous energy, daring and enterprise, and no doubt Corvet had recognized these qualities in him before others did. But at the time it excited considerable comment. It marked, certainly, the beginning of Corvet's withdrawal from active management. Since then he has been ostensibly and publicly the head of the concern, but he has left the management almost entirely to Spearman. The personal change in Corvet at that time is harder for me to describe to you."

Sherrill halted, his eyes dark with thought, his lips pressed closely together; Alan waited.

"When I saw Corvet again, in the summer of '96—I had been South during the latter part of the winter and East through the spring—I was impressed by the vague, but to me, alarming change in him. I was reminded, I recall, of a friend I had had in college who had thought he was in perfect health and had gone to an examining for life insurance and had been refused, and was trying to deny to himself and others that anything could be the matter. But with Corvet I knew the trouble was not physical. The next year his wife left him."

"The year of—?" Alan asked. "That was in 1897. We did not know at first, of course, that the separation was permanent. It proved so, however, and Corvet, I know now, had understood it to be that way from the first. Mrs. Corvet went to France—the French blood in her, I suppose, made her select that country; for she had for a number of years a cottage near Trouville, in Brittany, and was active in church work. I know there was almost no communication between her and her husband during those years; and her leaving him markedly affected Corvet. He had been very fond of her and proud of her. I had seen him sometimes watching her while she talked; he would gaze at her steadily and then look about at the other women in the room and back to her, and his head would nod perceptibly with satisfaction, and she would see it sometimes and smile. There was no question of their understanding and affection up to the very time she so suddenly and strangely left him. She died in Trouville in the spring of 1910, and Corvet's first information of her death came to him through a paragraph in a newspaper."

Alan had started; Sherrill looked at him questioningly. "The spring of 1910," Alan explained, "was when I received the draft for fifteen hundred dollars."

Sherrill nodded; he did not seem surprised to hear this, rather it appeared to be confirmation of something in his own thought.

"Following his wife's leaving him," Sherrill went on, "Corvet saw very little of anyone. He spent most of his time in his own house; occasionally he lunched at his club; at rare intervals, and always unexpectedly, he appeared at his office. I remember that summer he was terribly disturbed because one of his ships was lost. It was not bad disaster for everyone on the ship was saved and hull and cargo were fully covered by insurance; but the Corvet record was broken; a Corvet ship had appealed for help; a Corvet vessel had not reached port. And later in the fall, when two deckhands were washed from another of his vessels and drowned, he was again greatly wrought up, though his ships still had a most favorable record. In 1902 I proposed to him

that I buy full ownership in the vessels I partly controlled and ally them with those he and Spearman operated. It was a time of combination—the railroads and the steel interests were acquiring the lake vessels; and though I believed in this, I was not willing to enter any combination which would take the name of Sherrill off the list of American ship-owners. I did not give Corvet the reason; and he made me at that time a very strange counter-proposition—which I never have been able to understand, and which entailed the very obliteration of my name, which was trying to avoid. He proposed that I accept a partnership in his concern on a most generous basis, but that the name of the company remain as it was, merely Corvet and Spearman. Spearman's influence and mine prevailed upon him to allow my name to appear; since then, the firm name has been Corvet, Sherrill and Spearman.

"Our friendship had strengthened and ripened during those years. The intense activity of Corvet's mind, which as a younger man he had directed wholly to the shipping, was now directed at many other things in this way, to other things. He took up almost feverishly an immense number of studies—strange studies most of them for a man whose youth had been almost violently active and who had once been a lake captain. I cannot tell you what many of these were: geology, ethnology, nearly a score of subjects; he corresponded with various scientific societies; he has given almost the whole of his attention to such things for about twenty years. Since I have known him he has transformed himself from a rather rough, uncouth, though always spiritedly minded—man he was when I first met him into an educated gentleman whom anybody would be glad to know; but he has made very few acquaintances in that time, and has kept almost none of his old friends except—He has been very busy at his house on Astor street with one servant—the same one all these years.

"The only house he has visited with any frequency has been mine. He has always liked my wife; he had always a great affection for my daughter, who, when she was a child ran in and out of his home as she pleased. He would take long walks with her; he'd come here sometimes in the afternoon to have tea with her, on stormy days; he liked to have her play and sing to him. My daughter believes now that she had never seen him, whatever has happened to him—is contacted in some way with herself. I do not think that is so."

SHERRILL broke off and stood in thought for a moment; he seemed to consider, and to decide that it was not necessary to say anything more on that subject.

"Recently Corvet's moroseness and irritability had very greatly increased; he had quarreled frequently and bitterly with Spearman over business affairs. He had become more than usually eager at times to see me or to see my daughter; and at other times he had seemed to avoid us and keep away. I have had the feeling of late, though I could not give any actual reason for it except Corvet's moroseness and look, that the disturbance which had oppressed him for twenty years was culminating in some way. That culmination seems to have been reached three days ago when he wrote summoning you here. Henry Spearman, whom I asked about you when I learned you were coming, had never heard of you; Mr. Corvet's servant had never heard of you. . . . Is there anything in what I have told you which makes it possible for you to recollect or to explain?"

Alan shook his head, flushed and then grew a little pale. What Sherrill told him had excited him by the coincidences it offered between events in Benjamin Corvet's life and his own; it had not made him "recollect" Corvet, but it had given defi-



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niteness and direction to his speculations as to Corvet's relation to himself.

Sherrill drew one of the large chairs nearest to Alan and sat down facing him. He felt in an inner pocket and brought out an envelope and took from the envelope three pictures, and handed the smallest of them to Alan. As Alan took it, he saw that it was a tiny picture of himself as a round-faced boy of seven.

"That is you?" Sherrill asked.
 "Yes; it was taken by the photographer in Blue Rapids. We all had our pictures taken on that day—Jim, Betty and I, Mr. Welton"—for the first time Alan consciously avoided giving the title "Father" to the man in Kansas—"sent one of me to the 'general delivery' address of the person in Chicago."
 "And this?"

The second picture, Alan saw, was one that had been taken of the barn at the farm. It showed Alan at twelve, in overalls and barefooted, holding a stick over his head at which a shepherd dog was jumping.

"Yes; that is I and Shep—Jim's and my dog, Mr. Sherrill. It was taken by a man who stopped at the house for dinner one day. He liked Shep and wanted a picture of him; so he got me to make Shep jump and he took it."

"You don't remember anything about the man?"

"Only that he had a camera and wanted a picture of Shep."
 "Doesn't it occur to you that it was your picture he wanted, and that he had been sent to get it? This is your verification that these earlier pictures were of you; but I wanted one easily recognizable."

Sherrill unfolded the third picture; it was larger than the others and had been folded across the middle to get it into the envelope. Alan leaned forward to look at it.

"That is the University of Kansas football team," he said, "I am the second one in the front row; I played my junior year and tackle when I was a senior. Mr. Corvet—?"

"Yes; Mr. Corvet had been in the pictures. They came into his possession day before yesterday—the day after Corvet disappeared; I do not want to tell you just yet how they came to me."

Alan's face, which had been flushed at first with excitement, had gone quite pale as he heard this. He clenched and unclenched them nervously, were cold and his lips were very dry. He could think of no possible relationship between Benjamin Corvet and himself, except one, which could account for Corvet's obtaining and keeping these pictures of him through the years. As Sherrill put the pictures back into their envelope and the envelope back into his pocket, and Alan watched him, Alan felt nearly certain now that it had not been proof of the nature of this relationship that Sherrill had been trying to get from him, but only corroboration of some knowledge, or partial knowledge, which had come to Sherrill in some other way.

"I think you know who I am," Alan said.

Sherrill had risen and stood looking down at him.

"You have guessed, if I am not mistaken, that you are Corvet's son."

The color flamed to Alan's face for an instant, then left it paler than before. "I thought it must be that way," he answered; "but you said he had no children."

"Benjamin Corvet and his wife had no children."

"I thought that was what you meant." A winged twist of Alan's face; he tried to control it but for a moment could not.

Sherrill suddenly put his hand on Alan's shoulder; there was something so friendly, so affectionate in the quick, impulsive grasp of Sherrill's fingers that Alan's heart throbbled to it. "For the first time someone had touched him in full, unchecked feeling for him; for the first time, the unknown about him had failed to be a

barrier and, instead, had drawn another to him.

"Do not misapprehend your father," Sherrill said quietly. "I cannot prevent what other people may think when they learn this; but I do not share such thoughts with them. There is much in this I cannot understand; but I know that it is not merely the result of what others may think it of a wife in more parts than one, as you will hear the ink men put it. What lies under this is some great misadventure which had changed and frustrated all your father's life."

Sherrill crossed the room and rang for a servant.

"I am going to ask you to be my guest for a short time, Alan," he announced. "I have had your bag carried to your room; the man will show you which one it is."

Alan hesitated; he felt that Sherrill had not told him all he knew—that there were some things Sherrill purposely was withholding from him, but he could not force Sherrill to tell more than he wished; so after an instant's irresolution, he accepted the dismissal.

SHERRILL walked with him to the door, and gave his directions to the servant; he stood watching, as Alan and the man went up the stairs. Then he went back and seated himself in the chair Alan had occupied, and as he gazed into the fire he heard his daughter's footsteps and looked up. Constance halted in the door to assure herself that he was now alone; then she came to him and, seating herself on the arm of the chair, put her hand on his thin hair and smoothed it softly; he clasped her other hand between his palms.

"You've found out who he is, father," she asked.

"The facts have left me no doubt at all as to that, little daughter."

"No doubt that he is—who?"

Sherrill was silent for a moment—not from uncertainty, but because of the effect which what he must say would have upon her; then he told her in almost the same words he had used to Alan. Constance started, flushed, and her hand stiffened convulsively between her father's.

They said nothing more to each other; Sherrill seemed considering and debating something within himself; presently he got up, stooped and kissed his daughter's hand, and left the room. He went up the stairs and on the second floor he went to a front room and knocked. Alan's voice told him to come in. Sherrill entered and, when he had made sure that the servant was not with Alan, he closed the door carefully behind him.

Then he turned back to Alan, and for an instant stood as though he did not know how to begin what he wanted to say. As he glanced down at a key he took from his pocket, his indecision seemed to receive direction and inspiration from it, and he put it down on Alan's dresser.

"I've brought you," he said evenly, "the key to your house."

Alan gazed at him, bewildered.

"The key to my house?"

"To the house on Astor street," Sherrill confirmed. "Your father deeded the house and its furniture and all its contents to you the day before he disappeared. I have not the deed here, it came into my hands the day before yesterday at the same time I got possession of the pictures which might—or might not—for all I knew then—be you. I have the deed downtown and will give it to you. The house is yours in fee simple, given you by your father, not bequeathed to you by him to become your property after his death. He meant by that, I think, even more than the mere acknowledgment that he is your father."

Sherrill walked to the window and stood as though looking out, but his eyes were blank with thought.

"For almost twenty years," he said, "your father, as I have told you, lived in that house practically alone; during all those years a shadow of some sort was over him. I don't

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know at all, Alan, what that shadow was. But it is certain that whatever it was that had changed him from the man he was when I first knew him continued three days ago when he wrote to you. It may be that the consequences of his writing to you were such that, after he had sent the letter, he could not bring himself to face them and so has merely . . . gone away. In that case, as we stand here talking he is still alive. On the other hand, his writing you may have precipitated something that I know nothing of. In either case, if he has left anywhere any evidence of what it is that changed and oppressed him for all these years, or if there is any evidence of what has happened to him now, it will be found in his house."

Sherrill turned back to Alan. "It is for you—not me, Alan," he said simply, "to make that search. I have thought seriously about it this last half hour, and have decided that is as he would want it—perhaps as he did want it—to be. He could have told me what his trouble was any time in these twenty years, if he had been willing I should know; but he never did."

Sherrill was silent for a moment. "There are some things your father did just before he disappeared that I have not told you yet," he went on. "The reason I have not told them is that I have not yet fully decided in my own mind what action they call for from me. I can assure you, however, that it would not help you now in any way to know them."

He thought again; then glanced to the key on the dresser and seemed to recollect.

"That key," he said, "is one I made your father give me some time ago; he was at home alone so much that I was afraid something might happen to him there. He gave it to me because he knew I would not misuse it. I used it for the first time, three days ago, when, after becoming certain something had gone wrong with him, I went to the house to search for him; my daughter used it this morning when she went there to wait for you. Your father, of course, had a key to the front door like this one; his servant has a key to the servant's entrance. I do not know of any other keys."

"The servant is in charge there now?" Alan asked. "Just now there is no one in the house. The servant, after your father disappeared, thought that, if he had merely gone away, he might have come back to his birthplace near Mansington, and he went up there to look for him. I had a wire from him today that he had not found him and was coming back."

Sherrill waited a moment to see whether there was anything more Alan wanted to ask; then he went out.

CHAPTER IV

"ARRIVED SAFE; WELL"

AS the door closed behind Sherrill, Alan went over to the dresser and picked up the key which Sherrill had left. It was, he saw, a flat key of a sort common twenty years before, not of the more recent corrugated shape. As he looked at it and then away from it, thoughtfully turning it over and over in his fingers, it brought no sense of possession to him. He put the key, after a moment, on the ring with two or three other keys he had, and put them back into his pocket; and he crossed to a chair and sat down.

He found, as he tried now to disentangle the events of the afternoon, that from them, and especially from his last interview with Sherrill, two facts stood out most clearly. Sherrill had spoken of the possibility that something might have "happened" to Corvet; but it was plain he did not believe that Corvet had met with actual violence. He had left it to Alan to examine Corvet's house, but he had not urged Alan to examine it at once; he had left the time of the examina-

tion to be determined by Alan. This showed clearly that Sherrill believed—perhaps had sufficient reason for believing—that Corvet was more closely "gone away" than the second of Alan's two facts related even more closely and personally to Alan himself. Corvet, Sherrill had said, had married in 1889; this was at least three years before Alan had been born. But Sherrill in long knowledge of his friend, had shown firm conviction that there had been no mere vulgar liaison in Corvet's life. Did this mean that there might have been some previous marriage of Alan's father—some marriage which had strangely overlapped and nullified his public marriage? In that case, Alan would be, not only in fact but legally, Corvet's son; and such things as this Alan knew had sometimes happened; and had happened by strange combinations of events, incidentally for all parties. Corvet's public separation from his wife, Sherrill had said, had taken place in 1897, but the actual separation between them might, possibly, have taken place long before that.

Alan had come to Chicago expecting not to find that there had never been anything wrong, but to find that the wrong had been righted in some way at last. But what was most plain of all to him, from what Sherrill had told him, was that the wrong—whatever it might be—had not been righted; it existed still.

The afternoon had changed swiftly into night. Alan did not know how long he had been sitting in the darkness thinking out these things; but now a little clock which had been ticking steadily in the blackness, tinkled six. Alan heard a knock at his door, and when it was repeated, he called, "Come in."

The soft glow which came in from the hall, as the door was opened, showed a man serving, who, in a respectful inquiry, switched on the light. He crossed into the adjoining room—a bedroom; the room where Alan was, he thought, must be a dressing-room, and there was a bath between. Presently the man reappeared, and moved softly about the room, unpacking Alan's suitcase.

Alan watched him curiously; no one except himself ever had unpacked his suitcase before; the first time he had gone away to college—it was a brand new suitcase then—"mother" had packed it; after that first time, Alan had packed and unpacked it. It gave him an odd feeling now to see someone else unpacking his things. The man, having finished an item everything out, continued to look in the suitcase as though searching for something else.

"I beg pardon, sir," he said finally, "but I cannot find your buttons." "I've got them on," Alan said. He took them out and gave them to the valet with a smile; it was good to have something to smile at, if it was only the realization that he never had thought before of anyone's having more than one set of buttons for ordinary shirts. Alan wondered, with a sort of trepidation, whether the man would expect to stay and help him dress; but he only put the buttons in the clean shirt and reopened the dresser-drawers and laid out a change of things.

"Is there anything else, sir?" he asked. "Nothing, thank you," Alan said. "I was to tell you, sir, Mr. Sherrill is sorry he cannot be at home to dinner tonight. Mrs. Sherrill and Miss Sherrill will be here. Dinner is at seven, sir."

Alan dressed slowly, after the man had gone; and at one minute before seven he went downstairs.

There was no one in the lower hall and, after an instant of irresolution and a glance into the empty drawing-room, he turned into the smaller room on the opposite side of the hall. A handsome, stately, rather large woman, whom he found there, introduced herself to him formally as Mrs. Sherrill. He knew from Sherrill's mention

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of the year of their marriage that Mrs. Sherrill says must be about forty-five, but if he had not known this, he would have thought her ten years younger. In her dark eyes and her carefully dressed, coal-black hair, and in the contour of her youthful looking, handsome face, he could not find any such pronounced resemblance to her daughter as he had seen in Lawrence Sherrill. Her reserved, yet almost too casual acceptance of Alan's presence, told him that she knew all the particulars about himself which Sherrill had been able to give; and as Constance came down the stairs and joined them a half minute later, Alan was certain that she also knew.

Yet there was in her manner toward Alan a difference from that of her mother—a difference which seemed almost opposition. Not that Mrs. Sherrill's was unkindly or critical; rather, it was kind with the sort of reserved kindness which told Alan, almost as plainly as words, that she had not been able to hold so charitable a conviction in regard to Corvet's relationship with Alan as her husband held, but that she would be only the more considerate to Alan for that. It was this kindness which Constance set herself to oppose and which she opposed as reservedly and as subtly as it was expressed. It gave Alan a strange, exhilarating sensation to realize that, when she talked to him, that this girl was defending him.

Not him alone, of course, or him chiefly. It was Benjamin Corvet, her friend, whom she was defending primarily; yet it was Alan too; and all went on without a word about Benjamin Corvet or his affairs being spoken.

Dinner was announced and they went into the great dining-room, where the table with its linen, silver and china gleamed under shaded lights. The oldest and most dignified of the three man servants who waited upon them in the dining-room, Alan thought, must be a butler—a species of creature of whom Alan had heard but never had seen; the other servants, at least, received and handed things through him, and took their orders from him. As the silent-footed servants moved about, Alan kept up a somewhat strained conversation with Mrs. Sherrill—a conversation in which no reference to his own affairs was made—he wondered whether Constance and her mother always dressed for dinner in full evening dress as now, or whether they were kept out. A word from Constance to her mother told him this latter was the case and while it did not give complete answer to his internal query, it showed him his first glimpse of social engagements as a part of the business of life. In spite of the fact that Benjamin Corvet, Sherrill's close friend, had disappeared—or perhaps because he had disappeared and, as yet, it was not publicly known—their, and Sherrill's, engagements had to be fulfilled.

What Sherrill had told Alan of his father had been irritating itself again, and again in Alan's thoughts; now he recalled that Sherrill had said that his daughter believed that Corvet's disappearance had had something to do with her. Alan had wondered at the moment how that could be and now, as he watched her go about the table and now and then exchanged a comment with her, it puzzled him still more. He had opportunity to ask her when she waited with him in the library, after dinner was finished and her mother had gone upstairs; but he did not see the chance to go about it. "I'm sorry," she said to him, "but we can't be home tonight; but perhaps you would rather be alone?" He did not answer that.

"Have you a picture here, Miss Sherrill, of—my father?" he asked. "Uncle Benny had very few pictures taken; but there is one here."

She went into the study, and came back with a book open at a half-tone picture of Benjamin Corvet. Alan took it from her and carried it quickly closer to the light. The face that looked up to him from the heavily

glazed page was regular of feature, handsome in a way and forceful. There were imagination and vigor of thought in the broad, smooth forehead; the eyes were strangely moody and brooding; the mouth was gentle, rather kindly; it was a queerly impelling, haunting face. This was his father! But, as Alan held the picture, gazing down upon it, the only emotion which came to him was realization that he felt none. He could not attach to this man, because he bore the name which someone had told him was his father's, the passions which, when dreaming of his father, he had felt.

As he looked up from the picture to the girl who had given it to him, startled at himself and believing she must think his lack of feeling strange and unnatural, he surprised her gazing at him with wetness in her eyes. He fancied at first that it was of her father and that the picture had brought back poignantly her fears. But she was not looking at the picture, but at him; and when his eyes met hers, she quickly turned away.

His own eyes filled, and he choked. He wanted to thank her for her manner to him in the afternoon, for defending his father and him, as she had at the dinner table, and now for this unplanned, impulsive sympathy when she saw how he had not been able to feel for this man who was his father and how he was dismayed by it. But, of course, he could not say it. A servant's voice came from the door, startling him.

"Mrs. Sherrill wishes you told she is waiting, Miss Sherrill," "I'll be there at once." Constance, also, seemed startled and confused; but she delayed and looked back to Alan.

"If—if we fail to find your father," she said, "I want to tell you what a man he was." "Will you?" Alan asked. "Will you?"

She left him swiftly, and he heard her mother's voice in the hall. A motor door closed sharply, after a minute or so; then the house-door closed.

Alan shut the book as the tall clock in the hall struck nine. He got up and went out into the hall and asked for his hat and coat. When they had been brought him, he put them on and went out.

THE snow had stopped some time before a strong and increasing wind had sprung up which Alan, with knowledge of the wind across his prairies, recognized as an aftermath of the greater storm that had preceded it; for now the wind was from the opposite direction—from the west. He could see from the Sherrill's doorstep, when he looked toward the lighthouse at the harbor mouth winking red, white, red, white at him, that this offshore wind was causing some new commotion and upheaval among the ice-floes; they groaned and labored and fought against the opposing pressure of the waves, under its urging.

He went down the steps and to the corner and turned west to Astor street. When he reached the house of his father, he stopped under a street-lamp, looking up at the big, stern old mansion questioningly; it had taken on a different look for him since he had heard Sherrill's account of his father; there was an appeal to him that made his throat grow tight, in its look of being unoccupied, in the blank stare of its unlighted windows which contrasted with the lighted windows in the houses on both sides, and in the slight evidences of disrepair about it. He waited many minutes, his hand upon the key in his pocket; as yet he could not go in, but instead walked on down the street, his thoughts and feelings in a turmoil.

He could not call up any sense that the house was his, any more than he had been able to when Sherrill had told him of it. He own a house on that street! Yet was that in itself any more remarkable than that he

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should be the guest, the friend of such people as the Sherrills? No one as yet, since Sherrill had told him he was Corvet's son, had called him by name when they did, what would they call him? Alan Conrad still? Or Alan Corvet?

He noticed up a street to the west the lighted sign of a drug store and turned up that way; he had promised, he had recalled, now, to write to those in Kansas—he could not call them "father" and "mother" any more—and tell them what he had discovered as soon as he arrived. He could not tell them that, but he could write them at least that he had arrived safely and was well. He bought a postcard in the drug store, wrote just that—'Arrived safely; am well'—to John Welton in Kansas. There was a little vending machine upon the counter, and he dropped in a penny and got a box of matches and put them in his pocket.

Adventures and Letters of Richard Harding Davis

(Continued from page 14)

an agent or an officer. Only it spoils my chances of doing reportorial-detective work. For instance, the captain of the Bowery district refused me a detective the other morning to take the Shippens around the Chinese and the tougher quarters because he said they were as safe with me as with any of the other men who go there are well known. To-night I am going to take a party to the headquarters of the fire department, where I have a cinch on the captain, a very nice fellow, who is unusually grateful for something I wrote about him and his men. They are going to do the Still Alarm act for me.

These clippings all came out in today's paper. The ladies in the Tombs were the Shippens, of course; and Mamie Blake is a real girl, and the story is true from start to finish. I think it is a pathetic little history. Give my love to all I will bring on the story I have finished and get you to make some suggestions. It is quite short. Since Scribner's have been so civil, I think I will give them a chance at the great prize. I am writing a comic guide book and a history of the Haymarket for the paper; both are rich in opportunities. This weather makes me feel like another person. I will be so glad to get home. With lots of love and kisses for you and Nora.

DICK-O.

NEW YORK—"EVENING SUN"—1890

DEAR FAMILY:

TODAY has been more or less feverish. In the morning's mail I received a letter from Berlin asking permission to translate "Gallegher" into German, and a proof of a paragraph from the Critic on my burlesque of Rudyard Kipling, which was meant to please but which bored me. Then the "Raegan" story came in, making nine pages of the Scribner's, which at ten dollars a page ought to be \$90. Pretty good pay for three weeks' work, and it is a good story. Then at twelve a young man came bustling into the office, stuck his card down on the desk and said, "I am S. S. McClure." I have sent my London representative to Berlin and my New York man to London. Will you take charge of my New York end?

If he thought to rattle me he was very much out of it, for I said in his same tone and manner, "Bring your New York representative back and send me to London, and I'll consider it." As long as I am in New York I will not leave the Evening Sun. "Edmund Gosse is my London representative," he said; "you can have the same work here." Come out and take lunch.

I said, "Thank you, I can't; I'll see you on Tuesday." He said, "I'll come

He mailed the card and turned back to Astor street; and he walked more swiftly now, having come to his decision, and only shot one quick look out at the house as the key turned. With what had his father shut himself up within that house for twenty years? And was it there still? And was it from that that Benjamin Corvet had fled? He saw no one in the street, and was certain no one was observing him as, taking the key from his pocket, he ran up the steps and unlocked the outer door. Holding this door open to get the light from the street-lamp, he fitted the key into the inner door; then he closed the outer door. For fully a minute, with fast beating heart and a sense of expectation, he knew not what, he kept his hand upon the key before he turned it; then he opened the door and stepped into the dark and silent house. ["The Indian Drum" will be continued in the April METROPOLITAN.]

for you. Think of what I say. I'll make your fortune. Bradford Merrill told me to get you. You won't have anything to do but ask people to write novels and edit them. I'll send you abroad later if you don't like New York. Can you write any children's story for me?" No, I said, "see you Tuesday."

This is a verbal report of all and everything that was said. I consider it a curious interview. It will raise my salary here or I go. What do you think?

NEW YORK—"EVENING SUN"—1890

DEAR FAMILY:

THE more I thought of the McClure offer the less I thought of it, and the more I heard of McClure the less I thought of him. So I told him last night I was satisfied where I was, and that the \$75 he offered me was no inducement. Brisbane says I will get \$50 about the first of October, which is plenty and enough for a young man who intends to be good to his folks. I cannot do better than stay where I am, for it is understood between Brisbane and Laffan that in the event of the former's going into politics I shall take his place, which will suit very well until something better turns up. Then there is the chance of White's coming back and my going to London, which would please me now more for what I think I could make of it than what I think others have made of it. If I had gone to McClure I would have been shelved and side-tracked, and I am still in the running, and learning every day. Brisbane and I have had our first serious difficulty over Mrs. Burke Roche, who is staying with Mrs. "Bill." There is at present the most desperate rivalry, and we discuss each other's chances with great anger. He counts on his transcontinental knowledge, but my short stories hit very hard, and he is not in it when I sing "My Face Will Lead Me On" and "When Kerrigan Struck High C." She has a fatal fondness for Sullivan, which is most unfortunate, as Brisbane can and does tell her about him by the half hour.

Yesterday we both tried to impress her by riding down the hill, dismounting and showing off the horses and ourselves. Brisbane came off best, though I came off quickest, for my horse put his foot in a hole and went down in his knees, while I went over his head like the White Knight in Alice. I would think nothing of sliding off a roof now. But I made up for this mishap by coming back in my grey suit and having it compared with the picture in the Century. It is a very close fight, and while Brisbane is chasing over town for photographs of Sullivan, I am buying books of verses of which she seems to be fond. As soon as she gets her divorce



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"WATCH YOUR FEET"



one of us is going to marry her. We don't know which. She is about as beautiful a woman as I ever saw, and very witty and well-informed, but it would cost a good deal to keep her in diamonds. She wears some the Queen gave her, but she wants more.

NEW YORK—"EVENING SUN"—1890

DEAR MOTHER (LATE MA):
I AM well and with lots to do. I went up to see Hopper the other night, which was the first time in three months that I have been out of a theater, and it was like going home. There is a smell about the painty and gassy and dusty place that I love as much as fresh earth and newly cut hay, and the girls look so pretty and bold lying around in the seats, and the men so out of focus and with such startling cheeks and lips. They were very glad to see me and made a great fuss. Then I've been to see Carmencita dance, which I enjoyed remarkably, and I have been reading Rudyard Kipling's short stories, and I think it is disgusting that a boy like that should write such stories. He hasn't left himself anything to do when he gets old. He reminds me of Bret Harte and not a bit of Stevenson, to whom some of them compare him.

I am very glad you liked the lady in mid-air story so much, but it wasn't a bit necessary to add the *Moral* from a *Mother*. I saw it coming up before I had read two lines; and a very good moral it is, too, with which I agree heartily. But, of course, you know it is not a new idea to me. Anything as good and true as that moral cannot be new at this late date. I went to the Brooklyn Handicap race yesterday. It is one of the biggest races of the year, and a man stood in front of me in the paddock in a white hat. Another man asked him what he was "playing."

"Well," he said, "I fancy Fides myself."
"Fides!" said his friend, "why, she ain't in it. She won't see bone. Racland's the horse for your money; she's favorite, and there isn't any second choice. But Fides! Why, she's simply impossible. Racland beat her in Suburban."
"Yes, I remember," said the man in the white hat, "but I fancy Fides."

"Then another chap said to him, 'Fides is all good enough on a dirt track on a sunny, pleasant day, but she can't run in the mud. She hasn't got the staying powers. She's a pretty one to look at, but she's just a grandstand' ladies' choice. She ain't in it with Racland or Erica. The horse you want is not a pretty, daftly flyer, but a stayer, that is sure and that brings in good money, not big odds, but good money. Why, I can name you a dozen better'n Fides."
"Still, somehow, I like Fides best," said the obstinate man in the white hat.

"But Fides will take the bit in her mouth and run away, or throw the jock or break into the fence. She isn't steady. She's all right to have a little bet on just enough for a flyer, but she's not the horse to plunge on. If you're a millionaire with money to throw away, why, you might put some of it up on her, but, as it is, you want to put your money where it will be sure of a 'place' every now, let me mark your card for you?"

"No," said the man, "what you all say is reasonable, I see that; but, somehow, I rather fancy Fides best."
I've forgotten now whether Fides won or not, and whether she landed the man who just fancied her without knowing why a winner or sent him home broke. But, in any event, that is quite immaterial, the story simply shows how obstinate some men are as regards horses and, as a general critic, I have no doubt but that the Methodist minister's daughter would have made Hiram happy if he had loved her, but he didn't. No doubt Anne, Nan, and Katy and Maude would have made me happy if they would have wanted to have me and I had happened to love them, but I fancied Fides.

But now since I have scared you sufficiently, let me add for your peace of mind that I've not enough money to back any horses just at present, and before I put any money up on any one of them for the Matrimonial stakes, I will ask you first to look over the card and give me a few pointers. I mayn't follow them, you know, but I'll give you a fair washing, at any rate.
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DICK.

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The Poinsettia Widow

(Continued from page 18)

ing sharp at the turns. Then I hustled forward, following the shore and the direction Van had taken.

It was a nightmare, flying through that darkness. I was soon far away from the bonfire, and Van's searchlight on his car nowhere in sight yet. I couldn't distinguish earth or water below me; I must have been going at better than seventy an hour, but as I couldn't see myself passing anything except the few lights way off on the mainland, by which I guided myself, even there in that throbbing roaring machine it was like hanging motionless in an uncharted world. I had a feeling as though I couldn't fall; as though I were buoyed up by the thick darkness. That took away the caution I usually have when flying. The way I jerked the aileron wires when banking or the rudder when steering, might have busted one and dropped—probably into the ocean. But for once in my life I wasn't old Jimmy carelessly dogging along; I was a blooming angel in a chariot of fire, and scared of nothing.

It seemed like seventy-seven hours, but don't suppose it was more than ten minutes before I saw a glow, ahead and below me, and then made out that it was a headlight flickering on the sand—Van's car and his light. It was plenty weird when I got nearer—just the darkness broken on by that fast-moving light which, as he turned with the curves of the

shore, now splashed on bare dunes and went 'bang!' on a line of Spanish bayonets, then swung again over wet sand, which glared like a mirror, and across the broken boiling water of the breakers.

Van is a cotton-tail bunny, but he sure was driving some on that hard beach—sixty to seventy, I guess. He must of already known I was behind him, but he passed my car, and so it wasn't any too easy to catch him, me not having any scouting monoplane. I had to begin to come down easy, not being able to gauge distances below me, but I'd stick her nose down and straighten her up; again and again, till I wasn't more than a hundred feet above them, and flying just about their speed. It seemed queer—like I was a fixed attachment to that moving light-carrying digitus down below me.

While I couldn't make out the figures much in the car, once I was sure I saw some one stand up and wave hands to me. I was satisfied Madame Zintheo wanted me. He wouldn't stop, and I didn't dare land, because unless I landed square in front of him and blocked him, he could go shooting on, once I was down, and I never would be able to get up and after him. And if I misjudged distance, coming down, I would of smashed up. If he hadn't been a fool, he might have swooped up and lost me. At last I could do to float along right above him, both-

M.G.

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X-BAZIN DEFLATOR POWDER

ering him with the roar up there and with the fear I'd drop on him, till he lost his nerve. Which he did, finally, and stopped. Then I come down P.D.Q., flattening out and spinning along even with the ground, and landing with only a little jar, though kind of pancaking.

I loped back and there were Van and Madame Zintheo standing beside the machine. And did the villain and the hero speak together haughty and violent? They did not. The hero says, "Well, Van, out for a little spin, this beautiful evening?" The villain sounded exactly like a spoiled small boy: "Look here, Jones, I don't remember inviting you to come along."

"Well, gee whiz, boss!" I says, "if your memory is failing like that, you won't be able to conduct all your important affairs, such as managing your valet—"

Then the heroine speaks, and she was more like a regular melodramist—poor kid, she was kind of hysterical: "He threatened me! I never knew till tonight that he has been backing Bolderjambie in the Hors d'Oeuvre, and unless I went for a 'little drive' with him he threatened to withdraw his support. That would have left me stranded here, a thousand miles from New York. Then when we started, he demanded we go up to Jacksonville, and I tried to slip out of the car—"

"I will withdraw my support, too!" shrieked Van. "I'll break both of you! You'll never dance again, and you, Jones, you'll never fly in Florida again."

"Well, well," I murmurs, "ain't that fine. I was getting tired of palms. Just in time for the last of the bob-sledding at home. Now, Van," I says, "you don't know what you've started. You've never been carefully beaten up. You've always been coddled. Now I'm afraid I'll have to make you uncomfortable."

"Don't you dare touch me!" Instead of feeling sore I was sorry for him, especially when he shrieked, poor nursery cat, brought up to be selfish and vicious. While he struggled and bit—I got to hand it to him, he bit me good in the thumb—I grabbed him, and sitting down real comfortable on the running board, I spanked him free and hearty, with a good swing and a snappy stroke, till Madame Zintheo begged, "Please let him go."

I ran him down the beach and sort of threw him in the breakers. I went back to the car. "Jump in!" I says to Madame Zintheo, and she jumps, and I start the car and turn it and head back for the bonfire.

As the headlight swung over the sea, it picked out Van just wading ashore—up to his knees in a sliding, foaming wash of undertow, his natty white pants and blue coat bagging and dripping; cold and shivery and stumbling, and his face one big wrinkle of rage.

"Won't he hurt your aeroplane?" asked Madame Zintheo anxiously.

"I should worry," I says; "it's insured. Poor little devil, this is a rotten end to his nice party with the red tent and all," I sighs, and then we forgot all about Van.

Anyway, I did. I slowed the car down to about fifteen miles an hour. The wheels hummed with a funny delicate kind of song on that packed sand. And she was so close by me there, so soft and close, and she was saying: "It isn't easy to thank you—you understand, don't you?"

"Are you glad it was I that did it?"

She didn't hedge, like a flustered girl on a porch in Penumbra. She said it right out, "Yes! I am! I have always thought of you as my friend here."

Then I stopped the engine. Without trying to look at her, keeping my hands on the steering wheel, kind of turning it from side to side, and kicking at the brake, just like an

embarrassed kid, I blurts out, "Look here, Madame Zintheo, when Van gets back he'll begin to raise some kind of Cain, and now I'm going to grab the chance to say—maybe it's goodbye. I'm not a swell at all. I come from Penumbra, Iowa, which you won't probably think was the jumping-off place. I'm not even a hero; I'm a very ordinary flyer. I've been working hard to sound swagger, but actually I'm a plain common dub, with no education and no family—not what you call family. But honey, you've seen tonight what one swell is, and there's plenty more like him—you know that better'n I do. Could you ever think of giving up the orchids and gold slippers—and the Vans—and marrying a workman like me? We have been happy—adventuring in the air, and Madame Zintheo, do—"

"I'm not Madame Zintheo!"

"Why! How do you mean?" "I'm not—Madame anything. I'm Ann Gibson—Miss Ann Gibson—scared little Ann what came from Wiskalalla, Oregon, and wanted to be a great actress. My brother saved and sent me to Paris, to study music. And I was a social secretary in Boston. And when I started to dance, all the Vans tried to make love to me, and I invented a way to awe them—I just murmured 'Paris' and smiled, till they thought I was more sophisticated than they were. But I'm not—if you are a Penumbra dub, I'm a Wiskalalla dub, and I want to go back and play parcheesi with my brother—he keeps the feed store."

"Gee whiz!" I said.

WE grinned at each other and settled down in our seats, and her hand slipped into mine, like an enamelled fan lost in my clumsy mechanic's mitt. But I was still too scared of her to try to kiss her. My brain knew she wasn't Madame Zintheo at all, but my heart was still in awe of her.

So all I could say was, "Well—" and she sighs, "Well—" and I'd have given sixty-nine dollars to be able either to drive her a big Penumbra bus, or to drop her hand and drive like hades.

"Say," I yurps sudden, "did you honestly think I was a toff?"

"Why," she laughs, "you spoke so casually of flying with D'Annunzio that I was awed. I used to read the Paris Baedeker every morning in bed, to brush up for you—I spent a year there, but I was in an attic cooking my breakfast, or at the conservatory, hearing how bad my voice was, all the time."

"I been reading Baedeker too!" I yells. "And I been pressing my own dress trousers with an electric iron!" And I washed out all my own handkerchiefs and dried them on the mirror! I'm saving for a ranch near Wiskalalla."

"Me, I buy store buildings in Penumbra. Do you remember I said once how much I wanted to see my little country place, 'The Oaks'?" That's the name of the hotel in Penumbra, and I own fifty-one per cent. of it! Gee, when I was a kid I used to drive the Oaks' bus to the train to meet the drummers."

"I know. I worked all one summer in the Misses Migum's Millinery Emporium, at Wiskalalla!"

"Oh, by the way, Cousin Ann," I was inspired to say, "I just had a letter from Aunt Bessy. Benny—you remember Benny? He's doing real well in business college."

The wicked Madame Zintheo of Paris answers, "Is he? Did aunt say anything about how the high school debate came out?"

"Yes, it was a swell affair. They debated on 'Resolved, that Washington was a greater man than Lincoln,' and the negative won. Mamie Ingerbritten was the speaker."

"Mamie? O yes," she said, "I remember. The little girl with the red flannel petticoat that lived across the

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tracks, by the elevator. Her mother was a bright little woman."
 "Yes, bright as a dollar."
 "O honey, honey, you are a regular American! Would you like to go on a hay-ride, and sing 'Seeing Nelly Home'?"
 "Yes, I would," she said, and we two there, the aviator and the famous dancer, in the land of wardrobe trunks, we chuckled at each other, and I said, soft like, "I'm not afraid of you, any more, Ann."
 "And I'm not awed by the hero."
 "How would you like to go back to Iowa—a while, anyway? Maybe we'd start on a crazy hike again, some day, together. But for a while—the Twin-Two agency in Penumbra—and we could go to the movies just like folks, instead of being noises."
 "O yes," she cried. "I am tired, so tired. But—it isn't Penumbra I want. It's you, who laugh."
 Then her head came down on my shoulder, and her hair was near my cheek.
 "I'd never known before that you could love a girl most when she began to cry."
 "I'm glad I've been an aviator. I remember once when I was flying in a cross-country race and was plumb lost, all anxious and bewildered, suddenly to one side I saw a beautiful monoplane. It was slender, and every wire and the silvered empennage were shining in the sun, like they were made of fire, and I bumped my heavy old biplane to follow it, and I wasn't lonely any more as I reared after that flying flame."

The Fairy Coronet

(Continued from page 10)

pect the sophomores do a lot more good than they intend, sometimes!"
 He was rather grumpy, but presently, in the library, he consented to "lend" William three dollars which William urged that he really needed for "several things."
 On Friday evening a similar negotiation was again successful, though Mr. Baxter grumbled. "I don't like to refuse him, it's so near his going away," he said to his wife, when William had left the house and Jane had gone to bed. "But he's acting just as queer as ever, and I don't like his looks. He looks kind of feverish and excited."
 "That's natural," she returned. "It's so near this great change from home to college life, and he's never been away since before—not for more than a few days. Of course, he's a little nervous."
 Her husband shook his head in perplexity. "I suppose so," he said. "Of course, he isn't still thinking about that Miss Pratt. She's been gone almost a week; I should think he'd forgotten her by this time."
 "I suppose he has," said Mrs. Baxter. She was busy with her sewing for a moment; then she added, gently, "Almost."
 "How do you mean, 'almost'?"
 "Well—" She hesitated, then smiled and went on: "I suppose Miss Pratt was really Willie's 'first love.' It was bound to happen to him; he's at the age when it usually does happen. A boy of seventeen goes around with a sort of fairy coronet in his hand, wanting to put it on some girl's head. If he does, and she goes away, of course the fairy coronet flies back into his hand, though he doesn't know it—because it's never really hers, you see, but always really his. So he's very apt to put it on the next girl he sees, because he's got the habit of looking at somebody wearing it, and so he goes on putting it on one after the other—sometimes all his life."
 Her voice grew absent, and she passed to thread a needle.
 "So it's really 'first love' echoing on through the later loves, you mean," said Mr. Baxter thoughtfully. "I take it, then, you were merely rebounding



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from that excellent T. Henry Johnson with the lavender eyes you used to admire so, when you said you'd marry me?"

"No!" she said. "Women aren't like that at all."

"Oh, no!" he laughed. "Of course not! Well, what's happened to Willie and his fairy coronet? You don't mean an actress!"

"Didn't that ever happen to you?"

"Go on with you! Is that Willie's present trouble?"

"If I even remotely supposed so," said Mrs. Baxter, "I'd never tell you that I did."

"Why not?"

"Because," she said, "because you might forget, and speak of it before Jane!"

The next day—it was Saturday—after lunch, William bowed off his mother all the money she was able to find in her purse; seventy-five cents. Then he departed hurriedly, not returning until midnight. At that time she informed him she was again in funds and would be glad to lend him something more if he happened to care to go anywhere in the evening.

He thanked her, but said that he had an engagement with Johnnie Watson, and did not need any money. His manner was strained, and he appeared to wish to add something, but stood silent.

"Go ahead, Willie. What is it, dear?"

"Mother," he said, "I've about made up my mind on—a on—a course of action—"

He paused.

"All right. What's the course?"

He gulped, then muttered, "I'll tell you tomorrow," and went hastily to his own room.

At the dinner table he spoke not once, nor did Jane feel impelled to call attention to his color, for he had none. He was pale—and when he went out to keep his engagement with Johnnie Watson, his pallor had not lessened but increased. There was a curious, glinty determination in his eye.

The next morning was rainy, and Mr. Baxter went to church with only solemn Jane; Mrs. Baxter remaining in her own room. Thither came William, still pallid, and found her packing a trunk, moist-eyed.

"Is yours, dear," she said. "I suppose I oughtn't to, on Sunday; but I want to have you all ready, and not be hurried at the last."

William gulped; in the strange determination glinted in his eye—in fact, William looked a little wild.

"Mother," he said desperately, "I'm not going to college."

"What?"

"No, mother, I'm not. My mind is made up. I've changed my plans of life. I've changed my plans of life, mother, and I want—I want you to break it to father."

"What are you talking about, Willie?"

"I'm not going to college at all," he said. "It's something I couldn't argue about, but I can't help it. I've changed my plans of life."

She sat down on her bed, looking at him with intent thoughtfulness.

"Why, dear, you can't—"

"Yes, mother, I can. I'm not going to college."

"But everything's settled about that, Willie! Why, the dear—"

"Mother, I'm not going."

"But it's impossible—"

"Mother," he said, "I'm going on the stage."

"What!"

"I'm going on the stage."

She recovered her breath. "Willie, dear," she said, "you're crazy."

"All right; but I'm going to do it!"

"What perfect nonsense!"

"You'll see!" said William huskily.

"It's arranged. Johnnie Watson's going to, too. At least, he said he thought he was, last night; and he's going to decide today."

"I never heard such—"

"It's arranged, mother."

"Arranged?" she echoed. "William, I want you to sit down."

"I can't!" he exclaimed. "I can't sit down!"

"Then try to stand still. Now, William, who arranged for you to go on the stage?"

"Mr. Krylie. He's the funny man."

"Yes," she agreed. "I think he must be!"

"I mean in the company," William explained. "He plays that old grass-widower. His name's Krylie;—his real name. His name in the play's 'Jonas Lester.' He's the one she pins the flowers in his lapel. He's her most intimate friend of the whole company, and he's the one that's fixed everything up for me, and he's going to do the same for Johnnie, if Johnnie decides to go—and he's sure to."

"Decides to go where?"

"Wherever she tells Mr. Krylie to have us join the company. He said maybe Detroit, or Kansas City, or somewhere. He's going to tell us this noon."

"Willie," said his mother, "I do wish you could sit down."

"I can't do it. I feel—"

"Well, never mind then," she said.

"But try to tell me something lucid about it. Where did you meet this Mr. Krylie?"

"Mother, I intend to be absolutely honest with you at such a time as this," he said earnestly. "I and Johnnie met him in the Capitol Hotel Pool Room."

"Willie!"

"Yes, m—". It's right across from the stage-door."

"How could you!" she cried.

"How could you go into such a place? There's a bar there, isn't there?"

"It really isn't in the room where the billiard tables are," said William. "It's more in kind of an alcove. I never was in there till yesterday afternoon after the matinee. I went in with Johnnie. He wanted to buy some—well, it was something it wouldn't be just fair to Johnnie to tell you about, but it wasn't anything wrong."

"And you found this Krylie there? You spoke to him?"

"Mother, he spoke to us!"

"He did?"

"We knew us from having seen us sitting in the front row. He asked us if we weren't the ones that had the seats over by the bass viol every night, and we told him we were."

"How curious! I didn't suppose actors could recognize—"

"Mother, this was the way it was. He was *awful* cordial, and got us to sit down with him in a tab—and—"

"Willie, you didn't—"

"I want to tell you just exactly what happened, so you can break it to father," William went on, with a solemnity which increased throughout his narrative. "He did ask us if we cared to take anything, and I Johnnie took some ginger ale and I took some sarsaparilla. Well, he said—mother, he said what first called his attention to us—was Miss Millicent Semple, mother. The very first night, she came over and sat in a chair right by us, and—and I noticed that she'd got right down at—at us. Well, she said that every night, and Mr. Krylie said she's been lookin' at both of us most all the time. He said she came over and sat in that chair on purpose, and it wasn't in the play for her to sit there at all. He said she told him about us, and so he got to noticing us, and what he liked about us was the way that we never laughed, or anything. He said he'd been watchin' us, night after night, when all the rest of the audience'd be laughing—and we never were. He said that his part was really meant to be kind of serious, and it made him pretty near sick the way everybody laughed at, and he said he took a fancy to us from the first because he saw we didn't; and he'd like to do some favor for us, if there was anything we could think of. And he said, oh, yes, wouldn't we like to be introduced to Miss Millicent Semple. He said she had a rule never to be intro-

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duced to anybody that wasn't on the stage, and he s'posed we'd have to go on the stage if we wanted her to have anything much to do with us. And then he went on about how often she'd noticed us, and how she told him she thought we looked sort of like actors, and how she said we ought to be on the stage, just from noticing us, so much and all. Well, he said to meet him right by the ticket-office at the station today, because the company's going away today; and he said he'd probably be there by noon and he'd tell us what to do, and everything. He said—mother, he said, we ought to join the company next week."

"Willie!"
"Yes'm. At first I thought he was jok'n' or something, and so did Johnnie; but he showed us he was in dead earnest. Mother, the manager of the company was in there, and he called the manager over and introduced him to us; and he told him all about us, and said he'd just about talked us into joining the company."

"What did the manager say, Willie?"
"He said he'd try to get a couple of new parts put into the play for us to act."

"He did!"
"He said they'd be small ones, at first," William admitted, "but Mr. Krylie said he was going to take this company in about a month or so, and by that time Johnnie and I would know enough to play his part, and one of us could take it."

Mrs. Baxter frowned, bit her lip in some perplexity; then she looked long at her son. Compassion appeared in her eyes.

"Willie," she said, "don't you think this man was fooling you?"

"We thought so at first, kind of," he answered. "But after he got to talkin' and brought up that manager and all, we saw he was in dead earnest. He was, mother; you'd know he was in a minute if you'd been there."

"And you—"
"Mother, I've made up my mind. I—I pretty near have, anyhow. I told Johnnie I'd let him know this morning."

"When are you to meet Mr. Krylie?"
"At noon. He said for us to wait for him if he wasn't on time. I got to go now, mother."

"You don't expect to leave with the company today, do you?"
"Oh, no'm; he's only goin' to tell us when we ought to join 'em and how to get there—if we decided to do it."

"Very well," she said. "Go along—but don't wait down there till after two o'clock, dear. We have dinner at two today."

"All right," he said. "And about papa—"
"William, suppose you let me wait till tonight before I break it to him."

"Well—"
"Let me choose my own time for that, dear."
"All right, but—" He went to the door. "Well, goodby, mamma," he said.

"Be sure not to wait later than two o'clock for Mr. Krylie, dear!" she called after him.

"All right!" he returned rather impatiently, for he felt there was something curious in the comparative placidity with which she had borne this crucial interview. Misgivings had risen within him: almost he suspected that he had been led into something queer by Mr. Krylie's eloquence—but sapphire eyes sparkled before him, shooting blue to his own eyes. He seized his hat, and plunged out of the house, tingling. Mr. Krylie's last words had promised pleasant mysteries. It might be—it might be that Milcent Semple would be at the station, too, waiting.

So much can sapphire eyes from beyond the glamorizing footlights do to Seventeen! And so excellent a comedian was the detestable Krylie!

William was home again at a little before two; he parted from a siskish-looking Johnnie Watson at the door.

"One thing," said Johnnie, "I bet she never put that ole scuff up to all those lies he told us. I bet she didn't know a thing about it."

"She did keep lookin' at me—lookin' at us, I mean," said William. That much was true. She did—every night."

"Yes—she did!" Johnnie sighed. "Every single night!"

Mrs. Baxter, from an upper window, beheld the slow return of her son, and descended to meet him. Sympathetic questioning produced an account of events. At half-past one o'clock, a ticket-agent at the station, upon being pressed for information, had been obliged to tell that the "Lucy On Leave" company had left the town at seven-fifty the night before.

THREE days later, William Sylvanus Baxter and Johnnie Watson sat in the smoking compartment of their sleeper. They smoked, and discussed the seeming character of a new acquaintance, a youth who had just left them and gone into the dining-car. Conversation had developed the information that he was accredited to the same university that they were, and would shortly be their classmate. Thus stimulated to confidence, he had brought forth from his breast pocket the photograph of a young woman; and also exhibiting a reduced copy of the same photograph inside his watch. She was (he informed them) the dearest little girl in this world, and he had left her looking pretty funny on the platform of the station where he had taken the train.

"That girl in his ole photographs," said Johnnie coldly, when the confidential young gentleman had gone, "she struck me she looked more like a rabbit than a girl. He's kind of soft, I think."
William nodded gravely. "The way I look at that, Johnnie," he said, removing the vile cigarette from his mouth, and watching this gesture with quiet approbation—"the way I look at that, Johnnie, why, I tell you it strikes me there's some fellows that think too much about girls. Always seem to have some ole girl or other on their minds!"

Have You a Little Theater in Your Town?

(Continued from page 19)
ful that toward the end of the spring of 1914 they were obliged to engage the Bandbox for five and six evenings a week. Professional actors and managers began to visit the Bandbox out of curiosity. These came to scoff and remained to admire. I remember that Grace George, for one, declared openly that if the rich patrons of the "Bandbox" really wanted to do something useful for the theater, they ought to finance the Washington Square Players. A few months later somebody took the hint. The Players were provided with funds, not much, to be sure, but enough to enable them to take the Bandbox for an entire season and to guarantee most of their members a "living wage." (They still work on a cooperative basis.) By this time it was absolutely necessary for them to give their entire time to their work.
In 1914-15 they were so successful that this season they moved over into the Broadway district, having been placed in a position to take the Comedy Theater. This move has been deplored by many people. It is feared lest the Players may become Broadwayized, may lose the flavor of sublimated amateurs. This, of course, remains to be seen. But, at any rate

(Continued on page 8)

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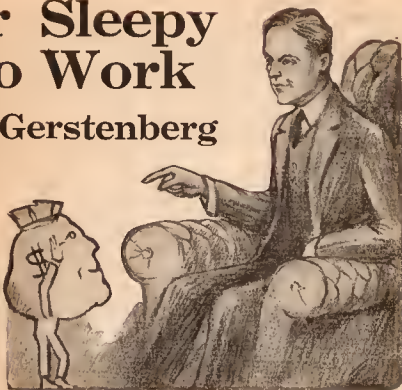
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Put Your Sleepy Money to Work

by Charles W. Gerstenberg



Some men expect their money to work for them unguided and uncared for

Put backbone in your investments. Let them speak your approval or disapproval

THE man who expects to retire to a pair of slippers and a house jacket and let his money work for him, unguided and uncared for, had better begin to think of a suitable epitaph for his tombstone. Don't make it joyous; let it suggest disappointment.

Savings are mighty good assistants, but they haven't any brains.

Keep on the Job

WHY should a man at fifty or sixty or seventy just give up? He owes something to society. If he stops producing himself, at least he can help the world by saying who shall produce and who shall not. For when you put your money into a certain enterprise you decide that in your judgment (1) the enterprise is producing a product or service that fills a social want; (2) this particular concern is able to produce that product or service efficiently and (3) it will deal honestly with its customers, creditors and stockholders.

Keep on the job. Put backbone into your investments. Let them talk. Let them speak your approval or disapproval. Let them commend or condemn.

Think of the thousands who trusted with unconcern in the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad and mourned their loss after the government had shown that the road had betrayed its trust.

Good Investing Is a Family Duty

BUT there is another side to the question. Guarding and guiding investments does not mean merely preventing loss. Good investing is not altogether negative. Investments that are merely safe are like good people who never battle in the world for righteousness. They can't come to harm because they refuse to take the responsibility of doing good as well as being good.

How can I make my investments work hardest for me and mine; for me and those who are dependent on me? Isn't that a duty worthy of any honest, industrious man or woman?

There are certain broad principles governing the intelligent management of investments that are as important and as simple in their line as are the elementary principles of the sailing of a catboat or of the correct nourishing of babies. And at just this time every diligent investor should consider that particular principle of investing which governs the proper use of stocks and bonds.

Stocks for Profits; Bonds to Conserve Them

STOCKS make profits; bonds conserve them.

When prosperity is bringing large surpluses to corporations you should participate in these profits by owning stock. When business depression follows, conserve the profits you made in the previous period by buying bonds.

That is the principle. Now let us see how it works out.

The Theory Explained

SUPPOSE, beginning with 1900, we assume prosperity and depression to recur in cycles running over a period of ten years. What would happen to an investment of \$100 if the principle stated were followed and

Stock prices.....	1900. \$100	1905. \$120	1910. \$100	1915. \$120	1920. \$100
Bond prices.....	100	102	100	102	100
Market value of investment..	\$100	\$120	\$117.65	\$141.18	\$138.41

acted upon? Let us suppose that at the outset we invest in stock. At the top of the market we will sell out, put our money into bonds and leave it there till the bottom is reached, when we will sell out our bonds and reinvest in stock. The story may be told briefly and in tabular form as above. The arrows show the course of your investment.

The \$100 we invested in stock in 1900 rose in value to \$120 in 1905, when we sold out and invested in bonds at 102. We were able to buy bonds to the amount of \$120 market value or \$117.65 par value. Between 1905 and 1910 the entire market declined, but the fall in stock was greater than the fall in bonds. To keep our money active we had to invest in some way and so we chose the lesser of two evils and put our money into bonds. These fell in market value to \$117.65 in 1910 when we sold at that price and bought stock. In 1915 our stock had increased in value to \$141.18. At this high price we sold out and invested our money in bonds. By 1920 the market value of bonds shrank to par, bringing the market value down to \$138.41. Summing up the situation, we may say that our original investment of \$100 increased to \$138.41.

The Effect on Income

ASSUME that your bonds were 4 1/2 per cent. bonds and that your stock paid dividends somewhat higher. What would happen to your income? In answer to this question, in the following table:

	Annual Dividends.....	Annual rate of income.
1900-1905.....	\$5,294	5.29%
1905-1910.....	\$6,228	6.23%

Isn't that attractive? Doesn't it make you feel like engaging some dollars to work for you and resolving to manage them shrewdly?

Practice Even Better than Theory

BUT wait. The true story is still more alluring. Suppose we go back to the years from 1896 to 1914 and take the true facts. I have selected for this purpose average prices of stocks and bonds computed by Professor Wesley C. Mitchell and published in the *Journal of Political Economy*, February, 1916. The stocks, let it be said, are of corporations that paid dividends continuously in four years as well as in fair. If I were to take the average prices of stocks that were intermittently dividend payers the story would breathe of ancient Arabia rather than of modern America. But by selecting the dividend payers, we keep within the range of probability and of safety.

Three Rules of Price Movement

Of course, the market, during these twenty years, did not move up and down with the regularity assumed in our theoretical case above. But remember these three important rules:

- (1) The high spots and the low spots are easy to recognize. They generally come with hurrahs and groans loud enough to be intelligible to any interested person.
 - (2) Never, never, expect to sell at the very top or to buy at the very bottom. Even such a shrewd trader as Rothschild, you will remember, did not aspire to such success.
 - (3) The market hovers at the top and allows at the bottom long enough for any careful investor to make his trades.
- Perhaps I ought to add an injunction as a fourth rule: Don't mistake the short speculative swings of the market for movements based on changes in fundamental conditions. You will notice that the shortest period we have selected in the table below is about two years.

What the Figures Show

WE are ready now to examine the figures. We select the high and the low years during an eighteen year period, give the stock and the bond prices and assume that we began with \$20.

Actual average stock prices	1896. \$920	1902. \$1,570	1904. \$1,360	1906. \$1,590	1908. \$1,260	1910. \$1,420	1914. \$1,070
Bond prices	1,000	1,200	1,150	1,140	1,080	1,090	1,020
Market value of investment	\$920	\$1,570	\$1,504.60	\$1,861.26	\$1,763.29	\$1,987.10	\$1,859.48

The principal has more than doubled.
 From 1896 to 1902, the stock bought at \$920 increased in value to \$1,570. This latter sum was then invested in bonds at 120. In 1904 the bonds were sold at 115 yielding \$1,504.60 to be invested in the rising market in stock purchased at 136. At the top of the market in 1906 the stock was sold for \$1,861.26 which sum was put into bonds at 114. In 1908 the bonds were sold and stock was again bought in a rising market. When this stock was sold in 1910 it yielded \$1,987.10 and in the dark days of 1914 this sum had decreased to \$1,859.48.

Action Not Only Produces Profits But Prevents Losses

THE principle is simple. Buy stock when the market is depressed. When it is at the top sell your stock and put the proceeds into bonds, keeping them there safely till the market has dropped low enough to offer stock at bargain prices.
 If you will study the table a moment you will be able to draw several very profitable conclusions. In the first place, bond prices and stock prices ended in 1914 almost where they began in 1896. But by skillfully selecting bonds in a declining market and stock in a rising market you could have doubled the value of your investment during that period. Moreover, if you had begun your investing in 1904 or 1908, instead of in 1896 and had left your money either in stock or in bonds, your investment would have shrunk considerably in

value. But by using stocks and bonds as indicated in this article your investment would have increased about 20 per cent. from 1904 to 1914, or about 6 per cent. from 1908 to 1914.
 Your income record can be tabulated as follows, assuming that the bonds you bought each time were 4½ per cent. bonds.

1896-1902.....	Annual Income.	Rate on original investment.
1902-1904.....	Dividends.	6.40%
1904-1906.....	Dividends.	6.40%
1906-1908.....	Dividends.	7.90%
1908-1910.....	Dividends.	8.92%
1910-1914.....	Dividends.	8.92%

The Value of Hindsight

THAT'S mighty good hindsight, I hear you say. If my figuring has been correct, it is perfect hindsight. But it will help you with your foresight.
 The reason most people vegetate instead of stirring about is that they have never tried stirring about. They have no hindsight on the subject and therefore can't look forward to it as a pleasant prospect. Nor can the child avoid fire till it has burned its fingers. Hindsight tells you what to do and what not to do.
Hindsight! Are you not old enough to profit by other people's hindsight, especially when it is the collective hindsight of all the investors in America?
 And suppose you do only half as well with your foresight as I have done with my hindsight. Isn't that better than losing every cent by inaction?

Questions and Answers

The Financial Editor will give investment information and advice to Metropolitan readers. Simply enclose stamp for reply. All inquiries are answered promptly through the mails; those of general interest are published in these columns, unless the Editor is specifically requested otherwise. Full name and address should always be given. Initials only are published.

W. R. J., Vermont: The *Submarine Boat Corporation* was incorporated in Vermont, as the successor to the *Electric Boat Company*. It owns the *Holland Torpedo Boat Company* of New Jersey, the *Electric Launch Company* of New Jersey, the *Eico Company* of New Jersey, the *New Jersey Development Company*, the *Electric-Dynamic Company* of New Jersey, the *Industrial Oxygen Company*, and the *London Engine Company*.

total stock outstanding to the amount of \$2,000,000. This company intends to market a new five passenger car. The field which the company is entering is already overrun with new promotions and it is wise for investors to avoid the securities of these companies.

The management of the company is now in the hands of voting trustees and will so continue for a period of five years unless the trustees terminate it sooner. The voting trust was formed so that the old management of the *Electric Boat Company* might be retained in control of the *Submarine Boat Corporation*.

Mrs. B. A., Pennsylvania: The *Sapulpa Refining Company* which was originally incorporated in 1909 was reincorporated in Oklahoma in May, 1915, with a capital stock of \$1,000,000; par value, \$5.

Submarine Boat Corporation has a capital stock of 800,000 shares of no par value, of which 704,680 shares are outstanding. No earnings, income account or balance sheet have been reported. There are no earnings have been officially reported. Dividends are now being paid at the rate of 6 per cent. on the par value. The company has been awarded contracts by the Navy Department for 18 of the 27 most submarines in the world. It has received some time ago. These are to cost \$697,000 each, making a total contract worth \$12,946,000. The company also has a contract for one sea-going submarine costing \$1,180,000.
 While the company is probably the foremost among companies of its kind in the world, the stock is a very bad mistake in more than a speculative rating. The price of the stock has varied in 1915 from a low of 24½ to a high of 37, and in 1916 from a low of 31½ to a high of 45½.

The first monthly dividend was one-half of one per cent, which was paid on December 1, 1915. The dividend was increased to one and one-half per cent. per month on February 1, 1916 and then to two per cent a month on August 1, 1916. Recently the directors have announced that after the first of the year the dividends will be paid quarterly instead of monthly. The first dividend to be paid on the 1st of February, 1917, will be thirty cents per share if the same rate is maintained.
 The earnings of the company at the present time are estimated at the rate of \$816,000 annually or at the rate of \$4.08 per share, and an increase in dividends seems possible. The price of Sapulpa has varied from 7 in 1915 to 16½ in February, 1916.

J. L., California: I have read over the circular letters from the *Woods Mobilette Company* which you sent me. I am afraid your friend has made a bad mistake in "investing" some money in the stock of this company. He should never invest in the securities of any company unless he has a long record of earnings and dividend payments.
 I do not like the way the circular letters, sent out by the company, read, and I should advise you or your friend not to put any more money into this company.
 Its balance sheet shows real net assets of about \$300,000 as compared with cap-

The Cumberland Pipe Line Company, incorporated November 15, 1901, in Kentucky, has a capital stock of \$1,000,000, par value \$100 per share. Originally the company was controlled by the *Standard Oil Company* of New Jersey. Upon dissolution of the latter company in 1911, the stock of the *Cumberland Company* was distributed to the stockholders of the *Standard Oil Company*. Since that time the following dividends have been paid: 1912, 36; 1913, 80; 1914, 85; 1915, 85.

During these same years the company earned \$8.90 in 1912, \$7.21 in 1913, \$8.17 in 1914 and \$3.29 in 1915 on each share of stock, so that the company during the last four years has paid out in dividends practically all of its earnings. The market price of the stock has varied from a low of 40 in 1914 to a high of about 120 this year.
 While both of these companies have comparatively large earnings neither can be given an investor's first choice. Both of them are probably fairly good securities.

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What is An Internal Bath?

by R. W. Beal



MUCH has been said and volumes have been written describing at length the many kinds of baths civilized man has indulged in from time to time. Every possible resource of the human mind has been brought into play to fashion new methods of bathing, but, strange as it may seem, the most important as well as the most beneficial of all baths, the "Internal Bath," has been given little thought.

The reason for this is probably due to the fact that few people seem to realize the tremendous part that internal bathing plays in the acquiring and maintaining of health.

If you were to ask a dozen people to define an internal bath, you would have as many different definitions, and the probability is that not one of them would be correct.

To avoid any misconception as to what constitutes an internal bath, let it be said that a hot water enema is no more an internal bath than a bill of fare is a dinner.

If it were possible and agreeable to take the great mass of thinking people to witness an average post mortem, the sights they would see and the things they would learn would prove of such lasting benefit and impress them so profoundly that further argument in favor of internal bathing would be unnecessary to convince them. Unfortunately, however, it is not possible to do this, profitable as such an experience would doubtless prove to be.

There is, then, only one other way to get this information into their hands, and that is, by acquainting them with such knowledge as will enable them to appreciate the value of this long-sought-for health producing necessity.

Few people realize what a very little thing is necessary sometimes to improve their physical condition. Also, they have almost no conception of how a little carelessness, indifference or neglect can be the fundamental cause of the most virulent disease. For instance, that universal disorder from which almost all humanity is suffering, known as "constipation," "auto-intoxication," "auto-infection," and a multitude of other terms, is not only curable but preventable through the consistent practice of internal bathing.

How many people realize that normal functioning of the bowels and a clean intestinal tract make it impossible to become sick? "Man of today is only fifty per cent efficient." Reduced to simple English this means that most men are trying to do a man's portion of work on half a man's power. This applies equally to women.

That it is impossible to continue to do this indefinitely must be apparent to all. Nature never intended the delicate human organism to be operated on a hundred per cent overload. A machine could not stand this and not break down and the body certainly cannot do more than a machine.

There is entirely too much unnecessary and avoidable sickness in the world.

How many people can you name, including yourself, who are physically vigorous, healthy and strong? The number is appallingly small.

It is not a complex matter to keep in condition, but it takes a little time, and

in these strenuous days pile up time to do everything else necessary for the attainment of happiness but the most essential thing of a that giving their bodies their proper care.

Would you believe that it is ten minutes of time devoted to stomatic internal bathing can make you healthy and maintain your physical efficiency indefinitely?

Granting that such a simple procedure as this will do what is claimed for it, is it not worth while to know more about that which will accomplish this end? Internal bathing will do this, and it will do it for people of all ages and in all conditions of health at disease.

People don't seem to realize, strange to say, how important it is to keep the body free from accumulated dy-waste poisons. Their doing so not prevent the absorption into the blood of the poisonous excretions of the body, and health would be the inevitable result.

If you would keep your bod pure, your heart normal, your eyes ear, your complexion clean, your mind sen, your blood pressure normal, your nerves relaxed and be able to enjoy the vigor of youth in your declining year practice internal bathing and begin today.

Now, that your attention has been called to the importance of internal bathing, it may be that number of questions may suggest themselves to your mind. You will probably want to know WHAT an internal bath is, WHY people should take it, and the WAY to take them. The and countless other questions are answered in a booklet entitled "THE WHAT, THE WHY AND THE WAY TO INTERNAL BATHING," written by Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell, the author of "J. B. L. Cascade," whose long study and research along this line make him the pre-eminent authority on this subject.

Not only has internal bathing saved and prolonged Dr. Tyrrell's own life, but the lives of a multitude of hopeless individuals have been equally spared and prolonged.

No book has ever been written containing such a vast amount of practical information to the business man, the worker, and the housewife all that is necessary to secure this book is to write to Dr. Tyrrell at Number 24 West 65th Street, New York City, and a coupon having been sent to him in Metropolitan, and same will be immediately mailed to you free of all cost or obligation.

Perhaps you realize now more than ever, the truth of these statements, and if the reading of this article will result in a proper appreciation of your part of the value of internal bathing, it will be well to send for it.

What you will want to know now is to avail yourself of the opportunity for learning more about the subject, and your writing for this book will give you that information. Do not put off doing this, but send for the book now while the matter is fresh in your mind.

Procrastination is the thief of time. A thief is one who steals something. Don't allow procrastination to cheat you out of your opportunity to get this valuable information which is free for the asking. If you would be natural, be healthy. It is unnatural to be sick. Why be unnatural, when it is so simple a thing to be well? Adv.

they have not become tainted so far. The second bill of this season is quite the best they have ever done. It includes a most vivid, original play called "Trifles," by Susan Glaspell; an amusing satire on Washington Square immorality called "Way Out," by Lawrence Langner, who is a member of the Players; "Bushido," a fragment of the Japanese classic by Takeda Izumo—which is not only very well mounted but also tremendously impressive as an example of universal human tragedy, quite regardless of the fact that it is a literary curiosity; the fourth being a German satire on philanthropy, called "Altruism," by Karl Ettlinger. I mention this program in particular because it is an excellent example of the work done by the Washington Square Players.

The Neighborhood Playhouse, in the heart of the East Side, started as the dramatic club of the Henry Street Settlement, under the direction of Miss Lillian D. Wald, which, in turn, developed out of the dancing class of the settlement. Miss Alice and Miss Irene Lewisohn, daughters of Leonard Lewisohn and nieces of Adolf Lewisohn, who gave the new Stadium to the College of the City of New York, became interested in the work of the settlement, especially of the dramatic club. They supervised rehearsals, acted in the performances, enlisted the advice and active aid of professional people. During the last five years of the life of the late Sarah Cowell Le Moyné, for instance, most of that distinguished artist's energies were given to this dramatic club and its subsequent development as the Neighborhood Players. Agnes Bangs Morgan, a playwright, and Arthur, who for several years held an important position in the Shubert office, have been from the first and are still active members of the producing staff, which also has the invaluable services of no less a celebrity than Yveta Guilbert.

The first play, "The Shepherd," by Olive Tilford Dargan, a poetic drama dealing with the Russian revolution, was given at Clinton Hall. There the club also gave a very vivid production of Galsworthy's "The Silver Box." I can still see Alice Lewisohn in the character of the charwoman, a performance that put Ethel Barrymore's in the same part to shame, believe it or not. The club thereafter grew too big for the ramshackle Clinton Hall. The Lewisohns traveled all over Europe, visiting every modern theater and from the Stanislavsky in Moscow to the Künstler in Munich to get ideas for their own. When they returned they built the Neighborhood Playhouse on Grand Street, a playhouse that for completeness of equipment leaves most of the uptown theaters in the dark theatrical ages.

The Neighborhood Playhouse we have had to go for such plays as Lord Dunsany's "The Glistening Gate" and "A Night in an Inn"—the latter being to my mind the most tremendous one-act play in literature. It represents the perfect combination of the most hair-raising thrill with a supreme poetic idea, and it is with the result that those who do not care for the poetic idea can not fail to respond to the sheer dramatic excitement of the action, while those who do get the highest kind of enjoyment. The Neighborhood Players have also done "With the Current," a Jewish play by Sholem Asch; "The Subject of Keziah," by Mrs. Havelock Ellis; "The Price of Coal," by Harold Brighouse; "A Marriage Proposal," by Anton Tchekhov. Most of these had never been produced on any New York stage, and two of them had not been produced anywhere before. All these and several others were acted by the Neighborhood Players, amateurs or one-time amateurs recruited from the neighborhood. But the Playhouse has also had guest performers by Bill Terry, Gertrude

Kingston, Ethel Barrymore, Emanuel Reicher, Rose Coghlan, Eric Blind, David Bispham and others.

THE Provincetown Players is an organization consisting mostly of writers. They include John Reed, Hutchins Hapgood, Mary Heaton Vorse, Floyd Dell of The Masses, Max Eastman, Susan Glaspell, George Cram Cook. This group was organized last summer at Provincetown, Mass. They give their performances in a house near Washington Square. The first floor has been converted into a miniature theater. The stage is about the size of a lady's handkerchief. The front bench, cushionless, is six inches from the ground, so that if you sit on it your toes almost tickle the actors. The acting is, of course, amateurish. In a certain sort of way it is all the better all that—at least it is better than the usual Broadway sort of thing. Of the six plays already produced three are interesting in a very unique way. They are "Bound East for Cardiff" by Eugene O'Neill, "Enemies," by Hutchins Hapgood and Keith Boyce, and a capital satire on the psycho-analysis, by Susan Glaspell and George Cram Cook. "Enemies," had it been written by Strindberg, would be hailed as a masterpiece of dramatic psychology.

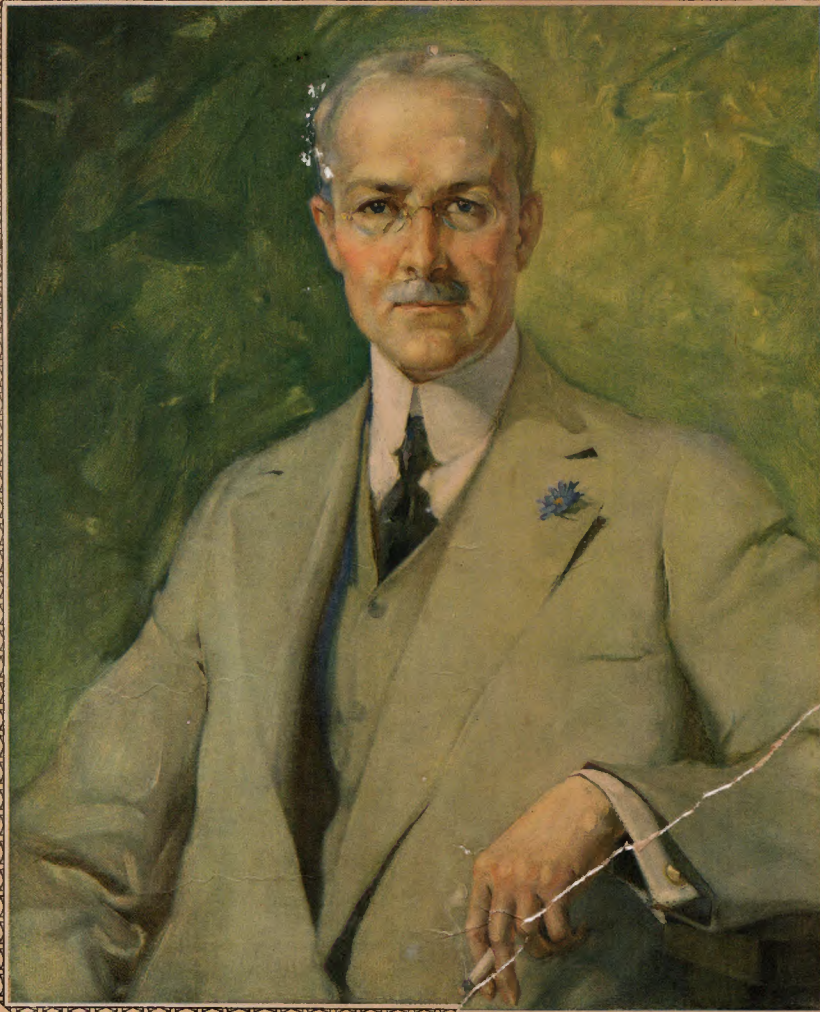
The Portmanteau Theater is the creation of Stuart Walker. It is, in effect, a portable theater. It can be set up anywhere, in an auditorium or a barn. These people carry around not only their own scenery and costumes, but also a marvelously effective lighting plant. All they require is one electric plug. It is advertised as "The Theater that comes to you," but the word Portmanteau has become a misnomer as the repertoire has grown so that it requires a 60-foot railroad car to transport it. In this repertoire are "The Golden Doom," "The Gods of the Mountain" and "King Argimenes" by Lord Dunsany, "The Crier by Night" by Gordon Bottomley, "Gammer Gurton's Needle," an old English farce, "The Lady of the Weeping Willow Tree" and others by Mr. Walker.

A very good idea of the response to the work of the Portmanteau may be gained from the fact that such towns as Rochester, N. Y., notoriously a "barren show town in theatrical argot," have welcomed Mr. Walker's players enthusiastically and called for return engagements. Ithaca, N. Y., is a town that gives packed houses for Eva Tanguay, Charlie Chaplin and Anna Held, but lets such actors as John Drew and Otis Skinner play in half-empty houses. The latest engagement there of the Portmanteau was under the auspices of the engineering students of Cornell. It was not wished on them by the faculty as educational. Having seen the Portmanteau once, they sent for them again and guaranteed their receipts of their own volition.

I mention this merely to give some idea of the spread of the Little Theater scheme, of the response it elicits from all classes of playgoers.

I have not attempted with the Little Theater fiasco in Philadelphia and Boston where it was held (the Toy). Most of these failures—and there will undoubtedly be many more of them—are the outcome of amateurish management. It frequently happens that when intelligent professionals are engaged they are so harassed by the meddling of the snobs who use such ventures as a medium of self-advertisement that they abandon the job in disgust.

But this is only one aspect of the epidemic. Personally, I am convinced that it is the most hopeful symptom in the American theater. So far it has not produced any great playwrights. It has, however, brought fresh into the American theatricals; it has given a real stimulus to a profession that needed it worse than any other, not even excepting the Church or the newspaper.



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